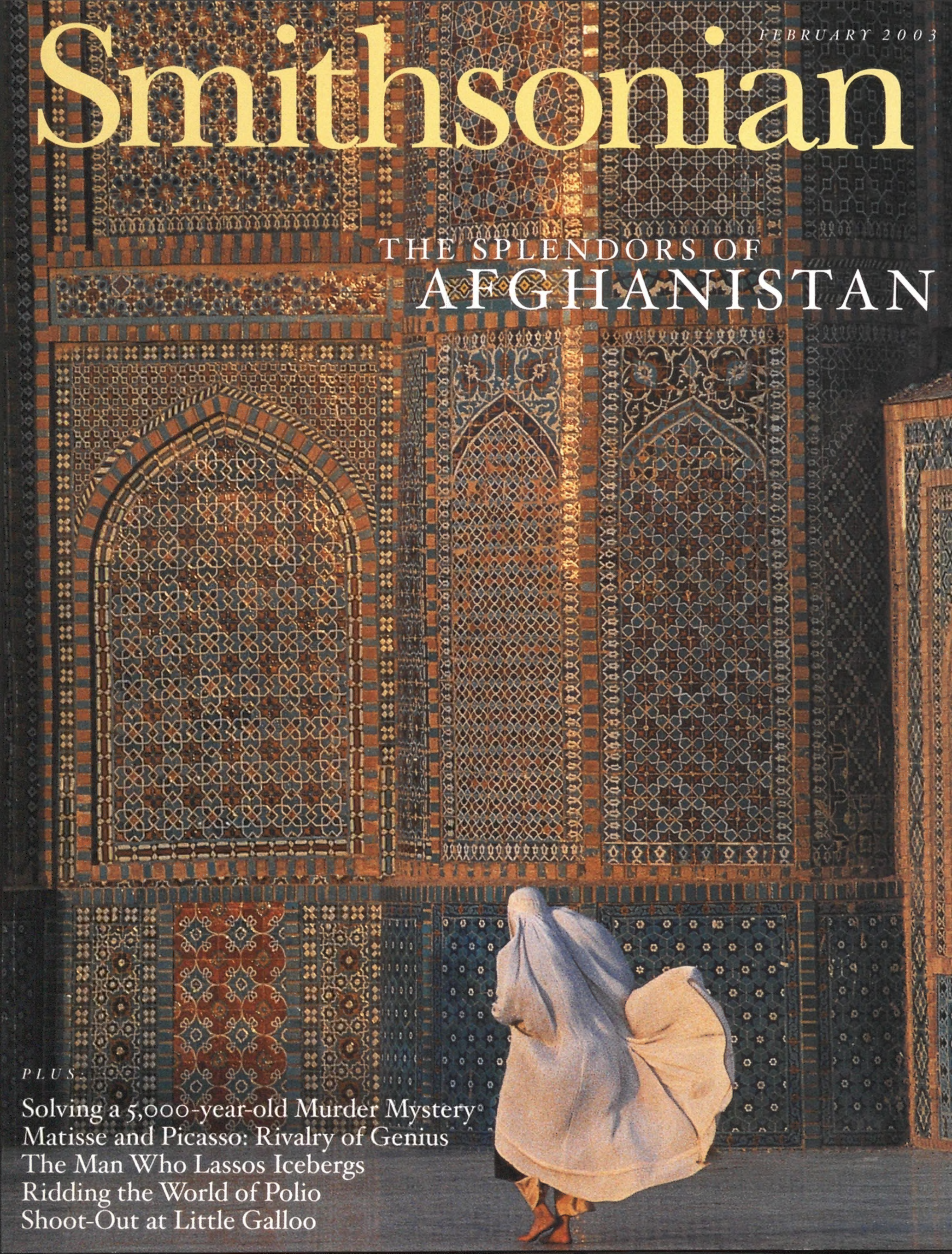
FEBRUARY 2003

Smithsonian

THE SPLENDORS OF AFGHANISTAN



PLUS:

Solving a 5,000-year-old Murder Mystery
Matisse and Picasso: Rivalry of Genius
The Man Who Lassos Icebergs
Ridding the World of Polio
Shoot-Out at Little Galloo

Paleontologist Paul Sereno has encountered some of the weirdest creatures that ever walked the earth. Yet some of the scariest things he's discovered aren't likely to become extinct anytime soon. Sad to say, mutual fund management fees will probably outlast us all. That's why Dr. Sereno **was afraid of getting eaten alive.** So he turned to a company famous for keeping the costs down. That meant more money for him and less for the monsters.

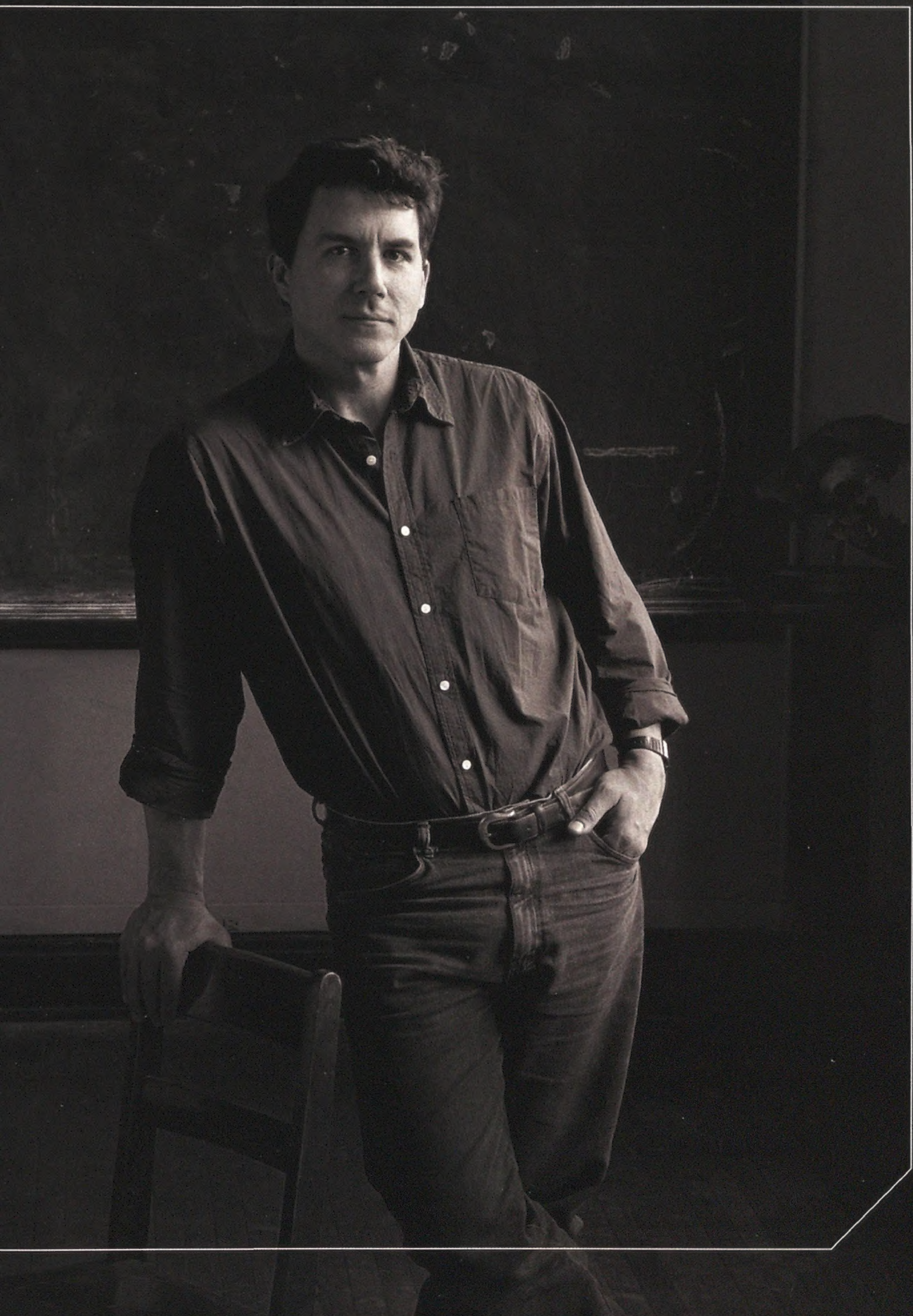
Log on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924

TIAA CREF

Managing money for people with other things to think about.[SM]

RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | COLLEGE SAVINGS | TRUSTS | INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

Paul Sereno became a participant in 1987. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities products. ©2002 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association–College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY. For more complete information on TIAA-CREF Mutual Funds, please call (800) 223-1200 for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest. A charitable donation was made to Project Exploration (www.projectexploration.org) on behalf of Paul Sereno.



Whatever it is you're looking for in a hotel, find it at Expedia. From the everyday to the out of this world, Expedia offers you photos, amenity lists, great rates and more. So you can find the hotel that's right for you.

Expedia.com®

Don't just travel. Travel Right.™

©2003 Expedia, Inc. All rights reserved. Expedia, Expedia.com, the airplane logo and "Don't just travel. Travel Right." are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Expedia, Inc. in the U.S., Canada and other countries. CST 2029030-40

Smithsonian
FEBRUARY 2003 VOLUME 33, NUMBER 11

FEATURES

30 The tombstones of seven Sufi saints fill a half-destroyed shrine outside Ghazni, Afghanistan. Historically a sacred site, Ghazni boasts hundreds of shrines of important saints, many in disrepair.

72 A double-crested cormorant seems to take umbrage at the massacre at Little Galloo.

30 THE ENDURING SPLENDORS OF, YES, AFGHANISTAN

Though 23 years of conflict have destroyed some of the country's most glorious treasures, many still remain, as two journalists discover

BY ROB SCHULTHEIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETH WALD

42 TESTIMONY FROM THE ICEMAN

A 5,300-year-old corpse of an Alpine traveler reveals almost as much about the fallibility of scientists as it does about the Neolithic era

BY BOB CULLEN

52 MISSION IMPOSSIBLE?

Since 1988, aid workers in the developing world have been going from village to village vaccinating children to rid the world of polio

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEBASTIAO SALGADO

62 MATISSE & PICASSO

A remarkable show documenting the artists' complicated rivalry highlights the profound influence each had on the other *BY PAUL TRACHTMAN*

72 SHOOT-OUT AT LITTLE GALLOO

Blaming cormorants for destroying their livelihoods, upstate New York fishermen took up arms in an act that still ruffles feathers

BY SUSAN MCGRATH / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL CURTSINGER

80 ICEBERG WRANGLER

There's no iceberg too big or unwieldy for *Norseman* captain Jerome Baker, who wrassles these million-ton bruisers for a living *BY MICHAEL RYAN*

84 MARCHING ON HISTORY

When destitute World War I veterans marched on Washington in 1932 to demand a promised "bonus," they changed America

BY PAUL DICKSON AND THOMAS B. ALLEN

62 Pablo Picasso bought this still life by Matisse for his private collection in 1942.

52 Children are the focus of a campaign to eradicate polio from the world by 2005.

BETH WALD; RICK POLEY; RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX / ART RESOURCE, NY (DETAIL); SEBASTIAO SALGADO / AMAZONAS / CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

Smithsonian

DEPARTMENTS

13 "I knew I'd have a picture," Diana Walker says of her photo of President George H.W. Bush.

20 The slave who wore this medallion worked in Charleston, SC, in 1812.

95 Ted Lee brings green tomatoes and other Southern favorites to Northern palates.

25 "I touch your heart," declares a Tzotzil metaphor from the book *Mayan Hearts*.

13 INDELIBLE IMAGES *The Calm Before Desert Storm*

Photographer Diana Walker captured former President George H.W. Bush at a decisive moment on the eve of the U.S. war with Iraq in 1990

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

20 THE OBJECT AT HAND *Cast in Bondage*

Copper medallions evoke the hardship and pain endured by American slaves

BY VICTORIA DAWSON

25 AROUND THE MALL *Smithsonian Institution Scenes and Sightings*

The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association; Mayan metaphors . . .

95 PEOPLE FILE *Southern Comfort*

A hankering for boiled peanuts leads to a booming mail-order business

BY MARIALISA CALTA

9 EDITOR'S NOTE *Grim and Beautiful*

10 FROM THE SECRETARY *World Class*

11 LETTERS Gangs of New York; *George Catlin* . . .

18 JUST LOOKING *Nose Job*

99 BOOKS *A field guide to the rich; wildland firefighters*

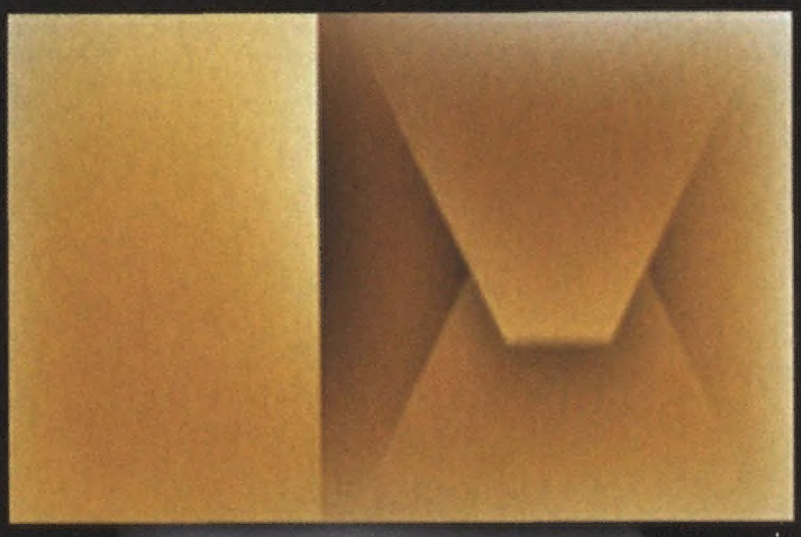
104 THE LAST PAGE *Going Postal*

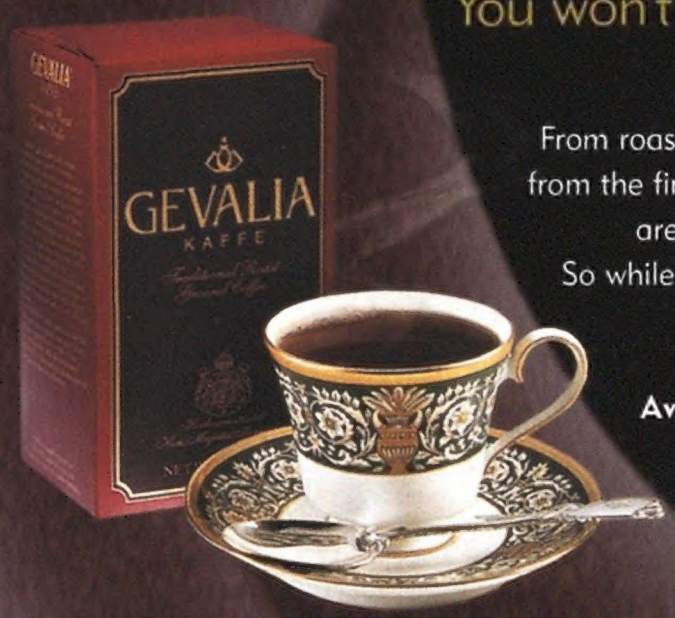
ON THE COVER A worshiper enters the Blue Mosque for morning prayers in Mazar-i-Sharif, Afghanistan.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BETH WALD

LARRY DOWNING / NEWSWEEK; ERIC LONG / SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; PETER FRANK EDWARDS / COASTAL LIVING

GEVALIA®

KAFFE





You won't find our rich, aromatic coffees in just any store. Rather, they'll find their way to you.

From roasts to flavors to special varietals, Gevalia starts with premium Arabica beans from the finest coffee regions on earth. Then, to ensure superior freshness, our coffees are triple-sealed in golden foil and delivered to your door from Europe. So while you won't find Gevalia just anywhere, you will find it's always a pleasure.

Available via express delivery and at select specialty stores.

1 800 GEVALIA www.gevalia.com

Always a pleasure.™

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
Raising the Standard of Luxury in the Caribbean.

The American Academy Of Hospitality Sciences
Star Diamond Award
2002

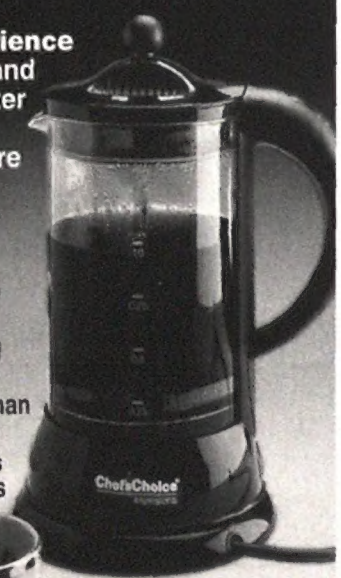
Imagine 80 oceanview suites overlooking two private cove beaches. Royal Plantation Golf Resort & Spa is the ultimate all-inclusive getaway for the world's most discerning travelers.* Enjoy golf, 2 gourmet restaurants, a beach grill, 24-hour room service, beach butler service, and a European spa.* Royal Plantation...in a class all its own.

RP
ROYAL PLANTATION
GOLF RESORT & SPA
by Beaches
Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-BEACHES
Visit our website at www.beaches.com
*Adults 18 years and older. *Spa services additional.
Unique Vacations, Inc. is the worldwide representative for Beaches Resorts.
ALL SUITES · ALL OCEANVIEW

Chef'sChoice®
Electric French Press-Plus™
The Perfect Cup of Coffee Piping Hot – Fast & Simple

New Taste Experience
Enhanced Flavor and Aroma, from Shorter Brew Cycle and Perfect Temperature

- Superb body, flavor, and aroma with perfect balance
- Piping Hot, ready to serve in minutes
- Eliminates handling of boiling water
- Boils water faster than stove or microwave
- Automatically shuts off when water boils



Cordless Carafe

For further information call:
EdgeCraft
A Passion to Create the World's Best
(800) 342-3255
www.edgecraft.com
©2000 EdgeCraft Corporation

Smithsonian www.smithsonianmag.com

EDITOR
Carey Winfrey

ART DIRECTOR
Brian Noyes

MANAGING EDITOR
Sally Scott Maran

SENIOR EDITORS
Diane M. Bolz
Kathleen M. Burke
Marlane A. Liddell
Terence Monmaney
John F. Ross
Susan West

PICTURE EDITOR
Bonnie Stutski

COPY CHIEF
Karen Larkins

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Bruce Hathaway
Marian Smith Holmes
Alison C. McLean
Lucinda Moore
Beth Py-Lieberman

COPY EDITOR
Rebecca Maksel

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR
Erik K. Washam

ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITOR
Molly Roberts

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Elizabeth J. Erskine
Lyn Garrity
Valerie Jablow
Angela M. Pleasants
Helen E. Starkweather

PICTURE DEPARTMENT MANAGER
Carrie Diane Cole

ASSISTANT PICTURE EDITOR
Nell Whiting

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Andrea Georgiou

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Michelle L. Strange
Chai N. Woodham

READER SERVICES
Karla A. Henry
Carolyn McGhee

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
MRC 951, Washington, DC
20013-7012
(202) 275-2000

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
(800) 766-2149
P.O. Box 420312
Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312
www.smithsonianmag.com
Outside the United States:
(386) 447-2721

Sorry, but SMITHSONIAN cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited materials.

SMITHSONIAN BUSINESS VENTURES
Gary M. Beer, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER
Elaine Gill, EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
M. Ronald Ruskin, CHAIRMAN
Donald J. Steiner, VICE CHAIRMAN
Gary M. Beer, John R. Dailey,
Thomas M. Kenney, Alice Maroni,
Adolfo Marzol, Anthony Welters

PUBLISHER
Amy P. Wilkins

GENERAL MANAGER
David R. Kefford

ADVERTISING
Thomas M. Huber, ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Thomas Madden, NEW YORK MANAGER
Caryl Heard, SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER
Marilyn Cruz, ADVERTISING SERVICES MANAGER
ACCOUNT MANAGERS
NEW YORK: Lisa Bianco, Gerry Kiernan, Meryle Lowenthal, Jill Reid Mullan SOUTHEAST: Byron Brown, Suzanne Cooper, Judy Robinson MIDWEST: Dick Opfer, Bill Milligan, Mark Rosenbaum, Susan Hagerup, Karen Koller DETROIT: Don Heth, James McNulty, Michael Peters, Jill Severini SAN FRANCISCO: Charles E. Schmuck, Linda Bowers, Bridget Pivonka, Shirley Read-Jahn LOS ANGELES: Gary Thompson, Martha Quigley, Allison Boxer-Revivo, Cheryl Smith, Randi Swerski
AUSTRALIA: Jake Wilson CANADA: Bob Dodd
CARIBBEAN/MEXICO/SOUTH AMERICA/CENTRAL AMERICA: Al Nadal
HONG KONG: Heather Riley JAPAN: Simon R. Timmis
UNITED KINGDOM: Ken Melville

ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS
Neal Charles, Katherine Madson, Christopher Tedrick

MARKETING
Diane Lowman, DIRECTOR
Kelly Cannon, ASSOCIATE MARKETING DIRECTOR
Renée Martin, ART DIRECTOR
Andrew Grant, PROMOTION MANAGER
Kristin Ott, MANAGER
Lisa Van Dyne, COORDINATOR
Julia Coney, COORDINATOR

RESEARCH
Renée Mitchell, DIRECTOR
Marilyn Resciniti, MANAGER
Margy Van Buren, SENIOR ANALYST

CONSUMER MARKETING
Scott I. Rockman, VICE PRESIDENT
Lisa Dunham, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Elizabeth M. Hopkins, PLANNING DIRECTOR
Andrea Sole, FULFILLMENT DIRECTOR
Donald G. Dodd, FORECAST MANAGER
Suzanne L. Eng, PURCHASING MANAGER
Rosemary Sweeney, RETENTION MANAGER
Yvonne Alvarez, MEMBERSHIP SERVICES COORDINATOR
Nelson Santiago, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Amity Boone, RENEWALS MARKETING COORDINATOR

PRODUCTION
Greg Williams, DIRECTOR
Katherine Balch, ADVERTISING PRODUCTION MANAGER
Rachel L. Gilmore, DIGITAL ADVERTISING COORDINATOR
Sarah Kingsley, DIRECTOR OF MANUFACTURING
David Sterling, PREPRESS MANAGER
Rahsaan J. Jackson, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

BUSINESS OFFICE
Myrian Mora, EXECUTIVE ADMINISTRATOR
Valerie Martin, ADVERTISING SYSTEMS DIRECTOR
Shelia Brannum, ADVERTISING BILLING/COLLECTIONS MANAGER
Michael Pollock, ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER
Lawrence Sirna, ACCOUNTS PAYABLE/GENERAL LEDGER MANAGER
John Comer, ACCOUNTING SPECIALIST

WEB DEVELOPMENT
Michelle A. McMahon, DIRECTOR
Angela Render, NEW MEDIA EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Patrick Q. Woods, NEW MEDIA/WEB ADMINISTRATOR

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER
Edward J. Hayes

PUBLISHER EMERITUS
Joseph J. Bonsignore

MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE:
420 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2335
New York, NY 10170
(212) 490-2510

Smithsonian Institution

SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Lawrence M. Small

BOARD OF REGENTS

The Chief Justice of the United States,
CHANCELLOR

Vice President of the United States,
Richard B. Cheney

Hon. Thad Cochran
Hon. Bill Frist
Hon. Patrick J. Leahy
Hon. Sam Johnson
Hon. Robert T. Matsui
Hon. Ralph Regula
Hon. Barber B. Conable, Jr.
Ms. Anne d'Harnoncourt
Dr. Hanna H. Gray
Dr. Manuel L. Ibáñez
Dr. Walter E. Massey
Mr. Roger W. Sant
Mr. Alan G. Spoon
Ms. Patricia Q. Stonesifer
Mr. Wesley S. Williams, Jr.

SMITHSONIAN NATIONAL BOARD

Mr. Frank A. Daniels, Jr., CHAIR

Mrs. Patricia Frost, Mr. Henry R. Muñoz III,
Mr. David M. Silfen, VICE CHAIRS

NATIONAL BOARD: Mr. Kenneth E. Behring, Mr. L. Hardwick Caldwell III, Mr. Richard O. Campbell, Mrs. Jean Case, Mr. Pete Claussen, Ms. Laurel Cutler, Mr. George A. Didden III, Mr. Robert G. Donnelley, Mr. Archie W. Dunham, Mrs. Jane B. Eisner, Mr. Stephen Hamblett, Mr. Frederic C. Hamilton, Mrs. Susan W. Hammer, Mr. Michael R. Haverty, Mr. John E. Herzog, Mrs. Edna Jones,* Mrs. Dorothy G. Lemelson, Mr. Peter H. Lunder, Mrs. Elizabeth S. MacMillan, Mr. John D. Macomber, Mrs. Holly Madigan, Mr. Frank Martucci, Mr. Edgar M. Masinter, Ms. Amy Sarah McCombs, Mr. Augustus C. Miller, Mr. Kenneth B. Miller, Mr. Howard P. Milstein, Mr. Charles H. Moore, Mrs. Susan Reed Moseley, Mrs. Mary Ourisman, Mr. Paul L. Peck, Mr. S. Davis Phillips, Mr. Thomas F. Pyle, Jr., Mrs. Catherine B. Reynolds, Ms. Susan Lynch Ruddy, Mr. Richard T. Schlosberg III, Mrs. Helen Spaulding, Mr. Daniel W. Yohannes

HONORARY MEMBERS: Mr. Robert Mc C. Adams, Mr. William S. Anderson, Hon. Max N. Berry, Mr. Richard P. Cooley, Mr. Joseph F. Cullman 3rd, Mr. Charles D. Dickey, Jr., Mr. Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., Mr. I. Michael Heyman, Mr. James M. Kemper, Jr., Mrs. Jean B. Mahoney, Hon. George C. McGhee, Justice Sandra D. O'Connor, Mr. Francis C. Rooney, Jr., Mr. Wilbur L. Ross, Jr., Mr. Lloyd G. Schermer, Hon. Frank A. Weil, Mrs. Gay F. Wray

* Ex-Officio

400 CASTLES. 200 GOLF COURSES.
2 HOURS FROM LONDON.

The massive, nine-hundred-year-old fortresses? Intimidating.
The verdant, expansive golf courses?
Daunting. The drive from London? Piece of cake.
Wales: It's not to be missed.

WALES CYMRU

CIE TOURS International

Go to visitbritain.com/usa3 or call 1-866-841-8740 for great offers and a free CIE Tour brochure or see your travel agent.

You can't see the innovative technology. But you can certainly hear it.

While another company might settle for inventing the industry's most highly reviewed radio, Bose couldn't. We challenged ourselves to repeat our success – with the Bose® Wave® radio/CD. We started with our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. It's what delivers the clear, natural, room-filling sound that *Men's Journal* says "fills a room with sound so bold, your visitors will be looking for hefty speakers." The Wave® radio/CD is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Call and ask about our risk-free satisfaction guarantee and our payment plan which lets you make **12 interest-free monthly payments.*** And be sure to ask about our **free shipping** offer. Order today, and choose from a selection of top-selling Time-Life CD collections – absolutely free. Once you hear the Wave® radio/CD, we doubt you'll settle for anything less.

Order by Feb. 15, 2003 and receive a free Time-Life CD collection.

Call 1-800-838-1468, ext. TB191.

For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/tb191**

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©2003 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Wave® radio design is also a trademark of Bose Corporation. *Installment payment plan, free shipping and Time-Life CD collection offers not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases. Your credit card will be debited each month with no interest charges from Bose. Payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. Credit card rules and interest may apply. Risk free refers to 30-day trial offer only. Quotes are reprinted with permission: By Rich Warren from *Men's Journal*, 10/99, by Men's Journal Company, L.P. 1999. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted by Permission.

OUTBACK

subaru.com

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO BE

STIRRED BY NATURE, NOT SHAKEN.

If you get that a sport-utility should be rugged, not brutish, then you'll get the new 2003 Subaru Outback®. Equipped with the rugged traction and control of Subaru All-Wheel Drive, the Outback can get you over rough terrain and deep into nature. But thanks to its new smoother-riding suspension system, the going never gets rough. So you can go out and experience nature's beauty, without the trip getting ugly. The beauty of Subaru All-Wheel Drive. When you get it, you get it.™

SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.®

The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back.

Grim and Beautiful

Learning to love complexity

BY CAREY WINFREY

FOR PHOTOGRAPHER BETH WALD, traveling to Afghanistan (for "The Enduring Splendors of, Yes, Afghanistan," p. 30) was a dream finally fulfilled. The reality "was both more grim and more beautiful than imagined," she reports. "Glimmers of ancient and gracious traditions survive among unspeakable destruction. We would travel past bullet-ridden carcasses of tanks, and end up in idyllic villages ringed with trees and tumbling streams and smelling of hay and mint." Most Afghanis treated her and writer Rob Schultheis as "honored guests."

To reach the city of Mazar-i-Sharif, site of the magnificent Great Mosque of Hazrat Ali, Wald and Schultheis rode in a four-wheel drive SUV over pitted roads scarred by 23 years of war with the Soviet Union and occupation by the Taliban. But at the mosque itself, which Wald recalls as a "center of tranquillity and beauty," women wearing flowing white or blue burkas "glided past the glowing walls." Then, seeing her, "they would often throw back the burka covering their faces and, pressing my hand in theirs, ask in English for me to take their picture." One woman clasped Wald's hand, removed a beautiful silver and ruby ring from her own finger and put it on Wald's, motioning "from my heart to hers." (Wald plans to return to Afghanistan with a gift for the ring giver.)

Wald (with ethnic Hazara workers): Heart to heart

Schultheis, who has reported on Afghanistan since 1984 for various publications and is the author of *Night Letters: Inside Wartime Afghanistan*, has decidedly less tranquil memories of the assignment. "What do you do when your driver swerves off the road and drives out into minefields to prove that signs warning of mines are too alarmist?" he asks. "No one obeys the traffic cops," he adds, "because several hundred of them are opportunistic entrepreneurs in fake uniforms out to shake down unsuspecting motorists."

SUSAN MCGRATH came away from reporting our story about man versus bird ("Shoot-Out at Little Galloo," p. 72) with an appreciation for the beauty of Henderson, New York (an hour's drive north of Syracuse), and also sympathy for all sides in the conflict there: fishing guides, who believe emphatically that their livelihood is being torpedoed by cormorants; scientists, who she says have "withstood unrelenting pressure to please an unhappy public" by "taking the time to make sure the science supported whatever actions they took"; and not least, the large, fish-gobbling waterbirds themselves, whose numbers have multiplied 200-fold in the past 30 years, putting tremendous pressure on local fish—and human—communities. ○

BETH WALD / AURORA

SMITHSONIAN INSITES
www.smithsonianmag.si.edu
The advertisers listed below invite you to connect with them on the World Wide Web for additional information about their products and services.

ADVENTURE COLLECTION
www.adventurecollection.com

BOSE
Better sound through research
ask.bose.com/wm33

COSMOS
A Smart Way To Go.
www.cosmos.com

Expedia.com
Don't just travel. Travel Right.™
www.expedia.com

GEVALIA KAFFE
www.gevalia.com

Glenfiddich
www.glenfiddich.com

GLOBUS
Celebrating 75 Years in Travel
www.globusjourneys.com

Holland America
www.hollandamerica.com

LANDS' END
www.landsend.com

MISSOURI
Where the rivers run
www.visitMO.com

RADISSON SEVEN SEAS CRUISES
www.rssc.com

STATE FARM INSURANCE
www.statefarm.com

Integrity in Tourism
USTOA
UNITED STATES TOUR OPERATORS ASSOCIATION
www.ustoa.com

World Class

Smithsonian Associates circle the globe for fun and firsthand adventure

WHEN AMERICANS hear the word "Smithsonian," most are likely to make a spontaneous and powerful association: "museums." But to regard the Smithsonian as a physical presence only is to miss a great measure of its contribution. The Institution's massive public profile in 16 museums and the National Zoo (and, less visible to the public, in our scientific research institutes) is sustained by a no less formidable intellectual presence—by the scholars and researchers who shape activities, tend the objects, uncover their mysteries and impose an order on their display. In the museums, the intellectual presence is mediated through the objects and their presentation. But in other approaches we take to our educational mission, the presence is immediate and personal.

Nothing better embodies that quality of personal engagement than the activities of The Smithsonian Associates (TSA). Over the past three decades, TSA has become not just the world's largest program of museum-based continuing education and guided study tours but the most highly regarded. The limits to its curriculum of lectures, courses, seminars and tours are set only by the limits of curiosity and scholarship. Imagine something worth knowing about; imagine learning about it from an authority—often *the* authority—on the subject.

Classical education: TSA tours the Parthenon.

"TSA is the Smithsonian's university for all ages," says its director, Mara Mayor, and that characterization seems right on the mark. (Even the "all ages" is no exaggeration: TSA runs a summer camp and stages live shows for children throughout the year in the Discovery Theater of the Arts and Industries Building.) For its faculty, the program turns to Smithsonian staff and to experts recruited from around the world. True, there are no exams or term papers at this university, but good riddance to them. For the intellectual essentials, the analogy holds.

TSA's activities radiate outward in a natural progression from a strong core on the Mall, including a master's degree program in American Decorative Arts and a Washington-area Resident Associates membership, to all regions of the country. Its Voices of Discovery program, for example, sends scholars into schools, libraries and museums and brings a Smithsonian presence to areas far beyond Washington. Associates also touch down on all the continents, including Antarctica, where travelers step out onto the ice to encounter seals, sea lions, albatross and uncountable thousands of penguins. TSA's program of tours, Smithsonian Journeys, which this year will conduct some 250 excursions, allows travelers to experience, for themselves and through the eyes of the experts escorting them, sites as local as a Civil War battlefield and as remote as the Himalayas. (The tours' Smithsonian auspices have the frequent benefit of gaining privileged access for members—to the storeroom of a great museum, perhaps, or the otherwise-off-limits wing of a palace.)

TSA is developing an on-line presence that will let visitors to its Web site (www.smithsonianassociates.org) hear audio transmissions of a selection of its programs. It's also experimenting with adding synchronized video, still images and text, making the remote experience the next best thing to being there.

Of course, TSA seems to be not just there but everywhere. It's no surprise that a tour to Iceland this summer will include an "optional extension to Greenland." When a hospitable moon or the free-floating environment of a space station is someday ready for lay visitors, TSA will have plotted a course to the spot, and in the silence of space a Smithsonian astrophysicist will be heard explaining the motion of galaxies to a band of travelers, all of them a little closer, thanks to The Smithsonian Associates, to putting the universe in perspective.

Lawrence M. Small
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

LETTERS

Readers respond to the December issue:

LOST GANGS

KUDOS TO Martin Scorsese's new film, *Gangs of New York*, for re-creating New York's Five Points neighborhood with such close attention to historical authenticity, as described in Fergus Bordewich's article. This is especially important in view of the tremendous loss to Five Points history suffered on September 11, 2001. Stored in a sub-basement room at 6 World Trade Center were 850,000 labeled, conserved and cataloged artifacts from the early 1990s archaeological excavations of a block of the old Five Points neighborhood. Only 18 artifacts, on loan to the South Street Seaport Museum, have survived.

KATHERINE JAEGER
SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA

CATLIN QUEST

LOOKING at the paintings of Native Americans in "George Catlin's Obsession," my daughter and I noticed that several of the subjects, including Little Wolf, Horse Chief and La-dóo-ke-a, wore large medals on ribbons around their necks. Can you tell us about them?

LISA FOLEY
WHITEFISH BAY, WISCONSIN

The silver ones are most likely peace medals, given to American Indian leaders at treaty signings and other ceremonies during every presidency from George Washington's to Benjamin Harrison's. Little Wolf also wears a gold medal, possibly from Britain, France or Spain. —Ed.

CANOE ROW

WHILE THE concrete canoe project may be a wonderful professional exercise for University of Alabama in Huntsville professor John Gilbert ("Like a Rowing Stone"), the entire purpose of the competition was overlooked. The project is about student growth and academic excellence. It's not the big-money professor's game it is portrayed to be. As a student and project manager for California State University at Sacramento's concrete canoe team, I can assure you that we do not operate on a [$120,000] budget. With dedication and $4,000, we built a canoe that finished second in our regional competition this year. In the past decade, we have twice finished second in the national competition. We succeed because our students are dedicated to learning.

MATT WILSON
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

YOUR ARTICLE reminded me of a time, more than 20 years ago, when my group of physically challenged Boy Scouts participated in a local concrete canoe race. A scout and I were assigned to one of the canoes. Not being expert canoeists, we managed to sink it almost immediately. We were awarded the honorary title of "U-Boat Commanders of the Year."

RAYMOND CURIALE
GLEN HEAD, NEW YORK

ENGLISH BLIGHT

JEAN BEAGLE RISTAINO'S contention ("Sherlock of Spuds") that a particular pathogen caused the Irish potato famine of the mid-1800s may be scientifically accurate, but the "devastation of an entire country" during those dire times could certainly have been avoided. When the potato blight struck, the rural masses in Ireland could have been saved had certain steps been taken by the occupying English. There was more than enough food to feed everybody, but absentee landlords ruthlessly shipped other crops and cattle out of Ireland.

JAMES MURPHY
MATHEWS, VIRGINIA

LABEL BABBLE

TEXAS ALONE is an atlas of the kind of puzzling nomenclature Richard Liebmann-Smith discusses in "Label Babel." For instance, what can you possibly call yourself if you live in Hooks, Pecos, Mesquite or Waco? If New Braunfellers come from New Braunfels, is Draw the home of Drawers and Pampa of Pampers? Are people from Cut 'n Shoot called Cutters or Shooters?

MYRNA SMITH
ARANSAS PASS, TEXAS

IF A MAN from Michigan is a Michigander, is a woman from Michigan a Michigoose?

ANDY OBERTA
AUSTIN, TEXAS

THEN THERE ARE those of us who fondly call ourselves Baltimorons.

SUSAN WAXTER
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

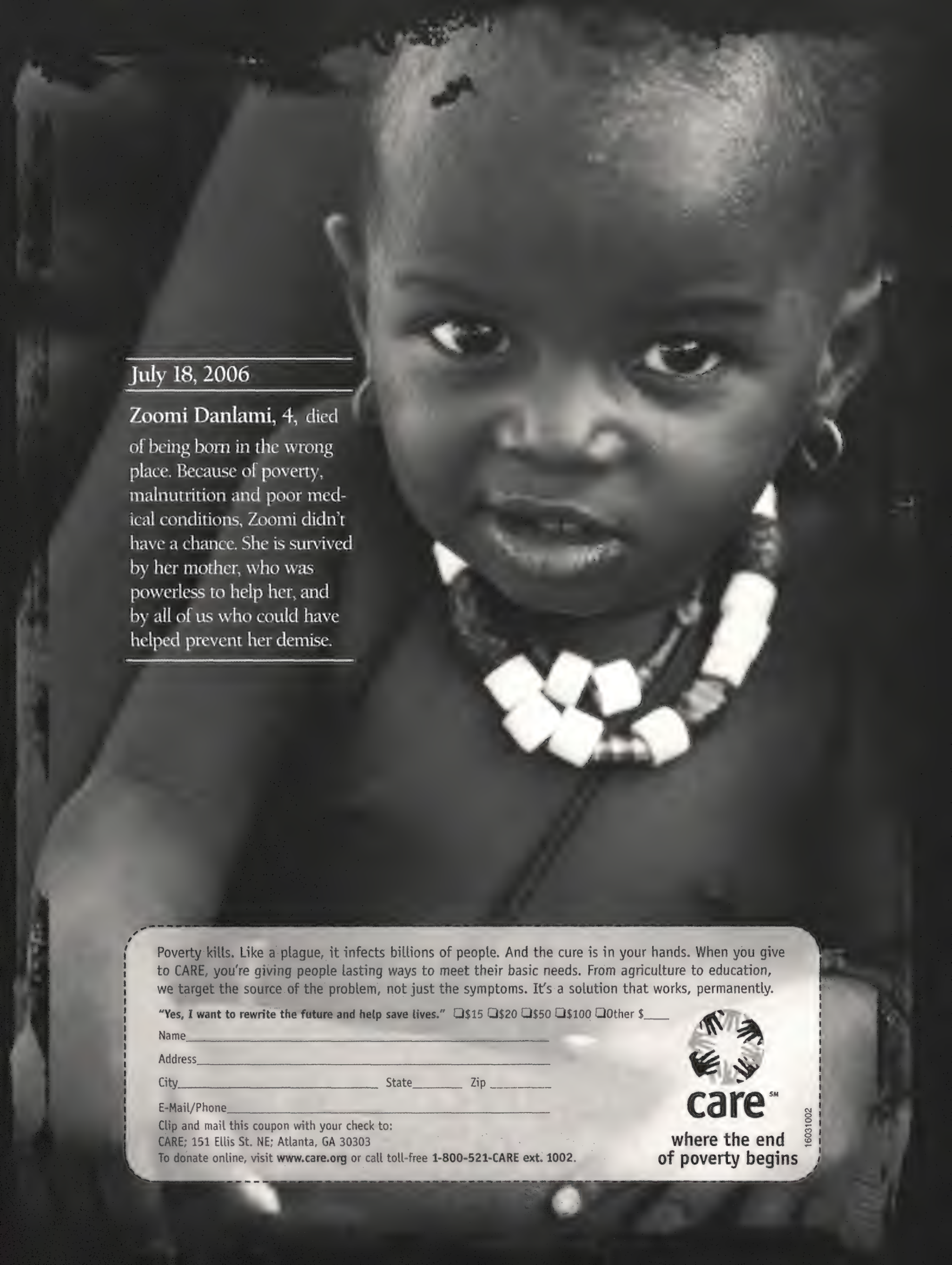
DOWN-EASTERS ARE NOT Maniards but Maniacs.

BETH DEHAAS
WHITEFIELD, MAINE

THE CITIZENS of Bellingham, Washington, proudly refer to themselves as Bellinghamsters.

MEGAN DAVIDSON
PORTLAND, OREGON

Send letters for this column to LettersEd@simag.si.edu or to **Letters Editor, Smithsonian, MRC 951, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012.** Please include your telephone number and address. Letters may be edited for clarity and length. Send queries and comments about the Smithsonian Institution to info@si.edu or to VIARC, Public Inquiry Mail Service, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012.



July 18, 2006

Zoomi Danlami, 4, died of being born in the wrong place. Because of poverty, malnutrition and poor medical conditions, Zoomi didn't have a chance. She is survived by her mother, who was powerless to help her, and by all of us who could have helped prevent her demise.

Poverty kills. Like a plague, it infects billions of people. And the cure is in your hands. When you give to CARE, you're giving people lasting ways to meet their basic needs. From agriculture to education, we target the source of the problem, not just the symptoms. It's a solution that works, permanently.

"Yes, I want to rewrite the future and help save lives." ❑$15 ❑$20 ❑$50 ❑$100 ❑Other $____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip _____

E-Mail/Phone_____

Clip and mail this coupon with your check to:
CARE; 151 Ellis St. NE; Atlanta, GA 30303
To donate online, visit **www.care.org** or call toll-free **1-800-521-CARE ext. 1002.**

care℠

where the end of poverty begins

16031002

The Calm Before Desert Storm

Two months before the Gulf War began in 1991, President George H.W. Bush greeted U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia – BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

With his son confronting Iraq's Saddam Hussein, former President Bush says Diana Walker's photograph of him bestowing White House favors on U.S. armed forces in Saudi Arabia in November 1990 "could be about today."

DIANA WALKER / TIMEPIX

I REMEMBER BEING STRUCK by this photograph of President George Herbert Walker Bush when it first came out, in *Time* magazine, in January 1991. I had spent several years writing speeches for Bush when he was Ronald Reagan's vice president, and though I knew him to be athletic and nimble, I had never seen him strike such a graceful pose as the one you see before you. It begs to be cast in bronze.

What, I wondered at the time, is going on here? Was he waving farewell to someone outside the frame? His body language suggests vital kinship with whomever he's gesturing to. *Something* seems to be going on. Then I read the *Time* magazine caption and smiled and thought, *Well, I'll be damned.*

The picture by Diana Walker is among the 135 in her new book, *Public & Private: Twenty Years Photographing the Presidency*. The book offers intimate portraits—fascinating, poignant and often amusing—of the presidents she has witnessed. Here is Gerald Ford the morning after he lost the election, Bill Clinton backstage preparing to accept his party's nomination, Clinton and members of his cabinet and staff mugging for a "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" shot. Only Walker, who is known for being adept at setting the powerful at ease, could have gotten those pictures.

"It sounds glamorous," says former presidential photographer Walker, a Washington, D.C. native, born, appropriately, on Inauguration Day, but it was "hard work."

President Bush had spent the Thanksgiving holiday visiting among the 240,000 American troops then stationed in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere in the Persian Gulf preparatory to driving Saddam Hussein's army from Kuwait. Bush is a deeply spiritual man, and yet, bowing to Saudi religious delicacy in the matter of non-Muslims holding a religious ceremony on Saudi soil—even if they are there to protect a Muslim nation with their lives—he chose not to share a Thanksgiving blessing with the troops. He performed that particular office offshore, in international waters, aboard the USS *Nassau*, an amphibious assault ship.

Saudi sensibilities notwithstanding, Bush managed to visit with a total of about 6,000 U.S. members of the armed forces on the holiday. The last visit was to an undisclosed Saudi location some 75 miles from the Kuwait border, within range of Saddam's Scuds. Diana Walker, who was in the press pool, recalls being frustrated. "He'd been with different troops, and now it was the end of the day," she says, "and I was desperate because I didn't have a picture of him that conveyed how vast it was out here. There were some nice photographs of the Bushes having a meal with the troops, but nothing that showed the drama of where we were."

The other problem, photographically, was that Bush was continually surrounded by a delegation of high-ranking members of Congress. These are people who are, by nature, not exactly camera shy. Indeed, they tend to cling like abalones to their host on such occasions, knowing that images of them with the commander in chief are being transmitted back home. But they finally peeled away, perhaps having decided that they had been sufficiently photographed with the president for one day. (You can see Speaker of the House Thomas Foley at the lower left, making his way offstage through a sea of desert camouflage.)

Walker aimed her camera. "Suddenly he was alone," she says of the president. "And he stood up on a box. The light was starting to go, but it was beautiful. You just couldn't believe it. It was one of those times when you hold on tight and hope to God you got it."

As a deadline news photographer, she says, you never know for sure until you see the photograph printed: "You're always worried. Was it in focus? Will they tell you, 'Hey, Diana, next time shoot it at a faster shutter speed'?"

As it happened, Walker knew she had gotten the shot when her editor called and said, "You have to explain this photo to me. It looks like he's Moses, parting the waters. Tell me what was going on." Walker told her editor: "It could look like that, calling the troops to battle. But that was not what was happening. He is, in fact, tossing souvenirs to the troops. Tie clips and key rings and stuff like that."

The photograph took first prize at the World Press Photo Competition for the "People in the News" category in 1990. It also pleases Walker, who has left the White House beat to photograph other subjects for *Time*, that the World Press still sells a postcard with the photograph bearing the caption: "Bush tossing souvenir tie clips into the troops in Saudi Arabia."

I asked my former boss, whose son has engaged in his own confrontation with his father's old Iraqi nemesis, about the photograph, and what it means to him now. "This photo could be about today," he replied. "A different president, and different troops; but the readiness and determination by the president and the troops are exactly the same today as they were back at Thanksgiving 1990."

Commenting on the moment in Walker's book, the former president recalls: "I had my mind set that we were going to have to go to war, and the irony is that troops we talked to were saying, 'We're ready. We want to get it over with and go home.' And nobody in the United States believed that they could get it over with such speed and such efficiency and with so little loss of innocent life. But when I looked out at these faces, at this point I know I was thinking, 'How many of these kids are going to have to die for their country?'"

Bush Senior had gone to war himself as a young man, so he knew what it was like to be one of these soldiers. Perhaps this explains his stance, the look on his face, the bronze thing, as he might put it, because no one looks that majestic just tossing tie clips. ○

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY, editor of Forbes FYI *magazine, is author of the new novel* No Way to Treat a First Lady.

LARRY DOWNING / NEWSWEEK

FULL 24-HOUR NONDROWSY ALLERGY RELIEF ANYWHERE, ANYTIME.

A beautiful day. A beautiful park. Excellent company (woof).

Ahhh, what a difference CLARINEX® can make. CLARINEX® is proven to provide a full 24 hours of nondrowsy allergy relief.

So whether your allergies are indoor such as pets or dust, or outdoor such as pollen or mold, talk to your doctor and find out whether you're right for CLARINEX®.

Then go ahead, enjoy a walk in the park. Maybe even take along a few of your best friend's best friends.

Side effects are similar to sugar pill, including sore throat, dry mouth, and fatigue. See adjacent page for additional important information.

CLARINEX®
(desloratadine) 5mg TABLETS

Available by prescription only. Talk to your doctor about CLARINEX®.
For more information, call 1-800-CLARINEX, or visit www.clarinex.com

Schering / MSD

Copyright © 2002, Schering Corporation.
Kenilworth, NJ 07033. All rights reserved.
DD1425 11/02 Printed in U.S.A.

CLARINEX®
(desloratadine)
TABLETS

Brief Summary (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Allergic Rhinitis: CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg are indicated for the relief of the nasal and non-nasal symptoms of allergic rhinitis (seasonal and perennial) in patients 12 years of age and older.

Chronic Idiopathic Urticaria: CLARINEX Tablets are indicated for the symptomatic relief of pruritus, reduction in the number of hives, and size of hives, in patients with chronic idiopathic urticaria 12 years of age and older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg are contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients, or to loratadine.

PRECAUTIONS: Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: The carcinogenic potential of desloratadine was assessed using loratadine studies. In an 18-month study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg/day in mice (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 3 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose) and 25 mg/kg/day in rats (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 30 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Male mice given 40 mg/kg/day loratadine had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg/day and in males and females given 25 mg/kg/day. The estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures of rats given 10 mg/kg of loratadine were approximately 7 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of desloratadine is not known.

In genotoxicity studies with desloratadine, there was no evidence of genotoxic potential in a reverse mutation assay (*Salmonella/E. coli* mammalian microsome bacterial mutagenicity assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenicity assay and mouse bone marrow micronucleus assay).

There was no effect on female fertility in rats at desloratadine doses up to 24 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 130 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). A male specific decrease in fertility, demonstrated by reduced female conception rates, decreased sperm numbers and motility, and histopathologic testicular changes, occurred at an oral desloratadine dose of 12 mg/kg in rats (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 45 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Desloratadine had no effect on fertility in rats at an oral dose of 3 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 8 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose).

Pregnancy Category C: Desloratadine was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 48 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 210 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose) or in rabbits at doses up to 60 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 230 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). In a separate study, an increase in preimplantation loss and a decreased number of implantations and fetuses were noted in female rats at 24 mg/kg (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 120 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Reduced body weight and slow righting reflex were reported in pups at doses of 9 mg/kg/day or greater (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 50 times or greater than the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). Desloratadine had no effect on pup development at an oral dose of 3 mg/kg/day (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 7 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, desloratadine should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Desloratadine passes into breast milk, therefore a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue desloratadine, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother.

Pediatric Use: The safety and effectiveness of CLARINEX Tablets in pediatric patients under 12 years of age have not been established.

Geriatric Use: Clinical studies of desloratadine did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine whether they respond differently from younger subjects. Other reported clinical experience has not identified differences between the elderly and younger patients. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased hepatic, renal, or cardiac function, and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy. (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY – Special Populations**).

Information for Patients: Patients should be instructed to use CLARINEX Tablets as directed. As there are no food effects on bioavailability, patients can be instructed that CLARINEX Tablets may be taken without regard to meals. Patients should be advised not to increase the dose or dosing frequency as studies have not demonstrated increased effectiveness at higher doses and somnolence may occur.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Allergic Rhinitis: In multiple-dose placebo-controlled trials, 2,834 patients received CLARINEX Tablets at doses of 2.5 mg to 20 mg daily, of whom 1,655 patients received the recommended daily dose of 5 mg. In patients receiving 5 mg daily, the rate of adverse events was similar between CLARINEX and placebo-treated patients. The percent of patients who withdrew prematurely due to adverse events was 2.4% in the CLARINEX group and 2.6% in the placebo group. There were no serious adverse events in these trials in patients receiving desloratadine. All adverse events that were reported by greater than or equal to 2% of patients who received the recommended daily dose of CLARINEX Tablets (5.0 mg once-daily), and that were more common with CLARINEX Tablet than placebo, are listed in Table 5.

Table 5

Incidence of Adverse Events Reported by ≥ 2% of Allergic Rhinitis Patients in Placebo-Controlled, Multiple-Dose Clinical Trials

Adverse Experience	CLARINEX Tablets 5 mg (n=1,655)	Placebo (n=1,652)
Pharyngitis	4.1%	2.0%
Dry Mouth	3.0%	1.9%
Myalgia	2.1%	1.8%
Fatigue	2.1%	1.2%
Somnolence	2.1%	1.8%
Dysmenorrhea	2.1%	1.6%

The frequency and magnitude of laboratory and electrocardiographic abnormalities were similar in CLARINEX and placebo-treated patients.

There were no differences in adverse events for subgroups of patients as defined by gender, age, or race.

Chronic Idiopathic Urticaria: In multiple-dose, placebo-controlled trials of chronic idiopathic urticaria, 211 patients received CLARINEX Tablets and 205 received placebo. Adverse events that were reported by greater than or equal to 2% of patients who received CLARINEX Tablets and that were more common with CLARINEX than placebo were (rates for CLARINEX and placebo, respectively): headache (14%, 13%), nausea (5%, 2%), fatigue (5%, 1%), dizziness (4%, 3%), pharyngitis (3%, 2%), dyspepsia (3%, 1%), and myalgia (3%, 1%).

The following spontaneous adverse events have been reported during the marketing of desloratadine: tachycardia, and rarely hypersensitivity reactions (such as rash, pruritus, urticaria, edema, dyspnea, and anaphylaxis), and elevated liver enzymes including bilirubin.

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE: There is no information to indicate that abuse or dependency occurs with CLARINEX Tablets.

OVERDOSAGE: Information regarding acute overdosage is limited to experience from clinical trials conducted during the development of the CLARINEX product. In a dose ranging trial, at doses of 10 mg and 20 mg/day somnolence was reported.

Single daily doses of 45 mg were given to normal male and female volunteers for 10 days. All ECGs obtained in this study were manually read in a blinded fashion by a cardiologist. In CLARINEX-treated subjects, there was an increase in mean heart rate of 9.2 bpm relative to placebo. The QT interval was corrected for heart rate (QT_c) by both the Bazett and Fridericia methods. Using the QT_c (Bazett) there was a mean increase of 8.1 msec in CLARINEX-treated subjects relative to placebo. Using QT_c (Fridericia) there was a mean increase of 0.4 msec in CLARINEX-treated subjects relative to placebo. No clinically relevant adverse events were reported.

In the event of overdose, consider standard measures to remove any unabsorbed drug. Symptomatic and supportive treatment is recommended. Desloratadine and 3-hydroxydesloratadine are not eliminated by hemodialysis.

Lethality occurred in rats at oral doses of 250 mg/kg or greater (estimated desloratadine and desloratadine metabolite exposures were approximately 120 times the AUC in humans at the recommended daily oral dose). The oral median lethal dose in mice was 353 mg/kg (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 290 times the human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 250 mg/kg in monkeys (estimated desloratadine exposures were approximately 810 times the human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis).

Schering®

Schering Corporation
Kenilworth, NJ 07033 USA

2/02 **23882116T-JBS**

U.S. Patent Nos. 4,659,716; 4,863,931; 4,804,666; 5,595,997; and 6,100,274.

Copyright © 2002, Schering Corporation. All rights reserved.

Love to travel? Love to learn?

Take the Smithsonian on Your Next Trip

Our New Name! **Smithsonian Journeys**

U.S. AND CANADA TOURS

CELEBRATING FLIGHT
MARCH 6–9 AND MARCH 13–16, 2003
Join National Air and Space Museum staff for an exclusive program of lectures and tours at the museum, the Paul E. Garber Facility, and the Udvar-Hazy Center (the Smithsonian's new home for over 300 aircraft and spacecraft), now under construction near Dulles Airport. $895.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
APRIL 30–MAY 4, 2003
Gather in Washington, D.C. this spring for the Royal Shakespeare Company's stellar production of *As You Like It* at the Kennedy Center, and enjoy additional performances at the Washington Shakespeare Theatre and world-renowned Folger Theatre. Meet artists, designers and enjoy discussions and backstage tours. $1,495.*

CALIFORNIA COASTAL JOURNEY
MAY 5–13, 2003
Travel with historian Gary Holloway from San Diego to San Francisco to learn about the legacy left by such famous figures as William Randolph Hearst, J. Paul Getty, and Leland Stanford. $2,695.

*Register by March 15, 2003 and save $100.

ALASKA: EXPLORING ALASKA'S COASTAL WILDERNESS
JUNE 13–21, 2003
Aboard the M.V. *Sea Lion*, Study Leader Jim Garry and a team of naturalists introduce you to the fascinating culture and wildlife of Alaska's Inside Passage from Sitka to Juneau. From $4,005.

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

ESSENCE OF THE LAKE DISTRICT
JUNE 7–15, 2003
Let Study Leader Nicola Godrey-Evans introduce you to friends in her native England: historic house owners, artists, villagers and farmers. $3,150.

VOYAGE TO THE LANDS OF GODS AND HEROES: AN OLYMPIC PRELUDE
JUNE 28–JULY 10, 2003
A family adventure among the lovely islands of the Aegean aboard the 90-passenger *Sun Bay*. Introduce your children and grandchildren to the classics! From $2,995 (child) and $5,995 (adult).

NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: SPITSBERGEN, RUSSIAN WHITE SEA, AND THE NORTH CAPE
JULY 15–AUGUST 2, 2003
Aboard the expedition ship, *Explorer*, venture up and beyond Norway's coast where stunning landscapes and polar bears await your discovery. From $8,495.

VALUE-PRICED TOURS

SMITHSONIAN JOURNEYS–TRAVEL ADVENTURES WITH COLLETTE VACATIONS
Introducing 20 new value-priced learning vacations featuring a combination of enriching lectures, fascinating excursions with time on your own for independent discovery. Prices starting at $2139 for 13 days on China and the Yangtze River; $1899 for 14 days on France; $1799 for 10 days on Newfoundland and Labrador; $1149 for 6 days on Philadelphia and Washington, D.C.; and $1699 for 9 days on the Canadian Rockies. Additional destinations include: Ireland, Britain, Spain, Iceland, Costa Rica, Egypt, Australia and New Zealand, the Baltic, Newfoundland and Labrador, Canadian and U.S. National Parks, and Southwest America, and Eastern U.S. Call: **1-800-528-8167**. (code: smithoy)

INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM LOVER'S VACATIONS
Explore London, Paris, Amsterdam, Montreal, New York, and Washington, D.C., on unescorted learning vacations—any time of the year! Enjoy museum passes, cultural excursions, fine accommodations and dining, and exclusive *Museum Notes* or a Smithsonian publication—all at a great value! Call **1-800-528-8167** for information. From $289.

All prices are per person, based on double occupancy.

SmithsonianJourneys.org

For information on any of our 350 worldwide tours call 1-877-EDU-TOUR (1-877-338-8687)
or visit www.SmithsonianJourneys.org

JUST LOOKING

NOSE JOB Bob Crisman of the National Park Service checks Thomas Jefferson's nose for cracks at the 5,725-foot-high Mount Rushmore National Memorial near Keystone, South Dakota. Gutzon Borglum, who sculpted the memorial from 1927 until his death in 1941, began the now-annual inspections; Crisman has handled the task since 1976. The naturally occurring fissures, also found on the 60-foot granite heads of George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, are coated with a pliable sealant to prevent moisture from causing further cracking. Photographer Russ Schleipman took this shot from atop Lincoln's head.

Cast in Bondage

Copper neck tags evoke the experience of American slaves hired out as part-time laborers – BY VICTORIA DAWSON

Slave hire badges
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY

IT SEEMS, AT FIRST GLANCE, an innocuous if enigmatic artifact, a copper medallion 1.5 inches square, rough-edged and engraved with the words "Charleston. 571. Porter. 1856."

But the inscription—a city, a number, an occupation and a year—is stamped on a rare fragment of the past, known to scholars of the period as a slave hire badge, one of three in the cultural collection of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History. The tag likely hung from the neck of a slave for a calendar year, representing all that we will ever know of one man: a porter in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1856, industrious and trusted enough to be leased out by his master for short-term hire but required by law to

ERIC LONG / SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

THE NEW ROLLOVER ADVANTAGE℠

Would you like that rolled over easy?

You've worked hard to build your nest egg. Are you sure you want to leave it behind in your former employer's retirement plan? With the T. Rowe Price Rollover Advantage service, it's easy to take more control of your retirement savings.

Call one of our Rollover Specialists to open your account right over the phone. They can help you choose a T. Rowe Price fund, or you can pick from over 1,000 other funds*—all with no loads, no sales charges, and no commissions. They can even work with your former employer to help coordinate the rollover process. In fact, our Rollover Specialists handle just about all the IRA paperwork and will mail you the completed forms to sign.

It's never been easier to roll over your nest egg. To open your account, call us or visit our Web site and have your old 401(k) statement in hand.

TROWEPRICE.COM/ROLLOVERADVANTAGE

1-800-378-4270

T.RowePrice®

INVEST WITH CONFIDENCE

*This service is offered by T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., member NASD/SIPC. Please call to request a prospectus with more complete information, including fees, risks, and expenses; please read it carefully before investing.

ROA066387

be licensed and to wear or carry a metal identification tag at all times.

"Looking at a slave badge evokes an emotional reaction," says James O. Horton, Benjamin Banneker Professor of American Studies and History at George Washington University. "There is the realization that one person actually owned another."

Urban slavery just prior to the Civil War accounted for less than 5 percent of the slave population in the United States. "One reason a collectible like this is so compelling is that, given our dearth of knowledge about the badge system, there is room for speculation," says Michael Hodder, a numismatic consultant who researched the subject in 1993 when the New York coin-dealing firm Stacks offered 14 badges—the first large private collection ever sold. They commanded $60,000.

The badges, Hodder says, "evoke a personal history which is almost unfathomable: beatings, hardships, tears, pain, separation, loss, a terrible sense of abandonment." At the same time, he adds, "one can read into them a sense of hope and planning for the future—the slave working to earn as much money as possible, perhaps to purchase his freedom or the freedom of a family member."

Badge laws existed in several Southern cities, urban centers such as Mobile and New Orleans, Savannah and Norfolk; the practice of hiring out slaves was common in both the rural and urban South. But the only city known to have implemented a rigid and formal regulatory system is Charleston. Perhaps the statutes in other cities were never enforced; perhaps paper badges, inherently impermanent, were issued instead. All of today's extant badges can be traced exclusively to Charleston. There, from the mid-18th century to the end of the Civil War, ordinances dealt with the matter of owners marketing the labor and skills of their slaves by arranging for them to work outside the home or plantation.

Perhaps a quarter to a third of white Southern families were slaveholders. The rest of the population, according to Horton, likely contracted to purchase slave labor on a part-time basis. "This was especially true if you needed a skilled craftsman," says Horton. "The process proved quite profitable for the master. The slave might accrue some portion of the fee—he might get it all or he might get nothing."

Such practices were inevitably fraught with tension. White laborers objected to what they saw as unfair competition. "There was a great deal of resentment," observes Harlan Greene, a Charleston scholar and coauthor, along with Harry Hutchins, of the forthcoming book *Slavery's Badge: A History of the Slave Hiring System of Charleston, SC, 1783-1865*. "White artisans complained vehemently."

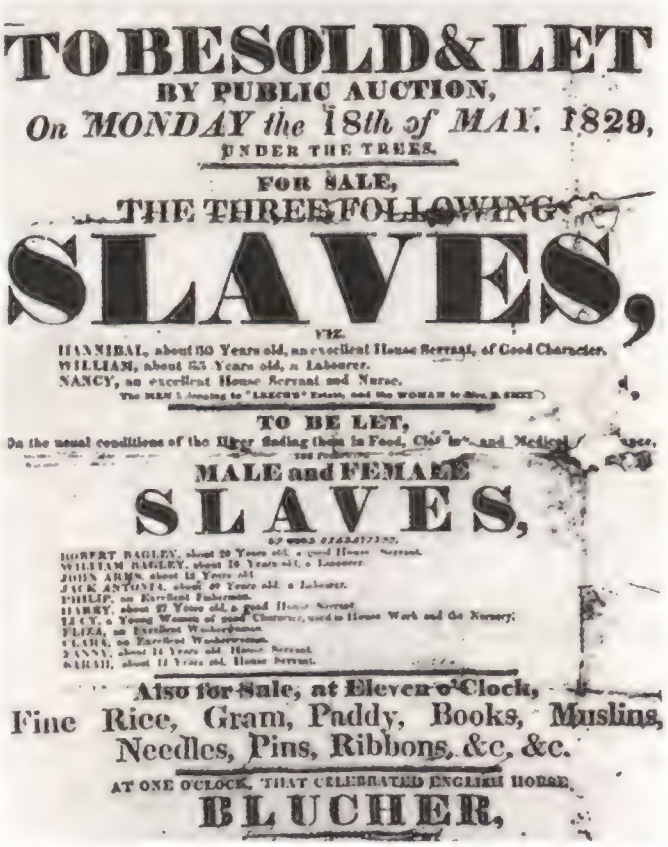
The system also created a category of slaves whose privileges threatened the status quo. "[Urban] slaves had more access to education, opportunities for self-hire and self-purchase, and the privilege of 'live-out' in separate sections of town, away from all the watchful eyes of masters," writes historian Theresa Singleton of Syracuse University in "The Slave Tag: An Artifact of Urban Slavery," a 1984 journal article. "All of these conditions tended to undermine masters' control over slaves."

In the seaport of Charleston, one of the wealthiest and most important cities in the South, the city treasurer's office issued all badges, with fees set according to the category and skill of the laborer. The most common occupations were servants and porters, though Charleston slaves also worked as skilled artisans (such as furniture makers and silversmiths), fishermen and fruit vendors.

Badges were made of copper alloy, cut or pressed from a mold, or occasionally fashioned by hand into various sizes and shapes, most typically squares or diamonds, ranging in size from about 1.5 square inches to 3 square inches. Each was punctured with a hole and was probably worn around the neck on a string or chain.

In addition to the three slave hire badges owned by the Smithsonian, another 100 or so, dating from 1800 to 1864, are in various museums around the country, and another few hundred are believed to be in the hands of private collectors. Prices for badges have soared in recent years, in part because of a burgeoning interest in African-American memorabilia. Recently, a huckster's (fruit vendor's) badge, dated 1803, fetched $26,450 at auction in Baltimore, Maryland.

Their power far transcends monetary value. "Imagine," Michael Hodder says, "this badge as it hung around the neck of a man. Imagine how it felt against his chest, how it felt to present it whenever someone demanded. At the end of the day, did the slave hang up the badge in his hut or did the master keep it? What happened if a slave lost his badge? What happened at the end of the year? Was the badge returned to the city marshal's office, turned in, taken to a local mill, melted and then reused?" The only certainty is the profound inhumanity—and likely brutality—evoked by such an artifact. ✪


TO BE SOLD & LET
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
On MONDAY the 18th of MAY, 1829,
UNDER THE TREES.
FOR SALE,
THE THREE FOLLOWING
SLAVES,
VIZ.
HANNIBAL, about 30 Years old, an excellent House Servant, of Good Character.
WILLIAM, about 25 Years old, a Labourer.
NANCY, an excellent House Servant and Nurse.
TO BE LET,
MALE and FEMALE
SLAVES,
Also for Sale, at Eleven o'Clock,
Fine Rice, Gram, Paddy, Books, Muslins,
Needles, Pins, Ribbons, &c. &c.
AT ONE O'CLOCK, THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH HORSE,
BLUCHER,

Traffic in lives: as this broadsheet (from the West Indies in 1829) attests, slaves could be sold or hired out.

VICTORIA DAWSON is a freelancer based in Washington, D.C.

HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES

Relieve the heartburn
Heal the damage.
It's possible with the purple pill called NEXIUM.

With acid reflux disease, even a little heartburn can be serious

If you suffer from persistent heartburn 2 or more days a week, even though you've treated it and changed your diet, it may be due to acid reflux disease. And that can be serious. Because, with even a little heartburn, you could have serious damage to the lining of your esophagus (erosive esophagitis). Only a doctor can determine if you have this damage.

For many, NEXIUM gives complete, 24-hour, day and night relief.

For many people, prescription NEXIUM—once daily—provides complete resolution of heartburn symptoms and heals damaging erosions of the esophagus caused by acid reflux disease. Your results may vary.

Talk with your doctor or health care professional to see if NEXIUM is right for you. Most erosions heal in 4 to 8 weeks with NEXIUM.

The most common side effects of NEXIUM are headache, diarrhea, and abdominal pain. Symptom relief does not rule out serious stomach conditions.

For a FREE Trial Offer call 1-888-PURPLEPILL

purplepill.com

AstraZeneca

Please read the important Product Information about NEXIUM on the following page and discuss it with your doctor.

NEXIUM is a registered trademark of the AstraZeneca group of companies.
© 2003 AstraZeneca LP. All rights reserved. 210130 10/02

Nexium®
(esomeprazole magnesium)

Please read this summary carefully, and then ask your doctor about NEXIUM. No advertisement can provide all the information needed to prescribe a drug. This advertisement does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. Only your doctor has the training to weigh the risks and benefits of a prescription drug for you.

Nexium® *(esomeprazole magnesium)*

20-MG, 40-MG Delayed-Release Capsules

BRIEF SUMMARY Before prescribing NEXIUM, please see full Prescribing Information. **INDICATIONS AND USAGE** NEXIUM is indicated for the short-term treatment (4 to 8 weeks) in the healing and symptomatic resolution of diagnostically confirmed erosive esophagitis. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** NEXIUM is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any component of the formulation or to substituted benzimidazoles. **PRECAUTIONS** Symptomatic response to therapy with NEXIUM does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. Atrophic gastritis has been noted occasionally in gastric corpus biopsies from patients treated long-term with omeprazole, of which NEXIUM is an enantiomer. **Information for Patients** NEXIUM Delayed-Release Capsules should be taken at least one hour before meals. For patients who have difficulty swallowing capsules, one tablespoon of applesauce can be added to an empty bowl and the NEXIUM Delayed-Release Capsule can be opened, and the pellets carefully emptied onto the applesauce. The pellets should be mixed with the applesauce and then swallowed immediately. The applesauce used should not be hot and should be soft enough to be swallowed without chewing. The pellets should not be chewed or crushed. The pellet/applesauce mixture should not be stored for future use. Antacids may be used while taking NEXIUM. **Drug Interactions** Esomeprazole is extensively metabolized in the liver by CYP2C19 and CYP3A4. *In vitro* and *in vivo* studies have shown that esomeprazole is not likely to inhibit CYPs 1A2, 2A6, 2C9, 2D6, 2E1 and 3A4. No clinically relevant interactions with drugs metabolized by these CYP enzymes would be expected. Drug interaction studies have shown that esomeprazole does not have any clinically significant interactions with phenytoin, warfarin, quinidine, clarithromycin or amoxicillin. Esomeprazole may potentially interfere with CYP2C19, the major esomeprazole metabolizing enzyme. Coadministration of esomeprazole 30 mg and diazepam, a CYP2C19 substrate, resulted in a 45% decrease in clearance of diazepam. Increased plasma levels of diazepam were observed 12 hours after dosing and onwards. However, at that time, the plasma levels of diazepam were below the therapeutic interval, and thus this interaction is unlikely to be of clinical relevance. Esomeprazole inhibits gastric acid secretion. Therefore, esomeprazole may interfere with the absorption of drugs where gastric pH is an important determinant of bioavailability (eg, ketoconazole, iron salts and digoxin). Coadministration of oral contraceptives, diazepam, phenytoin, or quinidine did not seem to change the pharmacokinetic profile of esomeprazole. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** The carcinogenic potential of esomeprazole was assessed using omeprazole studies. In two 24-month oral carcinogenicity studies in rats, omeprazole at daily doses of 1.7, 3.4, 13.8, 44.0 and 140.8 mg/kg/day (about 0.7 to 57 times the human dose of 20 mg/day expressed on a body surface area basis) produced gastric ECL cell carcinoids in a dose-related manner in both male and female rats; the incidence of this effect was markedly higher in female rats, which had higher blood levels of omeprazole. Gastric carcinoids seldom occur in the untreated rat. In addition, ECL cell hyperplasia was present in all treated groups of both sexes. In one of these studies, female rats were treated with 13.8 mg omeprazole/kg/day (about 5.6 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) for 1 year, then followed for an additional year without the drug. No carcinoids were seen in these rats. An increased incidence of treatment-related ECL cell hyperplasia was observed at the end of 1 year (94% treated vs 10% controls). By the second year the difference between treated and control rats was much smaller (46% vs 26%) but still showed more hyperplasia in the treated group. Gastric adenocarcinoma was seen in one rat (2%). No similar tumor was seen in male or female rats treated for 2 years. For this strain of rat no similar tumor has been noted historically, but a finding involving only one tumor is difficult to interpret. A 78-week mouse carcinogenicity study of omeprazole did not show increased tumor occurrence, but the study was not conclusive. Esomeprazole was negative in the Ames mutation test, in the *in vivo* rat bone marrow cell chromosome aberration test, and the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test. Esomeprazole, however, was positive in the *in vitro* human lymphocyte chromosome aberration test. Omeprazole was positive in the *in vitro* human lymphocyte chromosome aberration test, the *in vivo* mouse bone marrow cell chromosome aberration test, and the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test. The potential effects of esomeprazole on fertility and reproductive performance were assessed using omeprazole studies. Omeprazole at oral doses up to 138 mg/kg/day in rats (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) was found to have no effect on reproductive performance of parental animals. **Pregnancy** *Teratogenic Effects. Pregnancy Category B—Teratology studies have been performed in rats at oral doses up to 280 mg/kg/day (about 57 times the human dose on* a body surface area basis) and in rabbits at oral doses up to 86 mg/kg/day (about 35 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) and have revealed no evidence of impaired fertility or harm to the fetus due to esomeprazole. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, this drug should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed. Teratology studies conducted with omeprazole in rats at oral doses up to 138 mg/kg/day (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) and in rabbits at doses up to 69 mg/kg/day (about 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) did not disclose any evidence for a teratogenic potential of omeprazole. In rabbits, omeprazole in a dose range of 6.9 to 69.1 mg/kg/day (about 5.5 to 56 times the human dose on a body surface area basis) produced dose-related increases in embryo-lethality, fetal resorptions, and pregnancy disruptions. In rats, dose-related embryo/fetal toxicity and postnatal developmental toxicity were observed in offspring resulting from parents treated with omeprazole at 13.8 to 138.0 mg/kg/day (about 5.6 to 56 times the human doses on a body surface area basis). There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Sporadic reports have been received of congenital abnormalities occurring in infants born to women who have received omeprazole during pregnancy. **Nursing Mothers** The excretion of esomeprazole in milk has not been studied. However, omeprazole concentrations have been measured in breast milk of a woman following oral administration of 20 mg. Because esomeprazole is likely to be excreted in human milk, because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants from esomeprazole, and because of the potential for tumorigenicity shown for omeprazole in rat carcinogenicity studies, a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. **Pediatric Use** Safety and effectiveness in pediatric patients have not been established. **Geriatric Use** Of the total number of patients who received NEXIUM in clinical trials, 778 were 65 to 74 years of age and 124 patients were ≥ 75 years of age. No overall differences in safety and efficacy were observed between the elderly and younger individuals, and other reported clinical experience has not identified differences in responses between the elderly and younger patients, but greater sensitivity of some older individuals cannot be ruled out. **ADVERSE REACTIONS** The safety of NEXIUM was evaluated in over 10,000 patients (aged 18-84 years) in clinical trials worldwide including over 7,400 patients in the United States and over 2,600 patients in Europe and Canada. Over 2,900 patients were treated in long-term studies for up to 6-12 months. In general, NEXIUM was well tolerated in both short- and long-term clinical trials. The safety in the treatment of healing of erosive esophagitis was assessed in four randomized comparative clinical trials, which included 1,240 patients on NEXIUM 20 mg, 2,434 patients on NEXIUM 40 mg, and 3,008 patients on omeprazole 20 mg daily. The most frequently occurring adverse events (≥1%) in all three groups was headache (5.5, 5.0, and 3.8, respectively) and diarrhea (no difference among the three groups). Nausea, flatulence, abdominal pain, constipation, and dry mouth occurred at similar rates among patients taking NEXIUM or omeprazole. Additional adverse events that were reported as possibly or probably related to NEXIUM with an incidence < 1% are listed below by body system: ***Body as a Whole:*** abdomen enlarged, allergic reaction, asthenia, back pain, chest pain, chest pain substernal, facial edema, peripheral edema, hot flushes, fatigue, fever, flu-like disorder, generalized edema, leg edema, malaise, pain, rigors; ***Cardiovascular:*** flushing, hypertension, tachycardia; ***Endocrine:*** goiter; ***Gastrointestinal:*** bowel irregularity, constipation aggravated, dyspepsia, dysphagia, dysplasia GI, epigastric pain, eructation, esophageal disorder, frequent stools, gastroenteritis, GI hemorrhage, GI symptoms not otherwise specified, hiccup, melena, mouth disorder, pharynx disorder, rectal disorder, serum gastrin increased, tongue disorder, tongue edema, ulcerative stomatitis, vomiting; ***Hearing:*** earache, tinnitus; ***Hematologic:*** anemia, anemia hypochromic, cervical lymphoadenopathy, epistaxis, leukocytosis, leukopenia, thrombocytopenia; ***Hepatic:*** bilirubinemia, hepatic function abnormal, SGOT increased, SGPT increased; ***Metabolic/Nutritional:*** glycosuria, hyperuricemia, hyponatremia, increased alkaline phosphatase, thirst, vitamin B12 deficiency, weight increase, weight decrease; ***Musculoskeletal:*** arthralgia, arthritis aggravated, arthropathy, cramps, fibromyalgia syndrome, hernia, polymyalgia rheumatica; ***Nervous System/Psychiatric:*** anorexia, apathy, appetite increased, confusion, depression aggravated, dizziness, hypertonia, nervousness, hypoesthesia, impotence, insomnia, migraine, migraine aggravated, paresthesia, sleep disorder, somnolence, tremor, vertigo, visual field defect; ***Reproductive:*** dysmenorrhea, menstrual disorder, vaginitis; ***Respiratory:*** asthma aggravated, coughing, dyspnea, larynx edema, pharyngitis, rhinitis, sinusitis; ***Skin and Appendages:*** acne, angioedema, dermatitis, pruritus, pruritus ani, rash, rash erythematous, rash maculo-papular, skin inflammation, sweating increased, urticaria; ***Special Senses:*** otitis media, parosmia, taste loss, taste perversion; ***Urogenital:*** abnormal urine, albuminuria, cystitis, dysuria, fungal infection, hematuria, micturition frequency, moniliasis, genital moniliasis, polyuria; ***Visual:*** conjunctivitis, vision abnormal. Endoscopic findings that were reported as adverse events include: duodenitis, esophagitis, esophageal stricture, esophageal ulceration, esophageal varices, gastric ulcer, gastritis, hernia, benign polyps or nodules, Barrett's esophagus, and mucosal discoloration. Postmarketing Reports – There have been spontaneous reports of adverse events with postmarketing use of esomeprazole. These reports have included rare cases of anaphylactic reaction. Other adverse events not observed with NEXIUM, but occurring with omeprazole can be found in the omeprazole package insert, **ADVERSE REACTIONS** section. **OVERDOSAGE** A single oral dose of esomeprazole at 510 mg/kg (about 103 times the human dose on a body surface area basis), was lethal to rats. The major signs of acute toxicity were reduced motor activity, changes in respiratory frequency, tremor, ataxia, and intermittent clonic convulsions. There have been no reports of overdose with esomeprazole. Reports have been received of overdosage with omeprazole in humans. Doses ranged up to 2,400 mg (120 times the usual recommended clinical dose). Manifestations were variable, but included confusion, drowsiness, blurred vision, tachycardia, nausea, diaphoresis, flushing, headache, dry mouth, and other adverse reactions similar to those seen in normal clinical experience (see omeprazole package insert-**ADVERSE REACTIONS**). No specific antidote for esomeprazole is known. Since esomeprazole is extensively protein bound, it is not expected to be removed by dialysis. In the event of overdosage, treatment should be symptomatic and supportive. As with the management of any overdose, the possibility of multiple drug ingestion should be considered. For current information on treatment of any drug overdose, a certified Regional Poison Control Center should be contacted. Telephone numbers are listed in the Physicians' Desk Reference (PDR) or local telephone book.

NEXIUM is a registered trademark of the AstraZeneca group.
© AstraZeneca 2002. All rights reserved.

Manufactured for: AstraZeneca LP, Wilmington, DE 19850
By: AstraZeneca AB, Södertälje, Sweden
Product of France
210216 09/02

AstraZeneca

JOIN OUR

Smithsonian
MAGAZINE

ONLINE READER PANEL

and be entered to **win a**

Digital Camera! *

As part of the Reader Panel, you can tell *Smithsonian* about

- what you read
- your interests
- your likes and dislikes
- your opinion of *Smithsonian* Magazine

Several times during the year, we may ask you to participate in a survey. Answers will remain completely confidential.

How to join the Reader Panel:

1. Go to **www.Smithsonianmag.com**
2. Click on the "**Reader Panel**" area.
3. Fill out the online Reader Panel survey, submit your answers, and you'll be entered in our drawing to **win a Digital Camera!**

* Complete sweepstakes rules and Digital Camera details are located on the *Smithsonian* Magazine web site. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR TO WIN. COMPLETION OF SURVEY NOT REQUIRED. Mail entrants accepted. Print your name, address and date on a 3.5" x 5" card and mail to: *Smithsonian* Reader Panel, Mediamark Research, Inc., 650 Avenue of the Americas, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10011.

JOIN NOW!

Go to
www.Smithsonianmag.com

One From the Heart

An anthropologist's discovery about a Mayan language leads to a heartfelt tale

A BRIGHT RED HEART pierces the book's rough, black cover. Inside, some of the words are written in a mysterious language—but even in translation they read like poetry: "My heart aches: I am in love." "You perfume my heart: you give me pleasure." Wood-block images of hearts and lovers, birds and suns scatter across the pages in vibrant red and black.

Called *Mayan Hearts*, the handmade book is a collection of 20-some metaphors used in the Mayan language Tzotzil. Just published, it is the work of Robert M. Laughlin, an anthropologist at the National Museum of Natural History, book designer Ámbar Past and printmaker Naúl Ojeda. As in most stories of the heart, the tale of how this book came to be is filled with disappointment and delay, rejection and renewal. But it ends as it should, happily.

For the past four decades, Laughlin has studied the Mayan culture and, in particular, one of its languages, Tzotzil, which is still spoken by the highland Indians of Chiapas in southern Mexico. He has published two Tzotzil dictionaries, collections of Tzotzil legends, myths and dreams; a study of plant lore and a history of a Spanish proclamation. In the 1970s, Laughlin learned of a rare manuscript—a colonial Spanish-Tzotzil dictionary—housed in the library of his alma mater, Princeton University.

An anonymous Dominican friar working in Chiapas in the late 1590s compiled the dictionary of 10,000 Spanish words and their Tzotzil equivalents, recording more than 80 metaphors that refer to the heart—a testament to the Mayans' deep reverence for what they believe to be the locus of all that is human. Repentance, for example, is expressed in five different Tzotzil metaphors: "my heart cries," "my heart grows small," "my heart hurts," "my heart withdraws," and "my heart becomes two."

Eventually, the friar's dictionary was shelved in the bishop's library in San Cristóbal de las Casas, the colonial capital of Chiapas. But in 1914, the Mexican revolutionary army of Gen. Venustiano Carranza used the library as a stable, and its books and manuscripts, tossed out the window by hostile soldiers, became fodder for hungry horses. Miraculously, however, Bishop Francisco Orozco y Jiménez had ordered a copy of the dictionary made and delivered to the Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Historia y Etnología in Mexico City. From there, it made its way through the hands of several American book collectors and, finally, into a vault at Princeton.

When he delved into the dictionary, Laughlin, like the friar centuries earlier, encountered a poetic wonderland where such everyday phrases as "you console me" and "I am upset" have evocative parallels in Tzotzil: "you shape my heart" and "my heart shakes." Laughlin imagined a book—

a Mayan love story of sorts—composed of those metaphoric images. "They seemed so basic and so universal," he says.

But an attempt to find an illustrator fizzled and Laughlin's project languished. One day in 1987, however, while reading the *Washington Post*'s book section, Laughlin came across the wood-block illustrations of Naúl Ojeda, an Uruguayan artist living in Washington, D.C. Here was a man for the metaphors. Though Ojeda readily agreed to make some initial drawings, the project again faltered when a New York publisher coolly dismissed the pair's proposal: "'People will have as much interest in this as in a picture of a sheep,'" Laughlin remembers him saying. "That was the end of it."

Until the summer of 2001. Why die without it? Laughlin asked himself. "Do it!" Several months later, Ojeda delivered a finished set of illustrations. During a December visit to San Cristóbal, Laughlin and Past wrestled the book into preliminary shape. Then, suddenly, there was jarring news: Ojeda had lung cancer. By June 2002, he was gone.

But the book was finished. Past's papermaking cooperative in San Cristóbal printed and bound 1,000 copies, 500 English-Tzotzil versions and 500 in Spanish and Tzotzil.

"My heart is seated," Ojeda might have put it. That's Tzotzil for "I am at peace." —*VICTORIA DAWSON*

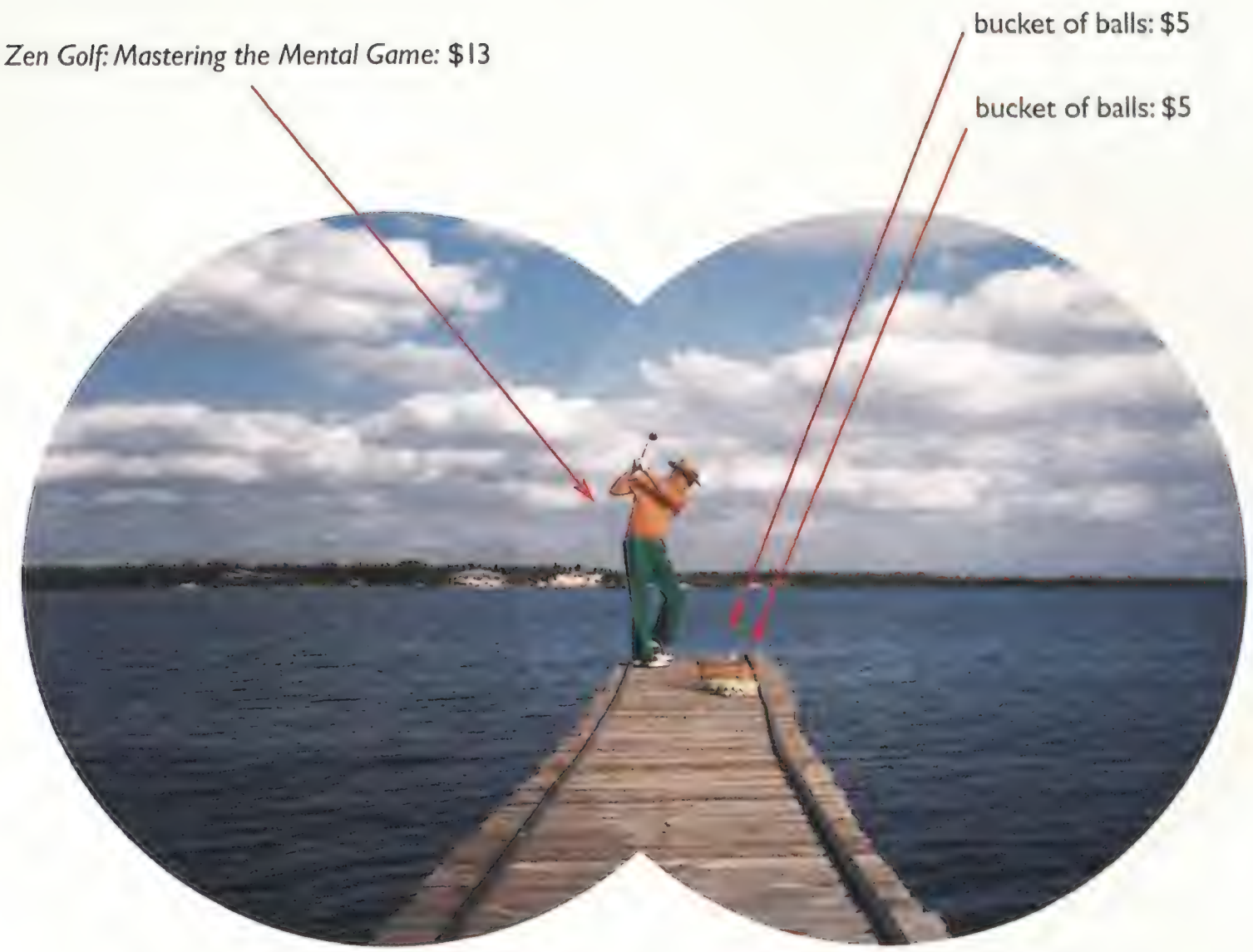
COLONIAL AFRICA: THE BIG PICTURE

He gazes confidently into the camera, headdress, bracelets and medallion proclaiming his high status. Clearly, says Christraud M. Geary of the National Museum of African Art, this unnamed Mangbetu chief (left) from the Belgian Congo of the 1930s understood the power of photography to solidify that status. He used the photographer as much as the photographer used him. That's one revelation of "In and Out of Focus: Images from Central Africa, 1885-1960," which opened at the museum December 6 and continues through March 16. Early pictures of the people from the region that now includes the Republic of the Congo, Rwanda and other countries, taken by Western photographers, created and perpetuated stereotypes: the Mangbetu people were aristocratic, the Tutsi were advanced, the Kuba were artists. Much of this photography—especially "type" images that purported to show racial distinctions—made victims of its subjects. But Africans such as the Mangbetu chief, says Geary, curator of the Eliot Elisofon Photographic Archives, used the medium for their own purposes. "Leaders used photography to create their identities in the colonial system," she says. "Having their images circulate supported their prominence and maintained their reputations." Yuhi Musinga, for example, who was king of the German colony of Rwanda from 1897 to 1931, accommodated photographers by adding new steps and more musical instruments to the Ntore dance of young Tutsi warriors (right), ensuring the attention of outsiders and, by extension, his continued rule. Says Geary, "They became sophisticated in displaying and 'marketing' their images as a political statement in a colonial state."

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART, CASIMIR ZAGOURSKI COLLECTION (2); NORFOLK MUSUEM SERVICES / NORWICH CASTLE MUSEUM

HURRY IN

"Traditions in Elegance: 100 Teapots from the Norwich Castle Museum" closes at the U.S. Botanic Garden March 30. Among the 18th- and 19th-century pots on display is this porcelain beauty from 1770 London. A collaboration with the National Museum of Natural History, the exhibition also includes live *Camellia sinensis*, the delectable and economically important tea plant.



no one rushing your swing: priceless

© 2003 MasterCard International Incorporated

there are some things money can't buy. for everything else there's MasterCard.®

In ruins by the 1850s (above left), Mount Vernon was restored by Ann Pamela Cunningham (inset below) and her organization.

George Washington Slept Here

Kudos to Ann Pamela Cunningham, who rose from her invalid's couch to save the first president's beloved home

"IT WAS A LOVELY moonlit night that we went down the Potomac," South Carolinian Louisa Dalton Bird Cunningham wrote to her invalid daughter, Ann Pamela Cunningham, late in 1853. "I went on deck as we passed Mount Vernon." What she saw shocked her: George Washington's mansion gone to near-gothic seed—paint peeling, weeds choking the lawn, a piazza roof propped up by old ships' masts. Shaken, she wrote: "The thought passed through my mind: Why was it the women of his country did not try to keep it in repair, if the men could not do it?"

Mrs. Cunningham's passing thought sparked something in her daughter, who had spent 21 years confined to her couch after a riding accident at age 17. Ann Pamela resolved to save Mount Vernon. The estate, Washington's home from 1754 until his death in 1799, was then in the hands of his great-grandnephew, John Augustine Washington III, a lawyer. He was tired of hosting tourists who often repaid his hospitality by helping themselves to souvenirs, and he let it be known that he would sell the place for the staggering price of $200,000. Ann Pamela rose from her couch and set out to raise the money, creating the first national preservation organization, the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. This year marks the Ladies' 150th anniversary.

Today, when historic preservation is considered the proper province of lady-like First Ladies, it's hard to imagine how bold and strange it was for a woman of Ann Pamela's upbringing to mount a public campaign. Bowing slightly to convention, which held that a lady's name appear in a newspaper only to announce her marriage or death, her first published appeal for funds—replete with references to flames, bureaucratic vultures and vestal virgins—was signed "A Southern Matron."

The piece, in the December 2, 1853, *Charleston Mercury*, struck a national nerve. The rift between North and South was widening daily, but all Americans revered Washington; many could recall exactly where they had been when they learned of his death from infection on December 14 of the last year of the century he helped define. As Ann Pamela's campaign caught on, she dropped her pseudonym and

WHO'S COUNTING?

121

ASIAN LONGHORNED BEETLES POPULATE THE INSECT COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. A CHINA NATIVE THAT HITCHHIKED HERE IN 1996 IN SHIPPING CRATES, THE INCH-LONG BEETLE HAS KILLED 7,468 MAPLE, BIRCH AND OTHER TREES IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO; 860,000 MORE TREES ARE IN DANGER. SCIENTISTS PLOT THE GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF THE BEETLES FROM THE COLLECTION TO PREDICT THE INSECTS' SPREAD HERE.

TOP LEFT AND BOTTOM: MOUNT VERNON LADIES ASSOCIATION (2); ROBERT C. LAUTMAN / MOUNT VERNON LADIES ASSOCIATION; KENT LOEFFLER / CORNELL UNIVERSITY

named her effort the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the *Union*—the last word intentional.

Ann Pamela turned out to have a flair for team building and an instinct for public relations. She recruited an influential nationwide group of women, including an actress and a French princess, and stoked their enthusiasm through the monthly *Mount Vernon Record*. Part alumnae magazine and part George Washington chat room, the *Record* published recollections about the general, inspirational poetry and the names of donors. Blockbuster novelist Washington Irving, whose head as a boy reportedly had felt the first president's pat, led the list with a donation of $500. The *Record* thanked $1 contributors, public-television style, with the gift of a reproduction of Gilbert Stuart's unfinished presidential portrait. In a time of small feet and long attention spans, the Ladies auctioned off a member's tiny shoe transformed into a watchcase, while the orator Edward Everett donated three years of earnings from his two-hour lecture on Washington's character. And for 10 cents, children received *Little George and His Hatchet: A Lesson of Truth*—the fictional tale of Washington and the cherry tree.

In 1858, Ann Pamela made an $18,000 down payment on Mount Vernon; two years later, the estate paid for in full, John Augustine Washington III handed her the keys to the mansion. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association holds them still.

—*KATHLEEN WHEATON*

George Washington's Mount Vernon Estate and Gardens is a Smithsonian Affiliate; the entities collaborate on exhibitions and programs. Some 30 Smithsonian artifacts are on loan to the estate, including a bedstead from the National Museum of American History that belonged to Washington's half brother.

FROM THE ATTIC

FLOOR-TO-CEILING MAKEOVER It was 1901, and the Smithsonian's 20-year-old National Museum was getting a new terrazzo floor. The craftsmen most likely were immigrants from northern Italy, where mosaic workers in the 15th century created the terrazzo technique of embedding marble chips in mortar. The tool in their hands, with its pumice head, was used to grind the floor smooth. It was called a "galera," which means "prison" in Italian and probably alludes to the hard labor involved. The terrazzo replaced wood floors that, grumbled geologist George P. Merrill, "were allowed to remain until the occasional breaking through, by rotting." The building itself, rushed to completion in 1881 for President James Garfield's inaugural ball, suffered termites, falling plaster and frequent floods. Today it is called the Arts and Industries Building, and it still leaks. (A $170 million renovation is scheduled for 2006.) Unfortunately, the Smithsonian does not own a single galera today. That's a hint. —*BETH PY-LIEBERMAN*

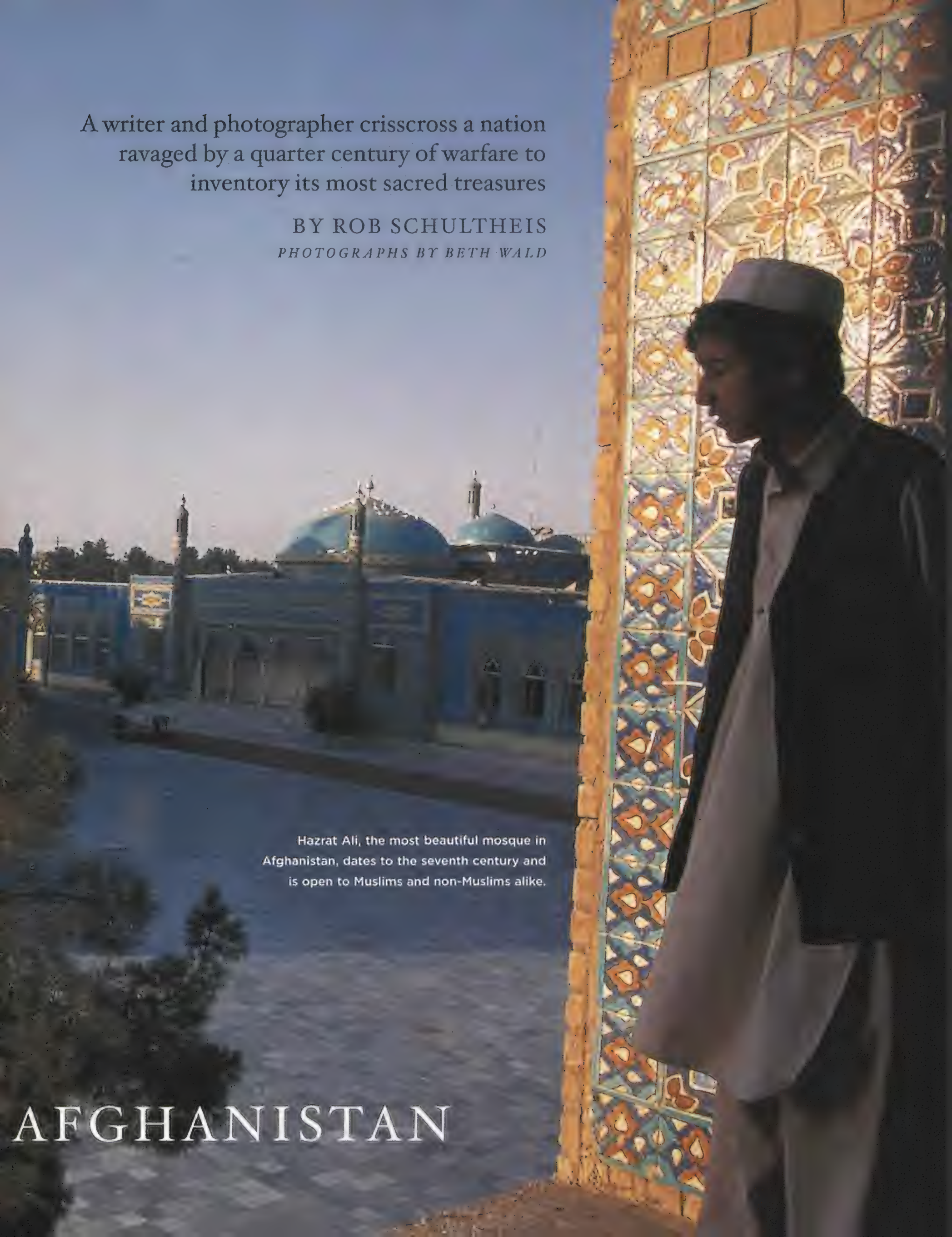
VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN For a free Associates' planning packet, call Smithsonian Information, 202-357-2700 or 202-357-1729 (TTY), 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Monday through Saturday, or send an e-mail to info@si.edu. **INFORMATION CENTER:** Upon arrival, stop at the Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle (9 a.m.-5:30 p.m.). Most museums are open daily, 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m., except December 25. Members are invited to drop by the reception desk (9 a.m.-4 p.m.) to register for a behind-the-scenes tour and to hear about membership benefits.

THE ENDURING SPLENDORS OF, YES,

A writer and photographer crisscross a nation ravaged by a quarter century of warfare to inventory its most sacred treasures

BY ROB SCHULTHEIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETH WALD



Hazrat Ali, the most beautiful mosque in Afghanistan, dates to the seventh century and is open to Muslims and non-Muslims alike.

AFGHANISTAN

OUR QUEST BEGINS BESIDE an austere sarcophagus of white, black and pink marble with a simple little ivory-colored mosque below and vast terraced flower gardens beyond, high above the dusty, war-battered city of Kabul. The man buried beneath these stones, Zahiruddin Mohammed Babur, was one of Asia's greatest empire builders. Starting about the time of Columbus as an Uzbek princeling in the Fergana Valley north of Afghanistan, Babur and his followers captured eastern Afghanistan and Kabul; from there they rode east across the Khyber Pass, to conquer northern India all the way to the Himalayas.

Three of us, photographer Beth Wald, my Afghan friend Azat Mir, and I, are setting out to seek what is left of Afghanistan's splendor. It won't be easy: ten months after the U.S. intervention and the overthrow of the Taliban, the road system is *kharaab* (broken), and fighting still flares up regularly in the mountains southeast of Kabul and near Mazar-i-Sharif in the north. The U.S. State Department recommends that Americans not venture here at all, and certainly not travel outside Kabul. But I spent 11 years covering the Soviet–Afghan wars for the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and *Time*; Beth has photographed the wilds of Patagonia, Vietnam and Tibet; and Azat is your quintessential bold-to-the-point-of-folly Afghan, an ex-guerrilla who has lived and worked in Iran, Pakistan and Uzbekistan, and who, like most Afghans, is fiercely proud of his country. For transport we have Azat's four-wheel drive SUV. We have high hopes. Like the heroes of Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King*, we are embarking on a treasure hunt, a search for myths and legends across a rough and lawless country.

Zahiruddin Mohammed Babur's Moghul empire is long gone, and Afghanistan is a ghost of a country, where the grandeur of the past is in danger of disappearing. Twenty-three years of war, beginning with the Soviet invasion in 1979, damaged or destroyed many of the country's historical treasures, and the Taliban fundamentalists, who took power in the mid-1990s and ruled until last year, destroyed or sold off many more. Today, renegade local commanders and desperately poor villagers are digging in sites from the Greek metropolis of Ai Khanoum to the ancient city surrounding the Minaret of Jam and selling what they find to art and antiquities smugglers.

Many of the surviving palaces, fortresses and monuments scattered across the landscape are relics of cultures that even today remain a mystery to historians. Afghanistan is a huge, three-dimensional mosaic of races and cultures. During its long, tumultuous reign as the crossroads of Asia, everyone from Alexander the Great to Genghis Khan passed through, leaving behind a multitude of bloodlines, languages and traditions. Today there are hundreds of tribes, clumped together in six major groups: Pushtuns, Tajiks, Hazaras, Aimaqs, Nuristanis and Uzbeks. Though almost all Afghans are Muslims (until the advent of Islam in the seventh century A.D. the region was Buddhist), even Islam is split between the majority Sunnis, descended from kings and orthodox scholars who succeeded Muhammad, and the Shi'a, from Muhammad's descendants and their followers. All this has left a rich historical alluvium. Golden Buddhas, silver swords, ivory chess sets, Venetian glass trade beads and Greek coins are still unearthed regularly by farmers' plows and looters' shovels. Five years ago in the ancient Silk Road oasis of Bamiyan, a peas-

Despite heavy internecine fighting near Kabul for more than a decade, the simple but majestic marble tomb of Mohammed Babur the Conqueror has largely escaped damage.

BETH WALD / AURORA

ROB SCHULTHEIS has covered Afghanistan since 1984 and founded the Koh-I-Baba aid group. BETH WALD specializes in adventure travel; her work has appeared in Outside *and* National Geographic.

ant dug up a fragment of an ancient Torah, evidence of the Jewish trading community that once flourished there.

Our journey will take us through a desert no-man's-land to the old capital city of Ghazni, across a remote pass to Bamiyan, northeast into the Himalayas, and north to the windswept Turkoman Plains. We will cross minefields, territories of warlords and feuding militias, and high, blizzard-lashed mountains. We will dodge terrorists and tribal skirmishes, bluff our way past roadblocks manned by uniformed bandits, and spend nights in villages where we are the first Western visitors in 20 years. When it is over, we will have found sites of tragic destruction, where the glories of the past have been blown up by fanatics. But we will have also found perfectly preserved thousand-year-old monuments. And we will witness a legend in the making, as today's Afghans enshrine a newly dead prince.

BABUR'S TOMB MAKES a perfect starting point. When he died in Agra, India, in 1520, Babur's body was brought here, in accordance with his last wishes, to be buried. He had asked that his grave be left open to the sky so that the rains and snows of his beloved Afghanistan might penetrate its stones and bring forth a wildflower or sapling from his flesh. His epitaph, which he wrote himself, is engraved on a stone tablet at the head of his tomb: "Only this mosque of beauty, this temple of nobility, constructed for the prayer of saints and the epiphany of cherubs, was fit to stand in so venerable a sanctuary as this highway of archangels, this theatre of heaven, the light garden of the godforgiven angel king whose rest is in the garden of heaven, Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur the Conqueror."

In prewar Afghanistan, the tomb and its gardens were a favorite picnic spot for Kabulis. On hot afternoons, families swam in two Olympic-scale pools on the gardens' northern edge. Today, the pools are being renovated, and gardeners are bringing the sprawling banks of irises, hollyhocks, zinnias, pansies, marigolds and roses back to life. Afghan and European archaeologists are restoring the ancient city walls above the tomb, filling shell holes and bullet pockmarks with fresh adobe. "When they were here, the Taliban cut down the ancient trees," a gardener tells us. "They let the irrigation ditches dry up. When we tried to keep the flowers alive, they put us in prison. Next year, it will all be beautiful again."

The once-lush Babur Gardens outside Kabul, neglected under the Taliban, are undergoing a long-overdue restoration. The gardens were named for Mohammed Babur, a contemporary of Columbus' and one of Asia's greatest empire builders.

"THE TALIBAN CUT DOWN THE ANCIENT TREES. WHEN WE TRIED TO KEEP THE FLOWERS ALIVE, THEY PUT US IN PRISON."

IN 1933, THE BRITISH ECCENTRIC Robert Byron drove, as we are about to do, from Kabul to the old Afghan capital of Ghazni. In his book *The Road to Oxiana*, he wrote: "The journey took four-and-a-half hours, along a good hard road through the Desert of Top, which was carpeted by irises."

Ghazni was originally a Buddhist center. When Arabs swept in from the west in A.D. 683, bringing Islam with them, the city held out for nearly two centuries until invader Yaqub Safari sacked it in 869. Yaqub's brother rebuilt Ghazni, and by 964 it was the center of a rich Islamic empire stretching from Turkey, across Afghanistan to northern Pakistan and India. While Europe languished in the Dark Ages, Ghazni's ruler Mahmud (998-1030) was building palaces and mosques and hosting theological debates that drew Muslim, Jewish, Buddhist, Zoroastrian and Nestorian Christian scholars from all over the East. It took Genghis Khan to end Ghazni's power in 1221, when he ravaged the city.

Today, Byron's "good hard road" has vanished. In its place is a heaving chaos of sand, cobblestones, hummocks and gullies, the result of neglect and Soviet tank treads; Ghazni itself is a backwater. The 98-mile drive from Kabul takes us nine uncomfortable hours. The heat is suffocating, and dust as fine and white as flour rises in clouds, coating our lips. The countryside is in the throes of a four-year drought, and the villages look dispirited, surrounded by dried-up orchards and fallow wheat fields. Not only that: this is hostile territory. "Al Qaeda and Taliban fighters are still in those mountains," Azat says, gesturing to the jagged peaks to the east. "If they knew foreigners were traveling here, they would try to kill or kidnap you."

But when we finally get to Ghazni, we remember why we came. Despite its repeated sackings and pillagings, the town

The remnants of Ghazni's two 12th-century minarets (opposite) rise 80 feet. Originally 240 feet high, they were part of a vast mosque complex. Despite its ancient riches, Ghazni is more truck stop than town, littered with rusted Soviet tanks.

is a historical treasure-house. According to a popular Afghan folktale, a Sufi (Muslim mystic) master once sent one of his pupils on a pilgrimage to Ghazni. The young man returned in a foul mood: "Why did you send me to that accursed place?" he demanded. "There were so many mosques, shrines and tombs of saints everywhere, I couldn't find a place to relieve myself. I nearly burst!"

We have come specifically to see a pair of towering brick minarets, each nearly 80 feet high, erected in the 12th century as part of a now long-gone mosque and *madrassa* (religious school) complex. But like that long-ago Sufi pilgrim with the bursting bladder, we find ourselves surrounded by

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

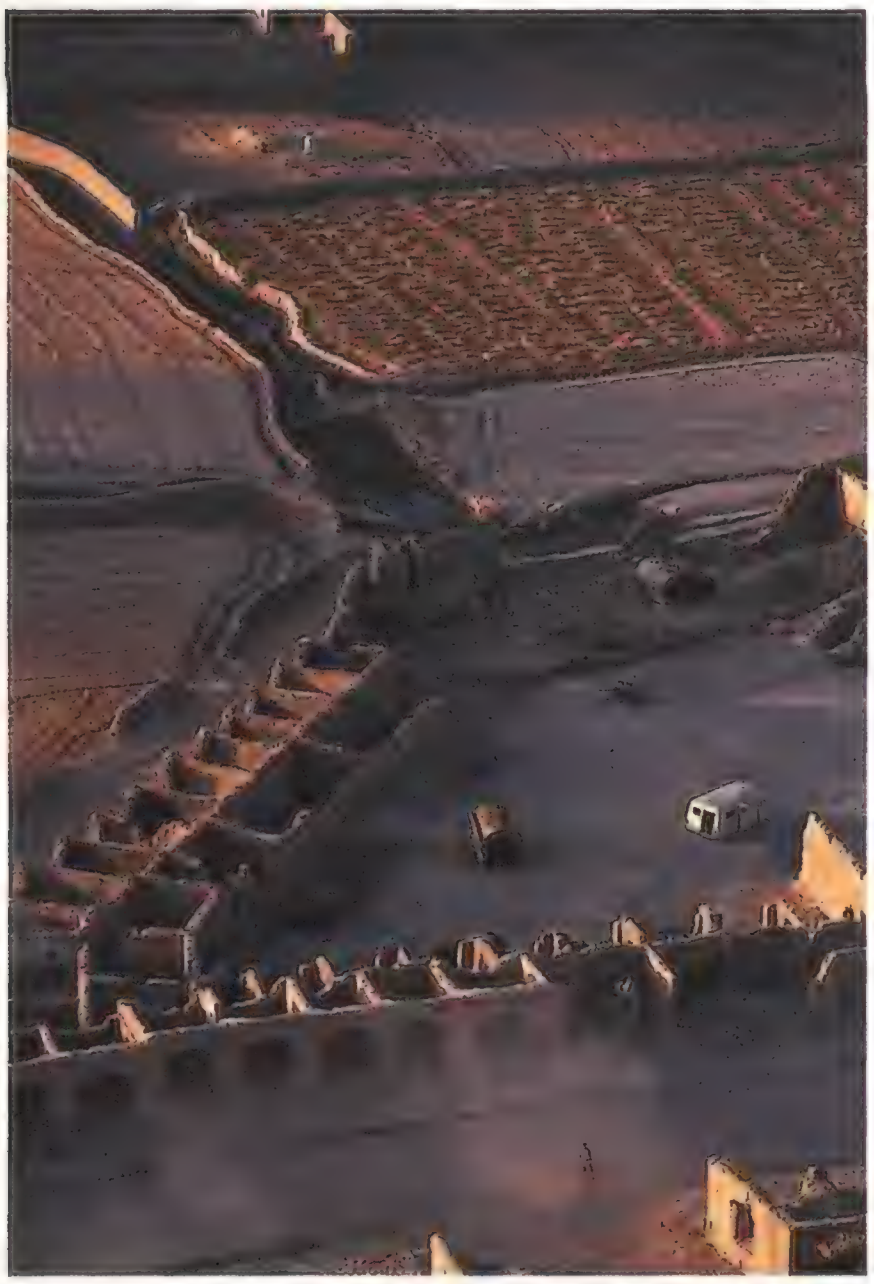
historical wonders everywhere we turn. After checking into the "best" hotel, a gas station/teahouse/truckers' stop where rooms rent for 120,000 afghanis (about $2) a night, we explore the town. The old city walls are still intact, dating back 1,300 years to the Buddhist era. The Citadel, where the British and Afghans fought a series of bloody battles between 1838 and 1842, remains imposing; its high walls still look as though they could repel an attacking army.

Once, the city's two great minarets were each surmounted by a slim tower two times as high as the present structures. But even in their truncated state, they are impressive, standing isolated amid a wasteland of dry brush and dust. And though the road that leads to them skirts an incongruous junkyard of rusting tanks, trucks and machinery left over from the Soviet invasion, the minarets themselves remain much as Byron described them more than 70 years ago, constructed "of rich toffee brick tinged with red [and] adorned with carved terra-cotta." Despite their size, they are as intricately detailed as a Persian carpet.

That night, back at the hotel, I am kept awake by the town crier, who patrols the main road out front. Recalcitrant Taliban types have been lobbing rockets into Ghazni at night and sneaking into the city to rob people. The crier walks up and down, toting an AK-47 assault rifle and letting loose an ear-splitting whistle every 30 seconds or so. I decide that the whistle means "All is well! It's safe for you to try to go back to sleep!" I suspect it is also a not-so-subtle rebuke: if I have to stay up all night, so should you.

On the way out of Ghazni we stop to visit another of the city's monuments, Mahmud's Tomb. Unlike the minarets, this site has been renovated and is the center of a busy scene. Schoolboys shrilly chant lessons beneath the giant trees; itinerant mullahs read aloud from the Koran, and farmers peddle fruit and vegetables from pushcarts. Even in these troubled times, Afghan pilgrims stream in and out of the mausoleum photographing everything in sight. They seem pleased when Beth takes pictures of the ornate tomb.

Most of the once-prosperous town of Bamiyan was destroyed after the Taliban occupied the region in 1998. In addition, the Taliban is believed to have killed up to 20,000 of the city's Shi'a Muslim inhabitants. Today the town is slowly rebuilding.



ON TO BAMIYAN, some 250 miles away. In A.D. 632, before Islam, the Chinese monk Hsuan-tsang crossed the Himalayas from western China into present-day northern India and then to Afghanistan. In his journal he writes of gorges, deep with snow, making travel impossible; of murderous bandits who killed travelers; of precipices, avalanches. At last Hsuan-tsang crossed into the Bamiyan Valley, where he found a peaceable Buddhist kingdom with this oasis city at its heart, watched over by two great stone Buddhas carved into the face of a giant cliff. In time, of course, the kingdom fell, Islam supplanted Buddhism and Genghis Khan came through, demolishing and slaughtering. Later, about 1900, Pushtun monarch Abdurrahman marched in, persecuting Shi'a inhabitants and hacking the faces off the Buddhas.

When I first came to Bamiyan, in the winter of 1998, the local Hazaras, descendants of the Buddha builders, were again under siege from the Taliban and their Al Qaeda allies. Like Abdurrahman in his day, Mullah Omar and Osama bin Ladin and their followers despised any Muslim who did not profess the Sunni form of the religion. I was part of a small aid group that flew into Bamiyan from Uzbekistan with two tons of medical supplies in a creaky, unmarked Antonov transport plane. Because of Taliban bombing, we were forced to land at an airstrip on the plateau above Bamiyan and convoy the medicine down by truck. I will never forget rounding the corner of the snowy valley in the late afternoon sun and seeing, in the cliffs, the two Buddhas, the larger one 180 feet high, the smaller 125, looking down upon us with their invisible Buddha faces. Young Shi'a fighters armed with assault rifles stood sentry at the base of the cliff. Though Muslim, they were still defiantly proud of these monumental figures, hewn out of stone by their ancestors 1,500 years ago.

I'm not sure if it is a blessing or a curse to see something beautiful and precious before it vanishes forever; a bit of both, perhaps. I left with a feeling of foreboding. Within eight months, northern Afghanistan fell to the Taliban, leaving the Hazaras increasingly isolated. On September 13, 1998, Taliban forces captured Bamiyan itself, killing thousands, razing the

Two giant statues of Buddha, known as the Buddhas of Bamiyan, were hewn out of rock in the fourth or fifth century A.D. (The larger of the two, at 180 feet high, is above, left.) In March 2001, deeming them "idols," the Taliban destroyed the statues.

JEAN CLAUDE-CHAPON / FILES / AFP PHOTO / CORBIS; SAYED SALAHUDDIN / REUTERS NEWMEDIA / CORBIS

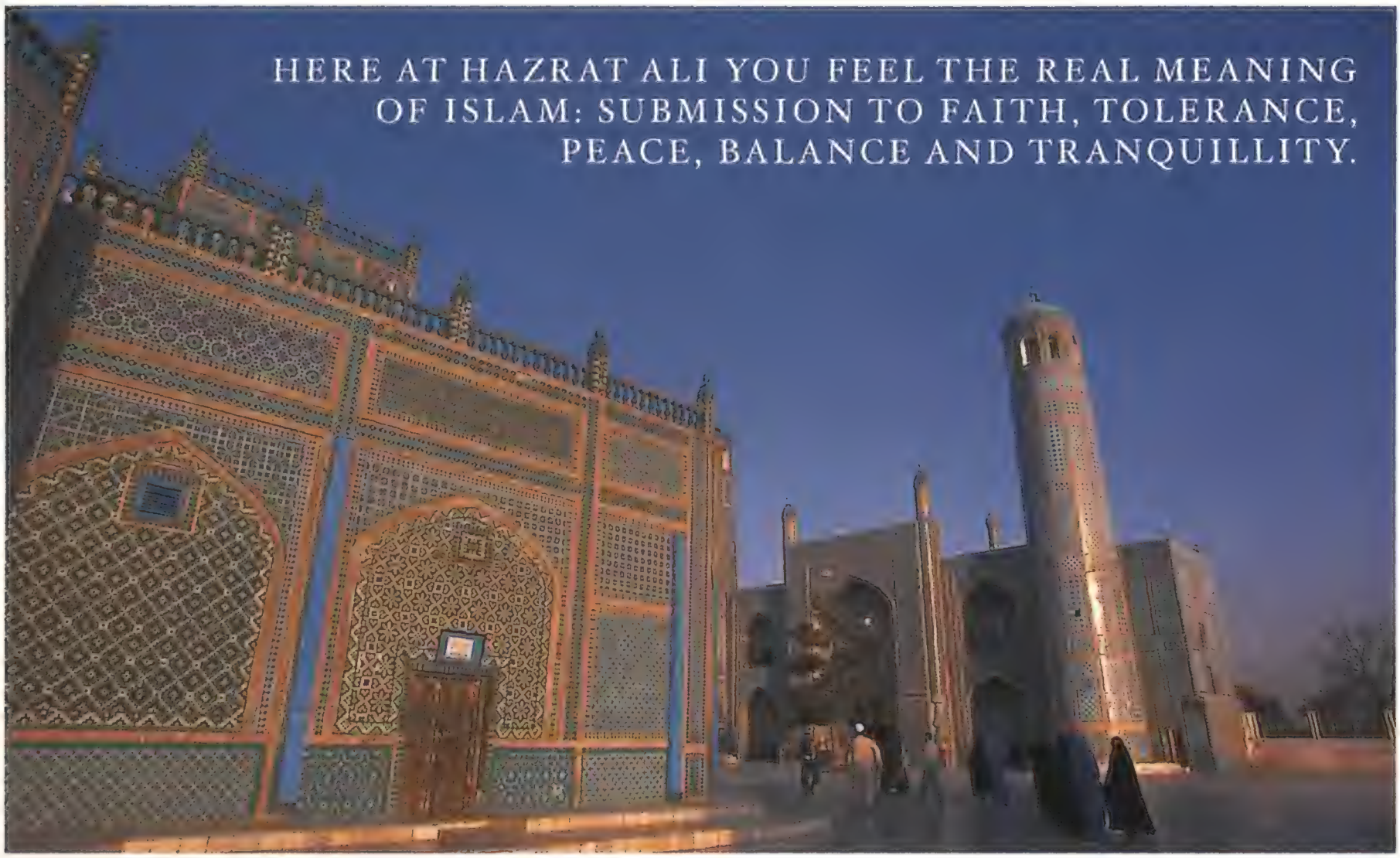
ancient town and finally, of course, in March 2001, blowing up the two Buddhas with hundreds of pounds of explosives.

Now, as we drive toward the 10,779-foot Shibar Pass, the gateway to Bamiyan, we pass ruined Hazara villages, relics of Taliban genocide; our vehicle, ominously, is the only one on the once-busy road. When we arrive in Bamiyan, we find most of the town lying in rubble. Then I take a second look. Everywhere rebuilding is going on: people are making bricks from mud, conjuring their houses and shops back to life. Farmers are loading up trucks with potatoes to sell in Kabul. U.N. vehicles, too, scurry about, part of a massive international campaign to bring Bamiyan back to life. A contingent of U.S. Army Special Operations troops are helping build bridges and schools while they also keep order.

From the ruins of the bazaar, I finally look up at the place where the Buddhas once stood. Though the niches are empty, the outlines of the figures are still visible on the stone sides of the caves, and in some transcendental, incorporeal way the Buddhas seem to be here too. Is it possible, I wonder, that the Taliban "liberated" the Buddhas from the inert stone? Dizzy thoughts in the glare of the sun, perhaps. A young Hazara man sees me looking up at the cliffs. "Buddhas," he says, pointing to where I am gazing. I nod. "Buddhas *khub* [good]," he says. "Taliban *baas* [finished]." He makes a throat-cutting motion across his neck with his hand.

There is a spirited debate going on over what to do about the Bamiyan statues. Some want to reconstruct them, noting that the Indian Archeological Survey made exact measurements of the statues back in the 1950s, and with modern technology they could be replaced in situ. Others, most notably American Nancy Hatch Dupree, a leading authority on Afghanistan's cultural heritage, and Kareem Khalili, vice president of Afghanistan and chief of the Hazara tribe, think the niches should be left empty, as memorials. I'm with them.

EVEN AZAT IS UNEASY about the 12-hour journey north to Mazar-i-Sharif, site of the most beautiful building in all of Afghanistan, the Great Mosque of Hazrat Ali. Not only must



we go through the hazardous Salang Tunnel, built in the 1960s by the Soviets and damaged during the war, but we must drive through areas where live minefields extend to the edges of the road. An American aid worker was kidnapped at a renegade checkpoint on the highway a few months ago, and the day before we depart, 17 fighters from feuding Tajik and Uzbek tribal militias are killed in Samangan Province, which we must cross. But fortune smiles, and we arrive without incident.

Mazar, as Afghans call the city, was the scene of heavy fighting several times over the past decade: Hazaras against Uzbeks; Hazaras and Uzbeks against Pushtuns, Arabs and Pakistanis; then Hazaras against Uzbeks against Tajiks. As we head into the heart of the city, we pass burned-out warehouses and factories, blocks of debris where shops and offices once stood, and trucks twisted like pretzels. And then, looming over the trees and rooftops, we catch sight of the beautiful ocean-blue domes of Hazrat Ali.

The story goes that the body of Imam Hazrat Ali, who was murdered in A.D. 661 near Baghdad, was placed on a camel and sent east across central Asia. The camel finally collapsed near Balkh, a few miles northwest of present-day Mazar, and Ali was buried there. A grand shrine and mosque were erected on the site, only to be destroyed by Ghenghis Khan in the 13th century. Since 1481, when the mosque was rebuilt, it has undergone countless additions and changes, evolving into the surreal architectural jewel we marvel at today. It doesn't look like it was "built," if that makes sense: rather, that it somehow materialized, a vision magically transmuted into stone. The gardens that ring the mosque complex teem with worshipers on their way to late afternoon

On his trip 70 years ago, Robert Byron described the mosque of Hazrat Ali as "a cross between St. Mark's in Venice and an Elizabethan countryhouse translated into blue faience."

prayers, bands of schoolboys, beggars and pilgrims. A few people stare at us with set expressions, but most smile and say "*Asalaamaleikum*," "Hello."

To many Westerners, even the word "Islam" evokes images of rage, swords, war. Here, you feel the real meaning: submission to faith, tolerance, peace, balance and tranquillity. I hear laughter, and look over to see men and boys feeding the sacred white doves that flock here by the hundreds. Mazaris believe that when a bird flies here, it turns snow white from the pure holiness of the place. It is good luck to have the birds land on you, and some people, by judicious offerings of birdseed, manage to attract the doves. They laugh as their friends photograph them; one turbaned elder tapes his dove-covered compatriots with a video camera.

We leave our shoes in a gatehouse and walk across the smooth marble surface of the courtyard. The stones beneath us gleam like ice in the late afternoon sun. Above, blue domes thronged with white birds look like snowcapped peaks. The tile work on the walls is intricate and rich, a subtle glowing tapestry of muted umbers, ochres and shades of blue and green that blaze in the sun. An old man walks by, fingering his prayer beads, muttering to God; he turns to me and smiles beatifically before going on his way. This mosque is particularly sacred to the Hazara tribe, who are Shi'as, but both Shi'as and Sunnis worship here side by side. Long ago, Shi'as split off from the Sunni mainstream to pursue a more mystical,

American Values

Every day, our founder has the same lunch. It isn't lobster tail.

It's a true story. At noon, he sits down in the cafeteria and eats a peanut butter sandwich. When he's done, he folds up his paper sack so it can be used again tomorrow.

It's a tradition around here. One of the many we've created in our 44 years of managing investments. Over time we've grown, but two things have remained constant. His lunch. And our values. Your success is still our first priority. The proof is in the peanut butter.

AMERICAN CENTURY.

Investment Managers

American Century Investment Services, Inc. ©2002 American Century Services Corporation

socially radical path. Shi'as are a majority in only one nation, Iran. Elsewhere, as in Afghanistan, they are a vocal, often restive minority, widely persecuted and, under the Taliban, even massacred. But Hazrat Ali is a mosque for all Muslims, as hospitable to Sunnis as it is to Shi'as, and as welcoming to non-Muslims as to the faithful. Here there is an undeniable feeling of openness and oneness. As the Afghan Sufi poet al-Sana-ie of Ghazni wrote, "At the gates of Paradise no one asks who is Christian, who is Moslem."

ON SEPTEMBER 9, 2001, in the far northern town of Khojabahuddin, two Arab terrorists posing as journalists killed the nationalist Afghan leader Ahmadshah Massood with a bomb concealed in a video camera battery pack. Massood and his fellow Tajik tribesmen from the Panjsher Valley had led the war against the Soviets in the '80s, turning back six major Soviet offensives and descending from the mountains to attack Soviet convoys headed south to Kabul. When the foreign Muslims of Al Qaeda and their Afghan/ Pakistani Taliban allies tried to take over the country in the chaos following the Soviet withdrawal, Massood and his followers fought them too. His murder two days before 9/11 was undoubtedly timed to remove the last Afghan opposition to Taliban and Al Qaeda before the inevitable U.S. retaliation against Afghanistan's terrorist regime.

Now that the United States, allied with Massood's fighters and other anti-Taliban forces, has swept the Taliban away, the martyred Massood is being hailed as the savior of his nation. Because tens of thousands of Afghans and dozens of foreign dignitaries are expected to show up for his ceremonial interment in Bazarak a year to the day after his death, we go a day early, on September 8.

It takes six hours to get there. The road zigzags high above the Panjsher River. As night falls, we pass through corn and wheat fields, orchards of nut and fruit trees, mulberry thickets, windbreaks of willows. Villages twinkle in the darkness: the ingenious Panjsheris have devised their own small hydroelectric plants, powered by the flowing river, full from the melting mountain snows. Peaks loom high on both sides of the Panjsher Valley, rising to more than 18,000 feet. There are glaciers up there, and snow leopards, Marco Polo sheep, ibex. We have entered the Hindu Kush, the western Himalayas.

I lose track of time and of exactly where we are on the map when suddenly Azat pulls off the road and stops at the base of a hill. I look up, and there is the blue metal dome of the mausoleum. We are here. We climb the hill, past Panjsheri sentries. It is after 9:00 p.m., but other mourners and worshipers are already there. Like them, we remove our shoes and walk across ornate tiles to the building itself. Inside, the sarcophagus is wrapped in tapestries depicting the holy places of Mecca. Someone has laid a small bouquet of wildflowers on top. A young village boy's lips move silently in prayer as tears fall from his eyes. An old peasant looks over at me and shakes his head gently, sadly: our grief is your grief, he seems to be saying; you and I, we know what greatness the world has lost here. In a little while, I walk outside into the chill starlight. Behind me, the shrine glows, a blue-and-white diamond in the vastness of the mountains.

For the next two days, helicopters soar in and out of the valley, bringing government ministers, foreign ambassadors, chiefs and commanders from every tribe and race in Afghanistan. Schoolchildren carry banners and flags. Verses from the Koran thunder from a loudspeaker system. Bards sing songs in Massood's honor; poets recite epic verses, recounting the glories of the dead man's life. It is a timeless event: the laying to rest of a modern prince who is also a liberator in a mausoleum built on a hill, another monument to enriching this tortured, desert land. ○

On the one-year anniversary of the assassination—by Al Qaeda on September 9, 2001—of Northern Alliance leader Ahmadshah Massood, thousands of Afghans and foreign dignitaries gathered at his shrine in the Panjsher Valley.

MPG 52/45 E F 566mi SULEV[1] TOYOTA HYBRID SYSTEM

toyota.com

HYBRID FACT #1:
ONLY PRIUS WAS BUILT
FROM THE GROUND UP
TO HELP THE PLANET
FROM THE SKY DOWN.

PRIUS | genius

Prius was engineered with just one thing in mind: the planet. It was the first mass-produced vehicle in the world to combine a super-efficient gasoline engine with an electric motor that never needs to be plugged in. And the benefits speak for themselves. More than twice the average mileage of conventional vehicles. And up to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions.[2] The purpose-built gasoline/electric Prius. The sky's the limit.

MPG based on 2002 EPA estimates city/highway mileage. Actual results may vary. California Air Resources Board SULEV-rated. For more information, visit www.arb.ca.gov. [2]Based on hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen, compared to the average car.

©2002 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

TESTIMONY FROM THE ICEMAN

The 5,000-plus-year-old Neolithic man discovered a decade ago is telling scientists how he lived—and died

BY BOB CULLEN

THE CITY OF BOLZANO, in northern Italy, has many things of which it can boast. It has a scenic location, wedged into a narrow valley between the gray, craggy escarpments of the Dolomites. It has an old central district, closed to automobiles, with streets dotted by small squares and fountains and lined with shops and cafés. The balconies, balustrades and cobblestones of this neighborhood can, in the evening light, induce a visitor to imagine that Romeo and Mercutio might at any moment come swaggering around a corner.

But the most remarkable sight in Bolzano is on the second floor of the old Banca d'Italia building, a short walk from the city's outdoor vegetable market. I first saw it one evening in the company of Dr. Eduard Egarter Vigl, the chief of pathology at the city's hospital.

Dr. Egarter asked me to put on hospital scrubs. He opened a heavy, insulated door and walked into the antechamber of a multiroom new vault built in the center of the building. It was brightly lit, and the temperature within was a degree or two below freezing. Egarter then opened a door to one of the two inner rooms in which the temperature is kept at a constant 20.3 degrees Fahrenheit and the relative humidity hovers between 95 and 98 percent. Inside one of the inner rooms a tray held a body, faceup. Egarter pushed a gurney up to the tray, slid the tray onto it, then rolled the gurney out into the refrigerated antechamber.

The body looks like a skeleton wrapped tightly in hairless skin—skin the brown of a roasted turkey. It gleams with a glaze of ice that is left undefrosted to

A treasured window on the past, "Otzi" the Iceman remains frozen in time, stored at a constant 20.3 degrees F in a special vault in Bolzano, Italy.

When the Iceman was extracted from the ice in 1991 (below), rescue workers from Austria arrived on the scene first and took him to Innsbruck. Later determined to have been found in Italy, the body was moved to Bolzano (above) in 1998.

protect it. It is 1.60 meters tall—about 5 feet 3 inches—and weighs 13.78 kilograms, or a carefully monitored 30.32 pounds. Black lines on its back and ankles appear to be tattoos. Its mouth is frozen in an expression that displays a few worn, chipped teeth. This body, which is roughly 5,300 years old and best known as the Iceman, is perhaps the most spectacular archaeological discovery of the late 20th century.

Egarter is its caretaker. He is a stocky, genial, balding man of 53, with a salt-and-pepper mustache, which, if it were waxed and curled, would give him a slight resemblance to David Suchet's TV version of Agatha Christie's detective, Hercule Poirot. That would be appropriate, because Egarter has become, in addition to the body's conservator, a sleuth.

More than a decade after the Iceman's discovery, Egarter is still trying to unravel the mysteries of the body on the tray. Along with its clothing and tools, the body was originally perceived as a kind of snapshot of the past, a specimen snatched from the Neolithic era to be analyzed and understood by the science of the present. Developing that snapshot has not proved as simple as was first assumed.

The body on the tray has a nickname, Otzi (it rhymes with "tootsie"), after an area of the Alps called the Otztal. In

BOB CULLEN has been reporting periodically from Europe for 20 years. He wrote for these pages on Graham Greene in June 2002.

GIANSANTI GIANNI / CORBIS SYGMA; CORBIS SYGMA; PP.42,43 SOUTH TYROL MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, ITALY

September 1991, a pair of hikers saw Otzi's head and shoulders protruding from the melting ice in a pass known as the Tisenjoch, some 35 miles northwest of Bolzano. Otzi became a sensation. He made the cover of *Time*. He was the subject of several books and countless articles. In retrospect, many of the books and articles were partially mistaken.

Otzi began to befuddle people almost as soon as he was found. He was first thought to be just another Alpine fatality. Not realizing the age of their discovery, the rescue workers who came to the scene treated the body less than gently as they tried to pull it from the ice. A jackhammer tore chunks of flesh from Otzi's left hip and damaged his thigh. The unfinished bow that he carried was broken into two pieces, and the frame of his backpack was ripped apart.

Only when an archaeologist from the University of Innsbruck, Dr. Konrad Spindler, saw the copper ax found with Otzi and estimated it to be 4,000 years old—a relic of the Neolithic age—did anyone begin to comprehend what an astonishing discovery had been made on the Tisenjoch. The Neolithic era was the transitional age when stone tools began to give way to metal and when agriculture was supplanting hunting and gathering. Until Otzi, archaeologists had been required to reconstruct Neolithic civilization from skeletal remains, flint tools and arrowheads, bits of pottery and the beginnings of metallurgy. The glacier's damp, freezing temperature had preserved not only Otzi himself but also a trove of organic artifacts—clothing, wooden handles for tools and weapons, feathered arrows—never before seen by modern eyes. Some of the artifacts, however, were inadvertently damaged or destroyed as the body was pried from the ice.

"A lot was lost," says Dr. Markus Egg, an archaeologist at the Roman-Germanic Central Museum in Mainz, Germany, who supervised the restoration of Otzi's belongings. "For example, we don't know how the backpack was worn—over the head or over the shoulder. And the quiver has no strap to indicate how it was carried." Nevertheless, the study of the artifacts that did survive the extraction changed our understanding of the Neolithic world. The radiocarbon dating of Otzi's ax blade forced a revision in the generally accepted date for the advent of copper smelting in the Alpine region. The feathers on two of his arrows showed that Neolithic man understood the ballistic principles that make an arrow rotate and fly more accurately. The embers that he carried, wrapped in maple leaves in a birch-bark container, suggested how Neolithic people transported fire from place to place.

There had been an assumption, of course, that people of that era wore clothing of some sort. But, save for some jewelry and buttons, there had been no examples until Otzi. From him, archaeologists learned that Neolithic people in central Europe had leggings to protect them from the cold. But they evidently had few woven textiles; all of Otzi's clothing came from animal hides. Despite its primitive appearance, his gear was functional. He had shoes made of leather and bast (plant fiber), stuffed with grass for insulation. When researchers made copies of the shoes, they found them quite

Locked in glacial ice, the well-preserved artifacts and clothing found with the 40-something-year-old Iceman have changed scientists' understanding of Neolithic life. From top: a dagger with ash handle and flint blade, along with its sheath; remains of his fiber and leather shoes; a quiver and 14 arrows; the wooden-handled copper ax that marked him as Neolithic.

KENNETH GARRETT; GIANSANTI GIANNI / CORBIS SYGMA; KENNETH GARRETT (2)

practical for hiking in the snow. "Everything we know about clothing from the Neolithic age in Europe is from him," Egg says. "There is nothing to compare. He is alone."

Scientists who worked on the Otzi project produced some elegant results with just specks of evidence. Some researchers, looking at the structure of the body's damaged thighbone, analyzed the secondary osteons—concentric arrangements of bone matrix that increase as a person ages—and estimated that Otzi was in his 40s when he died.

Dr. Klaus Oeggl of the Institute of Botany in Innsbruck received about 40 milligrams of material from Otzi's colon. Laboriously analyzing every milligram, Oeggl found remnants of cooked bread made from einkorn, a primitive variety of wheat. This suggested that Otzi's society had the beginnings of agriculture. Oeggl also found pollen from a plant called the hop hornbeam. Examining it carefully, he found that the cell content within the pollen's outer shell was intact. This told him that the pollen was fresh, since the inner cellular material of pollen from the hop hornbeam decays within a few days or weeks of falling to the ground. From this, Oeggl deduced that Otzi had died in late spring, when the plant sheds its pollen. He also determined that Otzi came from a village on the Italian side of the Tisenjoch, since analysis of sediment layers showed that the hop hornbeam did not grow on the north, or Austrian, side in Otzi's time.

The research on the clothing, the tools and the intestinal contents, however, yielded more information than did research on the state of the body and the cause of Otzi's death. Dr. Werner Platzer, chief of the Department of Anatomy at the University of Innsbruck, was the man initially in charge of conserving the body. His first priority was to make certain it did not decay. Platzer surmised that the best way would be to try to replicate the conditions within the snow and ice of the Tisenjoch. He kept the body packed in crushed ice, stored in a refrigerated vault, and allowed examinations infrequently and for only 30 minutes at a time.

There was sufficient evidence to indicate that the body was male, although in one of their first publications on Otzi, the Austrian group said the genitals seemed to be missing. They speculated that they might have been torn off during the extraction from the ice. This prompted a German journalist to publish a book claiming that the entire discovery was a fraud and that Otzi was nothing more than a castrated Egyptian mummy, planted in the mountains to stimulate tourism. Only when that book was published in 1993 did the Innsbruck scientists pull the body from the vault, unwrap it and take a closer look. When they did, they discovered that contrary to their earlier supposition, Otzi's genitals were intact.

The major question was how he came to die 10,000 feet up in the Alps. Much of the responsibility for answering it fell to a team of specialists under the supervision of Dr. Dieter zur Nedden, chief of one of the radiology departments at the University of Innsbruck. Zur Nedden scanned the body five times during the six years it was in Innsbruck. The first pictures were made with conventional x-rays. Then there were digital x-rays. There were a total of three examinations with computer tomography. One apparatus even made three-dimensional plastic models of the skull and organs. Zur Nedden worked with a select, international team of experts to assess the findings. They found signs of arteriosclerosis, a possible stroke and osteoarthritis, and they determined that Otzi had suffered a serious injury—broken ribs on his right side. But they could not be certain whether the ribs had been broken before Otzi's death or after, when pressure from the snow and ice might have crushed them.

The broken ribs figured prominently in the death scenario published in 1993 by Spindler, the chief archaeologist on the Innsbruck research team. In his best-selling *The Man in the Ice*, Spindler hypothesized that Otzi had been involved in some catastrophic event, most likely a battle. His ribs had been broken. He fled the scene, leaving his bow and arrows behind, which forced him to start work on a new bow. But the pain of the rib injury was too great to bear at extreme altitudes. Exhausted, he lay down and died.

No one had disproved that theory when the body was brought to Italy in 1998. Though the first police and rescue workers to respond to the news of a body in the ice were Austrian and they had taken it to Innsbruck, a survey made two weeks after the discovery determined that Otzi had actually been found in Italy, about 100 yards from the Austrian border. Italy quickly claimed permanent custody, but did not assume it until six years later, when the specially designed refrigerated vault had been installed in the old bank building in Bolzano (renamed the South Tirol Museum of Archaeology), after repeated testing of the refrigeration technique on another mummified body.

"I believe he died on the rock and was covered with a thin sheet of snow," says Otzi's caretaker, Dr. Eduard Egarter Vigl (at the Bolzano museum with a representation of Otzi at the time of his death).

Otzi's transfer was ostensibly friendly, primarily because the ties between Austria and Italy's South Tirol are old and strong. Even today, about 70 percent of the province's population is of German origin. It enjoys a degree of autonomy within Italy, and all of the towns and highway signs have names in both Italian and German. But there was an undercurrent of tension to the transfer, something Egarter ex-

MARISA MONTIBELLER

"Every day can present a new aspect," says Egarter (with Otzi in the museum's laboratory freezer). "After five years at the job, I have to learn every day." Scientists wear masks and gloves to protect Otzi from microorganisms that could destroy his body.

pressed in a conversation before he showed Otzi to me. "Sometimes the Austrians believe that the South Tiroleans are a small country living on tourism and agriculture and they are a little bit—not stupid, but not sophisticated like the university people in Innsbruck," he said. "People here in South Tirol sometimes have an inferiority complex."

Sophisticated or not, the South Tiroleans found themselves responsible for one of the world's archaeological treasures. Egarter was cast in a central role, given the task of preserving the body. He had no credentials in archaeology. His career had been spent managing a staff of 65 people in the local hospital's pathology department, analyzing tissue samples sent by other doctors and doing autopsies. He might, for instance, be asked by an insurance company to determine whether a driver pulled from a car wreck had died from the collision or had perhaps had a heart attack that led to the crash. "Dr. Bruno Hosp, the minister of culture for South Tirol, called me in and told me they had been looking for a conservator for Otzi in South Tirol and had become convinced that I was the man who had the most to do with death," Egarter said, explaining his appointment.

For a couple of years, Egarter confined himself to monitoring Otzi's weight and the condition of his skin, looking for signs of decomposition. He did no research, assuming that all the major questions had been answered in Innsbruck. Then, in June 2001, zur Nedden called. In a joint effort with Wake Forest University in North Carolina, zur Nedden wanted to test a bit of the broken right rib to determine whether the break had occurred before or after Otzi's death. He asked Egarter if he would remove a sliver of bone.

"I went to Innsbruck and asked zur Nedden to show me the position of the fracture, because I had to make coordinates for the extraction," Egarter recalled. "He gave me one picture and said, 'Here is the fracture, it shouldn't be a problem. Open the chest here and take out the piece. It should only take 20 minutes.'"

Not satisfied with zur Nedden's instructions, Egarter enlisted the aid of a Bolzano radiologist, Dr. Paul Gostner. Together they pulled Otzi out of his display vault and into the chilled anteroom, where Egarter felt it was safe to work for the hour or more the procedure might take without risk of defrosting the body. There they took a series of x-rays of Otzi's chest cavity.

"The next day, Dr. Gostner came to me and said he was sorry, but he couldn't see any rib fractures," Egarter continued. "And he asked if I had any old x-rays of the body." Egarter pulled some out and gave them to Gostner, who smiled and said, "OK, I am happy." He was happy because the older pictures proved that his new pictures were accurate, not marred by some error. Like the new pictures, the

old x-rays showed a dense, triangular mass in Otzi's left shoulder. It was, Gostner estimated, five times as dense as bone. It was stone. It looked like an arrowhead. He found it hard to believe that the Innsbruck team could have missed it.

That night, Egarter and Gostner went to the museum and removed the body from its display vault. They saw a dark spot under the left shoulder blade. With his hands, Egarter defrosted the icy glaze that normally covers the body's skin. He found a wound, small but unmistakable, puncturing the skin. He could see that something had created a small channel going through the skin and muscles toward the bone.

This confirmed what the x-rays suggested—that Otzi had been shot in the back. (Presumably, before dying, he had reached back and yanked the arrow shaft from his body. It has not been recovered.) When Egarter reported his discovery, the Austrians went back to their x-rays and CAT scans and found the arrowhead as well. They even made a plastic model of it. "We missed the arrowhead," zur Nedden said in a recent interview. In the x-rays and CAT scans they had made, he explained, "we saw there was a structure. It was very dense and we said, 'Later we'll look at what this structure means.' But we forgot to do it, because we found lots of other things—fractures, calcifications, arthritis and so on."

But they had not, according to Egarter, actually found a rib fracture. The x-rays Gostner and Egarter made showed that what zur Nedden read as a fracture was likely the result of compression, presumably from the weight of snow and ice pressing on the body. In the pictures made in Innsbruck, Egarter explained, Otzi's sixth and seventh ribs on the right side are lying over each other. "This overlapping can give the image of a rib fracture," he said. "It looks like one rib that's been fractured instead of two ribs overlapping. Dr. Gostner made pictures from different angles. If you look from this angle"—he pointed to a spot about six inches under his own armpit—"you can see that you have two ribs and not a fracture."

An x-ray taken in Bolzano clearly shows an arrowhead (circled, right) embedded in Otzi's left shoulder, which had been overlooked by the Innsbruck scientists.

Nor were those the last changes that the pathologist from Bolzano would make to the scientific record on Otzi. Soon thereafter, Brando Quilici, a filmmaker from Rome who is working on his second film about Otzi for the Discovery Channel (scheduled to air next fall), interviewed Alois Pirpamer, a mountain guide from Vent, on the Austrian side of the Alps, who assisted in the recovery of the body. He told Quilici that when he first saw Otzi, he thought he saw an object clenched in Otzi's right hand, an object that had lodged between two rocks and contributed to the difficulty of the extraction. When the body was finally extricated, film made at the time showed that a rescue worker reached into the slush, removed an artifact and tossed it off to one side. Fortunately, the cameraman zoomed in on the discarded object, which was retrieved and taken to Innsbruck, along with the body and other artifacts. Quilici tracked down that original film footage, which revealed that the "discarded" artifact was in fact a dagger with a flint blade and a wooden handle.

Early in 2002, Egarter, alerted by Quilici, decided to investigate further. He defrosted Otzi's right hand and examined it under a microscope. He found a small cut running from the palm of the right hand, just below the index finger, over to the top side of the hand. It was, in total, about 3.5 centimeters (1.4 inches) long. When he probed, he found he could gently push a scalpel blade to a depth of five or six millimeters. He saw discoloration along the edges of the cut, which suggested to him that it was not made during the extraction of the body. It had been made while Otzi's blood still flowed, before he died. "I think that the wound was very painful," Egarter says. "Two fingers are nearly immobilized."

This wound, too, had not been noticed in Austria. Egarter asked Gostner to make close-up x-rays of the body's right hand. Gostner found two bone lesions—one under the cut and a second on the right wrist. They were consistent with the sort of lesion that a woodworker might suffer if he cut his hand on the blade of a saw. This suggested that Otzi might have sustained the wound fending off an attacker's blade.

Egarter is still not sure how this new evidence fits into a comprehensive theory that would explain how Otzi came to die where he did. He hopes to investigate further. He would like to do an endoscopic examination of Otzi's chest cavity. Then he would like to get permission from the scientific committee of the museum that controls research on Otzi to defrost the body and remove the arrowhead. Doing that would enable him to determine whether the arrow severed any nerves, arteries or veins. Severed arteries would indicate that Otzi died of blood loss shortly after the arrow hit him. If veins were damaged, he might have lasted considerably longer before the loss of blood killed him. If no blood vessels were damaged, he might have survived the wound for several days. While further tests await, Egarter continues to look for other clues. "It was my work, my responsibility at first," he said. "But it has become my hobby." I had the sense that if his command of English were more certain, Egarter would have used the word "passion" instead of "hobby."

I tagged along with Egarter, mountain guide Pirpamer and Quilici one day last summer when they helicoptered up to the Tisenjoch to have a look around. Clouds wafting down

Feel the color of Florida.

Call toll-free 888.7.FLA.USA or visit www.smi.FLAUSA.com for your free Florida Vacation Guide.

Asolo Theatre Company
Come experience the excitement of professional theatre by the Asolo Theatre Company and see up to four different plays in one weekend in Sarasota.
800-361-8388
www.asolo.org

Eden House- Key West
Key West as it used to be. Relaxing rooms and suites – A/C, heated pool and Jacuzzi, hammocks, waterfalls and garden café make the experience and the vacation.
800-533-KEYS
www.edenhouse.com

Flagler Chamber of Commerce
Located between St. Augustine and Daytona Beach. Camp, fish, hike, bike, canoe, surf, birdwatch, historic parks and ruins, outstanding golf and tennis, shopping, fine dining and open-air patios.
888-470-6195
www.flaglerpcchamber.org

Florida West Coast Symphony
Your trip to Sarasota would not be complete without sampling a concert by the Florida West Coast Symphony, the musical gem of the cultural coast.
941-953-4252
www.fwcs.org

Hernando County TDC
Discover the Florida time forgot. Hernando County on Florida's Nature Coast. World class golf, glorious sunsets, live mermaids, historic homes, hiking, biking and year-round Christmas. Spend a day watching the Gulf of Mexico or picnicking under ancient Oaks. From food to fun to festivals. Hernando County – waiting to be discovered.
1-800-601-4580
www.co.hernando.fl.us/visit

Indian Creek Hotel
The Indian Creek Hotel brings to life the charm of a European hotel with the coziness of a Key West guesthouse.
800-491-2772
www.indiancreekhotel.com

The Original Florida
Natural North Florida, discover the difference! Southern hospitality and off-the-beaten track adventures. Canoe, kayak, tube, hike, bike – Experience the great outdoors in the Original Florida.
877-746-4778
www.originalflorida.org

Osprey Motel
Come discover Osprey Motel in Panama City Beach. Private balconies overlooking Gulf • 2 heated pools Hot tub • Large sundeck Playground • Family Rates Close to all attractions.
800-338-2659
www.ospreymotel.com

'Tween Waters Inn
'Tween Waters Inn Beach Resort, Captiva Island, Florida surrounded by Gulf Beaches and Bay features an Olympic-size pool, Jacuzzis, gym, tennis, restaurants, marina – Nature's playground.
800-223-5865
www.tween-waters.com

FLA USA
VISIT FLORIDA

On location at the remote and inhospitable site high in the South Tirolean Alps where the Iceman was found, filmmaker Brando Quilici (behind camera in 2001) captures the Iceman's final moments for a documentary that aired last spring.

from the mountain above hid the sun, melding with the snow and ice that covered much of the ground. Rocks that in sunlight glint with the faint golden color of pyrite looked black and foreboding. It was cold; we could see our exhalations in front of us as we hiked through the snow toward the place where Otzi was discovered.

Egarter, dressed in a parka, red cap, jeans and gaiters, made observations as he walked. "A man would burn a thousand calories an hour in conditions like this," he said, looking around. He scuffed his feet in the snow, trying to get a sense of the footing Otzi had for his final steps. He looked at the mist, mist in which a man could, perhaps, disappear.

At 65, Pirpamer still has the light, sure step of an experienced mountain guide, though his hair and beard are as white as the flowers of the mountain avens that grow on the slopes below. He led the way to a stone obelisk that marks the site of the discovery. The obelisk's precise placement was dictated primarily by the desire to make it visible to tourists in the valley below. The actual site of the find is about 75 yards away, marked by a splotch of red paint on a boulder.

It was easy to speculate about how Otzi had come to this place and died. Perhaps he was a shepherd returning to a village in the valley below from winter pastures. Maybe another village had raided his home. Maybe another man had taken his wife during his absence. He could have encountered a battle. He could have lost his bow and arrows and fled with only his dagger and copper ax. He might have stopped somewhere to cut another bow and new arrows. His enemies might have pursued him, forcing him to seek refuge higher up, in summer pastures.

As he fled upward through forests of larch and pine, he might have sipped water from one of the many rivulets flowing from the glacier above as he passed beyond the tree line, then beyond the vegetation line, where the grass and wildflowers disappear. Somewhere he would have been shot in the back, presumably from below, because the entry wound is beneath the position of the arrowhead.

But no scenario answers all the questions raised by the evidence. If someone shot and killed him, why did the assailant leave a valuable ax with the body? If Otzi had a disabling cut in his right hand, why was he clutching his dagger in it? Egarter does not pretend to know. "My only hypothesis," he tells me later, "is that for whatever reason, Otzi thought he would be safer on the mountain than he was in the valley."

It may be that Egarter will unravel some of this mystery with new tests. The investigation of the man in the ice has revealed a great deal about the Neolithic era. But it has also, unexpectedly, revealed the fallibility of our own science. There are many things about Otzi, I suspect, that we are fated never to know. ○

BRANDO QUILICI / DISCOVERY

Majestic humpback whales share coastal waters with 10,000 year-old icebergs.

Beyond the shore, there's a place where nature only comes in one size.

This is where the giants live. One, freed from an ancient glacier, sweeping southbound through Iceberg Alley. The other, gentle leviathan of the deep, a humpback moving north. Good fortune has their paths crossing just off our shores. Close enough to leave a very large impression.

NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR
CANADA

Canada
Discover our true nature

www.gov.nf.ca/tourism/ or check out our neighbors at www.gov.nf.ca/tourism/neighbors

For more information or to order your free travel guide, call Kelly at 1-800-563-NFLD

MISSION

IMPOSSIBLE?

An international campaign to rid the world of polio has made dazzling progress. But some experts question whether the scourge can ever be eradicated

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEBASTIAO SALGADO

Dinka people in southern Sudan in 2001 greet health workers trying to stem the polio virus.

On the outskirts of Calcutta, a metropolitan area of 13 million, workers gave the oral polio vaccine to children under 5, like the baby above. India has more new polio cases than any nation, partly due to crowding and poor sanitation in some places.

"When I saw that, I thought, *That is the world of polio*," Salgado says of the poverty and pollution he found in parts of Calcutta. Yet he was also struck by the universal truth that whether in India or America, "the love of a mother for a child, the protection, is the same."

ALL: SEBASTIAO SALGADO / AMAZONAS / CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

Muslim girls take a break during school in Jamame, Somalia, 220 miles south of the capital, Mogadishu. Despite a civil war, millions of Somali children have received polio vaccine in the past few years, and only seven new polio cases were reported in 2001—sparking hopes that Somalia may soon be rid of the disease.

THEIR CARGO ON ICE, the health workers inched over cratered roads for several hours to reach the Dinka's cattle camp in southern Sudan, a region oppressed by civil wars for three decades. The whole camp, down to the scrawniest toddler, walked toward the truck, curious. Sebastiao Salgado, the Brazilian-born photographer known for his beautiful pictures of people in harsh circumstances, recalls the Dinka's approach as a "big chance." The tableau would make for an arresting photograph, with spindly palms backdropping spindly villagers who seemed to glow, he recalls, from the gray dung ash they rub on their skin to ward off insects. But it was a big chance in another sense, too, an opportunity to engage in what Salgado calls "essential behavior," which is to say doing the right thing. The workers bounded out of the truck, collected the children under 5 years of age and gave each of them two drops of the polio vaccine.

Throughout 2001, the now 59-year-old Salgado, wearing a Leica camera around his neck and sometimes a slouch hat on his shaved pate, followed vaccinators in Somalia, the Democratic Republic of Congo, India and Pakistan as, two drops at a time, they immunized thousands upon thousands of children in a coordinated effort to rid the world of polio by 2005. It was 30 years ago that Salgado, a former economist, began photographing people dispossessed of nearly everything but dignity—indentured miners, desert nomads, homeless migrants. He says he couldn't resist the offer from Unicef, the World Health Organization (W.H.O.) and others behind the polio eradication campaign to document it, for here was a great problem that, unlike many of the world's ills, is not intractable. "It has been very interesting for me to contribute to a project that would finish with something, to see the end of something," he says. His polio photographs—appearing in magazines, gallery exhibitions and on a Web site, www.endofpolio.org—have publicized and helped raise money for the eradication campaign, which has already cost $2 billion and will require another $800 million, $275 million of which has yet to be raised.

Wiping out polio may be more difficult than health officials initially hoped, say critics of the campaign, but the progress so far has been profound.

SEBASTIAO SALGADO, a Unicef special representative since 2001, has published six books of his photographs, the most recent being 2000's Migrations.

"Eradication of polio is a very difficult task," says Dr. Donald "D.A." Henderson, who questions whether it can be done—or should even be tried. For one thing, he says, polio ranks far below tuberculosis, HIV and malaria on the "list of concerns to the Third World."

From factory to field, the oral polio vaccine must be kept cold. After packing it in ice-filled coolers, motorbike-riding workers cross the Congo River. About seven million children in the Democratic Republic of the Congo were inoculated in July 2001.

To eliminate polio, say the campaign's supporters, virtually every child under 5 years old in areas where the virus exists must be vaccinated repeatedly. "It's a social movement," Salgado says of the immunization rally in a Muslim neighborhood of Calcutta in 2001 (right), which he says drew 700 children.

In 1988, nine years after the last outbreak in the United States, the W.H.O. set a goal of eradicating polio; in that year alone, some 350,000 people in 125 nations developed the crippling viral disease. By 2001, the last year for which complete figures are available, widespread use of the oral vaccine had helped reduce the toll by more than 99 percent, to fewer than 1,000 cases overall in ten nations: India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Nigeria, Niger, Somalia, Sudan, Ethiopia, Angola and Egypt. Wild polio virus remains at large generally in poor, densely populated areas or violence-torn places. But health workers have made inroads. In Somalia, warring clans have ceased firing to let vaccinators into villages. In Sudan, volunteers have walked days to deliver doses. Adding to the task's enormousness, the vaccine should be administered to each child at least three separate times to achieve full immunity. To rid the world of the disease, health officials say, ten million health workers and volunteers will have to vaccinate a billion children.

The strategy is to make virtually everyone immune to polio simultaneously, thus depriving the virus of its only known host. It usually spreads through oral contact with skin contaminated by fecal matter from an infected person. Ingested, the virus causes no symptoms for most people. But in roughly one in 200, usually children, it attacks the central nervous system, causing paralytic poliomyelitis that can affect the legs, arms and breathing muscles. About 5 percent of polio victims die. In the United States, the disease peaked in 1952, with 21,000 people afflicted that year, remembered by many as a dreaded time of iron lungs and shunned public swimming pools. Vaccines tamed the epidemic—first the injectable, killed-virus vaccine developed in 1955 by Dr. Jonas Salk, then the oral vaccine, developed in 1963 by Dr. Albert Sabin. Today's eradication effort rests on the oral vaccine because it provides broad immunity, is easy to administer and is cheap, only about 10 cents a dose compared with $2 for the injected version.

But, ironically, the oral vaccine, which contains three strains of weakened polio virus, poses a challenge to the eradication effort: the weakened virus can mutate in the human gut into a more virulent form and spread to others, causing poliomyelitis. (For that reason, children in the United States receive only the injectable, Salk vaccine.) Dr. Donald "D.A." Henderson, the Johns Hopkins University infectious disease specialist who led the successful effort to eradicate smallpox, says the potential for polio outbreaks tied to the oral vaccine is one of several reasons that eliminating the disease entirely might be impossible; he also cautions that people with immune disorders can harbor the virus for years, possibly transmitting it after the inoculation cam-

In 2001, three polio vaccine workers were killed in Somalia by gunfire and car accidents and two were taken hostage. Polio workers (in Baidoa, above) often travel with guards from one warlord's domain to another, says Salgado: "It's very tough."

"Vaccinators have often taken huge risks—literally dodging bullets—to get vaccine into the mouths of children," says Urban Jonsson, a Unicef director for eastern and southern Africa. That's why Ethiopia, Sudan and Somalia, he adds, are almost "polio-free."

In Moradabad, India, in 2001 (right), a worker has chalked "P" on a doorjamb to show that the household's children have received the polio vaccine. As an added precaution, the vaccinator will also use her pen to mark the child's thumb, letting other workers know the boy has been inoculated.

Pakistan had 116 new cases of polio in 2001 (above, inoculating children in a Hindu community in the Thar Desert), making it second only to India.

When a train pulls into the crossroads city of Moradabad on designated immunization days, workers rush to vaccinate every under-5 child in reach.

Since the polio eradication effort began in 1988, U.N. officials say, the oral vaccine has prevented some five million cases of paralytic poliomyelitis. In Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of the Congo, a polio victim undergoes rehabilitation in 2001.

At St. Stephen's Hospital in New Delhi, Dr. Mathew Varghese operates free on polio-maimed children. "An incredible hero," Salgado calls the surgeon.

paign ends. Henderson, who applauds the "great progress made in the efforts to stop transmission," nonetheless argues for curtailing the eradication campaign and focusing instead on "controlling" the disease. In addition, Henderson, who advises the White House on bioterrorism, suggests that some funds earmarked for eliminating polio entirely might be better spent against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria, which are far more common than polio in the developing world.

Advocates of polio eradication counter that outbreaks caused by the oral vaccine are extremely rare, with only three documented worldwide since 2000, resulting in fewer than 30 cases of paralysis; to advocates, the question is not whether to continue the campaign but, rather, how to phase out the oral vaccine after poliomyelitis cases disappear. Besides, they say, the success of eradicating polio from the Western Hemisphere (in 1994), from the Pacific Basin including China (2000) and from Europe (2002) shows that the same can be done for the rest of the world. Henderson's "ridiculous" suggestion, says University of Pennsylvania polio expert Dr. Neal Nathanson, is "distracting and demoralizing to all the people working to make that goal a reality." To give up now, says Dr. Stephen Cochi, director of global immunization at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, would be like "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory."

Salgado, for his part, says it's cynical to ease up "so close to the edge of finishing." He admits he's no expert, but he allies himself with the physicians, vaccinators and others who, as he puts it in his Portuguese-accented English, "are the guys of the good side of the planet." —*TERENCE MONMANEY*

WHEN YOU QUIT WORKING MAKE SURE YOUR MONEY DOESN'T.

WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE.™

As you get ready for retirement, consider State Farm annuities. With flexible payouts and guaranteed income, they let you customize your plans and help keep your money working while you explore your dreams. For more information on annuities, call your neighborhood State Farm agent or visit us at *statefarm.com*.®

LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOR STATE FARM IS THERE.™

STATE FARM INSURANCE

Providing Insurance and Financial Services

L2002-19 02/03 *State Farm Life Insurance Company (Not in NY or WI) • State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company (In NY and WI) • Home Offices: Bloomington, IL*

MATISSE & PICASSO

As a new exhibition makes clear, these friends—and rivals—spurred each other to change the course of 20th-century art

BY PAUL TRACHTMAN

MODERN ART WAS BORN UGLY. "It was Matisse who took the first step into the undiscovered land of the ugly," an American critic wrote, describing the 1910 Salon des Indépendents in Paris. "The drawing was crude past all belief, the color was as atrocious as the subject. Had a new era of art begun?" Even Matisse himself was sometimes shocked by his creations. According to his biographer Hilary Spurling, "His own paintings filled him with perturbation. At some point in 1901 or 1902 he slashed one of them with a palette knife."

If Henri Matisse was regarded as the father of modern art at the dawn of the 20th century, Pablo Picasso was sleeping with the same muse. When Picasso finished his form-shattering masterpiece *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (opposite) in 1907, portraying five prostitutes with primal masklike faces, their nudity more geometric than erotic, even his early dealer Ambroise Vollard blurted out, "It's the work of a madman." Matisse and Picasso didn't like each other's paintings at first, but they seemed to sense at once the power each had to challenge and stimulate the other. For the rest of their lives each would keep a keen eye on the other's new work, provoking each other to paint the same subjects, sometimes even with the same title. There are many ways to describe their relationship. It could be called a rivalry, a dialogue, a chess game—

ESTATE OF PABLO PICASSO / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK; SUCCESSION H. MATISSE / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY

The "work of a madman," art dealer Ambroise Vollard declared of Picasso's 1907 *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (top), with its startling, fragmented planes and primitive aspect. Picasso painted it in response to Matisse's daring, but more serene, 1905-1906 *Le Bonheur de vivre* (above) and his radical *Blue Nude* (p. 67) of 1907. The visual dialogue between Matisse (far left, in a 1906 self-portrait) and Picasso (left, in a self-portrait of the same year) was especially intense in the years right after they met, c. 1906.

ESTATE OF PABLO PICASSO / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY; BARNES FOUNDATION

Matisse himself once compared it to a boxing match. But it also became the abiding friendship of two titans who, daring to paint the ugly, transformed our sense of beauty in art.

Their relationship and their art take on new significance in a remarkable exhibition, "Matisse Picasso," opening February 13 at New York's Museum of Modern Art in its temporary location in Queens. This is a show inspired by Picasso's remark in old age, "You have got to be able to picture side by side everything Matisse and I were doing at that time. No one has ever looked at Matisse's painting more carefully than I; and no one has looked at mine more carefully than he." The exhibition, sponsored by Merrill Lynch, is the result of a collaboration among six curators in three countries, two working with London's Tate Gallery, where the show first opened last year, two from the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Musée Picasso in Paris, and two working with New York's MoMA, where it will run through May 19.

The curators themselves express a rare sense of passion about this exhibition. "The relationship of Matisse and Picasso," says Anne Baldassari, curator of the Musée Picasso, "reflects on the whole history of modern art." Seeing Matisse and Picasso through each other's eyes allows the viewer to look at modern art in a fresh way, with the same sense of discovery that electrified the artists and their friends, and shocked their critics, nearly a century ago. We've come to look at Matisse as a more traditional, figurative painter, with all those lovely landscapes and odalisques (Turkish harem girls), while Picasso, with his Cubist and violent abstractions, was shattering traditions like a Minotaur in a china shop. In Matisse we see the decorative, in Picasso the destructive. But this is what we've learned to see. The show at MoMA makes it clear that such categories can't contain these artists and may only obscure what modernism is all about.

Baldassari points out that Picasso once said, "If I were not making the paintings I make, I would paint like Matisse," and Matisse said much the same about Picasso. One begins to see, when their paintings are set side by side, that their choices depended as much on their personalities, their temperaments and emotions, as on their skills and styles as painters. They were both figurative, and both abstract.

Matisse, who often painted goldfish, was later described by a fellow student in Paris art classes of 1900 as seeing like a goldfish "who takes intense delight in the rainbow colors and forms visible through the distorting globe of his glass bowl, and who, if he could paint, would depict them without worrying about what they actually represent." Picasso, on the other hand, insisted that he was painting directly from nature. "I always aim at the resemblance," he told his friend the photographer Brassaï. In each case, the quotes are misleading yet true, because both artists were full of inconsis-

"We must talk to each other as much as we can. When one of us dies, there will be some things that the other will never be able to talk of with anyone else," said the bohemian Picasso (left, in 1959 with Matisse's *Portrait of Marguerite*, *Still Life with Basket of Oranges* and *Seated Girl in a Persian Dress*) to the bourgeois Matisse (right, in 1951, eyeing a ceramic vase by Picasso).

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN / HARRY RANSOM HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER / UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN; HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON / MAGNUM PHOTOS

In its format, subject (woman in an armchair) and similar details (hats, scarf and feather boa), Picasso's 1914 Cubist *Portrait of a Young Girl* (left) can be viewed as a playful response or retort to Matisse's 1913 *Portrait of Madame Matisse* (right). With its African masklike face, Matisse's severe, nearly abstract portrayal of his wife created a sensation at the 1913 Salon d'Automne.

SUCCESSION H. MATISSE / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY; CNAC / MNAM / DIST. RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX / ART RESOURCE, NY

tencies, and always ready to change what they—or other artists—had done before.

The two painters were well versed in the art of the past, and both were seeking ways to escape its influence when they met circa 1906. The meeting was arranged by the American avant-garde writer and expatriate Gertrude Stein, who, with her brother Leo, had daringly begun collecting Matisse's new paintings when almost everyone else in Paris was laughing at them. As a writer, Stein was rearranging English syntax into new forms that seemed an outrage to all good sense. No wonder she loved Matisse's defiantly crude figures and wild colors, affronting the canons of beauty and sensibility.

When the Steins first visited Picasso's studio, they purchased 800 francs' (roughly $3,000 today) worth of paintings—a huge sum for a painter who had burned his own drawings to keep warm in 1902 and was not much better off when the Steins showed up in 1905. Although Matisse's and Picasso's works were exhibited together in a small gallery in 1902, they had apparently not met. The Steins took Matisse to Picasso's studio and invited both painters to their weekly salons. There the two artists could see each other's paintings on the walls, among the Cézannes.

At the time Matisse and Picasso met, they seemed to have little in common. They were as different, said Matisse, as the North and South Poles. Matisse was born in a northern district of French Flanders in 1869, into a family and region steeped in the weaving of brightly colored textiles. He had gone to Paris to study law, later taking up painting on the sly, attending art classes before and after a day's work as a law clerk. He was 22 years old when he determined to become an artist, ready to copy the old masters in the Louvre and keener still to capture Parisian life on paper and canvas.

Picasso was born 12 years later, in 1881, in the Spanish town of Málaga. His father was a painter, and the baby's first word was said to be "pencil." A child prodigy, he soaked up his father's lessons. As biographer Patrick O'Brian writes, when Picasso's father could teach him no more, he "handed his brushes over to the boy." In 1900 Picasso was nearly 19 and ready for Paris. By then he could draw like Raphael and Ingres, but there were furies in him that demanded something else. "Academic training in beauty is a sham," he once

---

PAUL TRACHTMAN wrote recently for SMITHSONIAN *about Louis Pasteur (January 2002) and Easter Island (March 2002).*

A picture within a picture, Matisse's 1912 *Nasturtiums with 'Dance' II* (left) links the dancers' vitality to the life of the flowers. The violent energy and "convulsive beauty" of Picasso's 1925 *The Three Dancers* caused the Surrealists to call him one of their own.

said. "We have been deceived, but so well deceived that we can scarcely get back even a shadow of the truth."

Matisse had nearly a decade of radical painting under his belt in 1906, while Picasso was just emerging from his blue and rose reveries, and about to explode into Cubism. Matisse was the leader of the "fauves," or "wild beasts," as they were known, for their use of "brutal" colors. "All they give us in the way of sunlight," a critic carped of Matisse's paintings in 1906, "is trouble with the retina." Matisse's companion in creating fauve landscapes, André Derain, later recalled their sense of artistic violence. "Colors became sticks of dynamite," he said. "They were primed to discharge light." Matisse, more gently, said that he was finding out "how to make my colors sing."

One of the paintings Picasso saw in 1906 was Matisse's extraordinary synthesis of his fauve experiments—*Le Bonheur de vivre*, or *The Joy of Life* (p. 63). It is an idyllic scene of reclining nudes, embracing lovers and carefree dancers. The colors are flat, the figures sketched in, some drawn as sensuously as Ingres' nudes, others as boldly as Cézanne's bathers. Nothing like it had ever been painted, even by Matisse. Picasso understood this at once and took it as a challenge.

First shown at the Salon des Indépendents in 1906, *Le Bonheur de vivre* seemed incomprehensible. It was greeted, recalled Matisse's first dealer Berthe Weill, with "an uproar of jeers, angry babble and screaming laughter. . . . " Yet in this painting Matisse had achieved a new kind of serenity, a harmony of unexpected elements, that he would draw on throughout his career. Picasso might well have had this canvas in mind when he said, years later, "In the end, everything depends on one's self, on a fire in the belly with a thousand rays. Nothing else counts. That is why, for example, Matisse is Matisse. . . . He's got the sun in his gut."

And in a sense, Picasso became Picasso because he would not let Matisse outshine him. Soon after seeing *Le Bonheur de vivre*, he set to work on his most ambitious and startling painting, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. He repainted it over and over, using primitive masks and postcards of African women for models, drawing on Cézanne and Gauguin as guides, summoning all his will to undo the past and invent the future. It

SCALA / ART RESOURCE; TATE GALLERY, LONDON / ART RESOURCE

began as a tableau with a sailor surrounded by five prostitutes, all surprised by a student holding a skull entering stage right. It ended with just the women, their stares directed straight out at the viewer. As Picasso worked, he simplified, reducing the faces to crude masks, the bodies to fragmented fetishes, imbuing the canvas with a power both primitive and unimaginably new. None of this came easily or quickly.

As Picasso was struggling with his *Demoiselles*, he was jolted again by Matisse, who exhibited his shocking *Blue Nude: Memory of Biskra* (below) in 1907. Matisse had also used a postcard (of a nude figure) as the model, and was looking hard at Cézanne and Gauguin. With this new painting Matisse was stepping on Picasso's toes before Picasso could even put his foot down. The Steins grabbed up the *Blue Nude*, with its misshapen (some critics said "reptilian") figure reclining against a decorative background of palms. At the Steins, Picasso saw a young visitor from New York, writer Walter Pach, staring at the work. Pach later gave this account: "'Does that interest you?' asked Picasso. 'In a way, yes . . . it interests me like a blow between the eyes. I don't understand what he is thinking.' 'Neither do I,' said Picasso. 'If he wants to make a woman, let him make a woman. If he wants to make a design, let him make a design. This is between the two.'"

It's a comment that reflects Picasso's own struggle at that moment. Years later he would tell the French writer André Malraux of something else that shaped his *Demoiselles*. Matisse had shown him an African statue he'd bought. Then Picasso went to the dingy ethnographic museum in Paris, the Trocadero, with its collection of primitive artifacts. It smelled like a flea market, but it opened his eyes to the magic of masks and fetishes. "If you give spirits a shape, you break free from them," he said. Suddenly, "I grasped why I was a painter. All alone in that museum, surrounded by masks, Red Indian dolls, dummies covered with dust. The Demoiselles' must have come that day . . . because it was my first exorcizing picture." When he finished painting it, Picasso had indeed changed everything. British art historian John Golding, one of the show's curators, writes in the MoMA catalog: "If *Le Bonheur de vivre* is one of the landmarks in the history of art, the *Les Demoiselles* . . . changed its very course. It remains the most significant single twentieth-century painting." But in 1907, nobody knew that, not even Picasso. Matisse was horrified, along with the others who came to see it in Picasso's studio. The painter Georges Braque almost choked, Vollard recoiled, Leo Stein laughed and Picasso, frustrated and hurt, eventually took the canvas off its stretcher and put it aside without exhibiting it.

Matisse wasted little time in painting an unflinching response—his 1908 *Bathers with a Turtle*. It's a painting that truly set the two painters apart, even as they drew on the same sources. Cézanne was everywhere in Picasso's painting, especially in its geometric fragmentations. But another aspect of Cézanne was evident in Matisse's new work, an awkward, almost childlike drawing style. MoMA curator and Matisse scholar John Elderfield says of the artists, "Picasso is taking Cézanne's elements—the cone, cylinder and sphere—into Cubism. Matisse is taking Cézanne's interest in the wholeness and the clarity of figures. They're taking almost opposite interpretations of what they see in Cézanne: Picasso is understanding it as decomposition, and Matisse is understanding it as composition."

Cézanne was not their only source of inspiration. Both Picasso and Matisse had viewed a collection of Gauguin woodcuts in 1906, and his South Seas primitivism showed up in woodcuts they both made soon after. As French curator Baldassari comments, both Matisse and Picasso were looking at anything that would help them break with the past. "Picasso was completely fascinated by photography," she says. "And Matisse said he used photographs to get over his academic way of drawing. They used images from erotic cinema meant for voyeurs, not painters. The question of line, of composition, was secondary, although the distortion, the perversion of line, was very important to them. It was a game with form, with figuration. They defigured figuration! The question at the moment was how to leave the past. It was the question of ugliness . . . why not ugliness?"

In the autumn of 1907, Matisse and Picasso had agreed to swap paintings. As Gertrude Stein tells it, each painter selected what he considered the worst example of the other's new work, as if to reassure themselves. Picasso picked a portrait of Matisse's daughter Marguerite, and Matisse chose a still life, *Pitcher, Bowl and Lemon*. It was said that Picasso hung the Matisse in a room where his friends threw fake darts at it. You can find this story in the lavish, 400-page MoMA catalog, but not all the show's curators believe it.

"It's wrong!" Baldassari insists. "The portrait was the most important painting for Picasso, and Matisse chose it for him because six years earlier Marguerite had had a serious throat operation. [In the portrait she wears a black band around her neck.] At the time of the operation, Matisse went to a Picasso show at Vollard's gallery and saw a portrait [of Picasso's friend Pere Mañach] that had the same flat structure, the same look, like a cutout. Matisse was shocked by it then, but his portrait of Marguerite was an exact mirror of it. The painting was a sort of joke, a tribute to Picasso."

"What I am after, above all," said Matisse, "is expression." His *Blue Nude* caused a stir when first shown in 1907.

SUCCESSION H. MATISSE / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY

"You have got to be able to picture side by side everything Matisse and I were doing. . . ," said Picasso late in his life. "No one has ever looked at Matisse's painting more carefully than I; and no one has looked at mine more carefully than he." From top: Picasso's *Still Life with Compotier* (1914-15), Matisse's *Still Life after Jan Davidsz. de Heem's 'La Desserte'* (1915) and Picasso's *Mandolin and Guitar* (1924).

And Picasso's painting held a joke for Matisse as well. A short time before the exchange, Baldassari explains, Matisse had been attacked in the press for a still life of his own. "Lemons are not flat, Monsieur Matisse," a critic had written. Picasso's lemon was even flatter than Matisse's. Moreover, Picasso's still life, made at the same time as the *Demoiselles,* is a clear leap into Cubism. "It's a very important exchange," says Baldassari, "a beautiful exchange. It's like an emblem, showing each other that they understand each other's program. It's like the first key to understanding them." It's as if they were saying to each other: "Here's how to be modern."

Neither was convinced. When Picasso's friend Braque sent a group of his own new paintings to the Salon d'Automne in 1908, Matisse was one of the jurors. "They're made of little cubes!" he protested as he voted to reject them. A critic heard this and baptized "Cubism" in the press. At the same time, though, Matisse took his most important collector, a Russian textile czar named Shchukin, to see the *Demoiselles* in Picasso's studio. Shchukin, whose Moscow home already boasted walls of Monets, Renoirs, van Goghs, Gauguins and Cézannes along with his Matisses, was at first shocked, but soon began buying Picassos too. It was an act of great generosity on Matisse's part.

Picasso plunged into Cubism with both feet, collaborating in the beginning with Braque. Matisse's response can best be seen in one of his most beautiful paintings, a portrait of Madame Matisse made in 1913, in which her face appears masklike (p. 65). Baldassari says that Picasso was sick that summer and Matisse visited him often. In Picasso's studio, he saw a white African mask hanging near the portrait of Marguerite he had given Picasso. "When he painted the white mask for Madame Matisse's face," she continues, "Matisse was playing a sort of trick with Picasso. And right after this, he became involved in exploring Cubism in his own painting." Of Madame Matisse's portrait, the poet Guillaume Apollinaire said Matisse had reinvented voluptuousness in painting. Abstract as it is, with its masklike face and flattened sense of space, the serene portrait contrasts strikingly, despite certain similarities in format and subject, with Picasso's *Portrait of a Young Girl*, done the following year. In this painting, Picasso's Cubist approach undermines the serenity of the pose. But even in opposition, as in these two portraits, the dialogue between the two artists was clear.

Sometimes, however, it was more subtle. One painter might look far into the other's past, taking up where he had long ago left off. There are many examples of such cross-pollination in the show, but one of the most striking is Picasso's monumental *The Three Dancers*. It was done in 1925 when he was working on the sets for the great Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. Matisse had done the sets and costumes for a Diaghilev ballet a few years before, which irked Picasso when he heard about it. "Matisse!" he snapped. "What is a Matisse? A balcony with a big red flowerpot falling all over it!"

But when Picasso set to work on *The Three Dancers*, he was likely looking over his shoulder at a painting Matisse had

COLUMBUS MUSEUM OF ART, OHIO. GIFT OF FERDINAND HOWALD; ESTATE OF PABLO PICASSO / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY; DAVID HEALD / SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM FOUNDATION, NY

made in 1912, *Nasturtiums with 'Dance' II*. The visual analogies are obvious: they both distort the classic theme of the Three Graces, that trio of Greek goddesses who dispense charm and beauty. Picasso's painting, however, was utterly savage, while Matisse's retained some sense of grace. At the time, Picasso's marriage to Olga, an ex-ballerina, was failing, and he'd just gotten news of an old friend's death. *The Three Dancers*, like the *Demoiselles*, was a kind of exorcism.

By the 1920s, the two painters had drifted apart. Matisse was ensconced in a hotel in Nice painting luxurious odalisques and drawing portraits of women in plumed hats. "The sun-drenched fauve," wrote filmmaker and poet Jean Cocteau of Matisse, "has become a Bonnard kitten." In contrast, Picasso was drawing Minotaurs and Satyrs and painting stony neoclassical figures. But even then they kept an eye on each other.

In the late 1920s Picasso fell in love with Marie-Therese Walter, a young woman almost Grecian in her grace. To paint her, Picasso found himself borrowing the more flowing lines, rounded figures and vivid colors of Matisse. For his part, Matisse continued to distill the luminosity of Nice in his paintings. "A little while ago I took a nap under an olive tree," he had written in 1918 to a friend, "and the color harmonies I saw were so touching. It's like a paradise you have no right to analyze, but you are a painter, for God's sake! Nice is so beautiful! A light so soft and tender, despite its brilliance."

Bathed in that light, Matisse was more or less abandoning the god Cézanne. In earlier years he had taken courage by telling himself, "If Cézanne is right, I am right." But talking to a visitor in 1920, he took a painting by Courbet from his wall and said, "This is what I call painting! Whereas this [he pointed to a Cézanne] . . . has less of an effect on me." And Picasso, drawing on Matisse and even Renoir as he painted his new paramour, was mellowing as well. There were moments when Picasso's portraits and Matisse's seemed painted with the same brush, if not the same hand.

Though Picasso stayed in Paris and Matisse remained in the south during World War II, their respect and friendship deepened. Picasso looked after Matisse's paintings, stored in a bank vault. Matisse, in ill health, defended Picasso against his critics. "This poor man," Matisse wrote to his son Pierre, "is paying a hard price for his uniqueness. He is living in Paris quietly, has no wish to sell, asks for nothing."

Yet both men were far too prickly to keep their peace. At the war's end in 1945, a major show of their work was held at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. As he prepared

Matisse once called Picasso "a bandit waiting in ambush." Very different in nature, each found in the other his greatest rival and greatest inspiration. The graceful arabesques and patterned background of Picasso's 1932 *The Dream* (left) recall Matisse's earlier odalisques, but its centered figure contrasts sharply with Matisse's 1946 *Asia* (right), with its subject spilling off the canvas.

PRIVATE COLLECTION / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY; SUCCESSION H. MATISSE / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY

"What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity, devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter," said Matisse in 1908. His 1952 gouached, cut-paper *Flowing Hair* (left) echoes Picasso's more convoluted oil *Acrobat* (right) from 1930.

for this exhibition, Matisse wrote in a notebook: "Tomorrow, Sunday, at 4 o'clock, visit from Picasso. As I'm expecting to see him tomorrow, my mind is at work. I'm doing this propaganda show in London with him. I can imagine the room with my pictures on one side, and his on the other. It's as if I were going to cohabit with an epileptic."

As Matisse's health sank in his 80s, his art soared. His long struggle to purify form, to make figures beautiful by making them simpler, to show essence and erase detail, led him back to the child's art of paper cutouts. Some of these were huge, others small enough for him to manage from bed. When a Dominican priest invited him in 1947 to design a chapel in the town of Vence, he prepared some of the images for the stained-glass windows and wall decorations by cutting out paper. Picasso, too, took up a pair of shears. He made a series of sculptures that look like paper cutouts, though they are of sheet metal. And his paintings seemed to take on a Matissean simplicity of form, even a decorative exuberance.

In retrospect, one should have seen this coming. Some of their earlier paintings, like Matisse's portrait of Marguerite, had a paper cutout look. And Picasso's collaborations with Braque involved cutting and pasting paper in Cubist collages. There were even earlier hints. Matisse always drew on the weaving traditions of his birthplace, using textile patterns to subvert perspective and, as Hilary Spurling notes, "he resorted as a painter to old weavers' tricks like pinning a paper pattern to a half-finished canvas." Picasso had learned the same trick from his father, who used cut-out paper to construct his own paintings. "It's an old, formal means for academic painters to build a painting," explains Pompidou Center curator Isabelle Monod-Fontaine. "Cut-and-pasted paper was a way for a painter to conceptualize his work. Picasso and then Matisse took this from a low level, a hidden technique, and put it out front, on the surface, in the art itself. And that is a major part of modern art."

The 19th-century painter Eugène Delacroix, who inspired Matisse's odalisques and, after Matisse died, Picasso's, once wrote of his own struggle to be modern. The problem, as he saw it, was how to keep the freshness of a first sketch when making a final, finished painting. That's what putting hidden tricks up front was all about. It's why Matisse and Picasso chose to draw crudely when each could draw like Ingres, why Matisse liked his paintings to look unfinished and Picasso was bent on tearing everything apart. They took different approaches, but between them they made art modern.

"Only one person has the right to criticize me," said Matisse. "It's Picasso." After Matisse died in 1954, Picasso was alone, but not quite. "When Matisse died, he left me his odalisques as a legacy," he proclaimed, and proceeded to dissect them in a series of his own paintings. Picasso died in 1973, believing to the end, as he said, "All things considered, there is only Matisse." ○

PETER WILLI / PRIVATE COLLECTION / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY; ESTATE OF PABLO PICASSO / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY

Advertiser Directory

For information, circle the corresponding number(s) on the attached card, and mail or fax response to (585) 321-0043. Visit *Smithsonian* Reader Service ON-LINE at www.smithreader.com.

Travel

1. Amelia Island Plantation. Florida's Premier Island Resort offers oceanfront rooms and villas, championship golf, tennis, luxury spa, shopping and more. Visit www.aipfl.com

2. American Cruise Lines. Enjoy scenic and culturally enriching overnight cruises through inland waterways of the Eastern seaboard. www.americancruiselines.com

3. Arizona. Defined by wild beauty and simple openness. By world-class resorts, dining & golf. Free Arizona Travel Packet. www.arizonaguide.com

4. Asheville, NC. Southern hospitality, mountain setting will charm you. Enjoy historic attractions, antiques, homemade crafts, outdoor adventures. www.ashevillechamber.org

5. Barbados. Bask on tropical beaches. Sail turquoise waters alongside flying fish. Uncrowded, unspoiled vacation beyond imagination. www.BARBADOS.org

6. Biltmore Estate, Asheville, NC. Request a free visit planner today and plan your escape to America's largest home.

7. Britain 2002. Britain, land of heritage and culture, nature and breathtaking landscapes. There's so much to do and see. Have a great time with good friends. www.travelbritain.org

8. British Virgin Islands. Nature's Little Secrets: Sailing, diving, world-class resorts, charming inns, luxury villas–Pure Caribbean Beauty. www.bvitouristboard.com

9. Colonial Williamsburg. This vacation, do something different. Travel back in time. Request your FREE vacation planner. www.colonialwilliamsburg.org

10. Cruise West. Up-close, casual small-ship cruises range from Alaska's wilderness to Costa Rica & Panama. Visit www.cruisewest.com

11. Crystal Cruises. Experience gracious, attentive service and worldwide luxury aboard the Crystal Harmony, Crystal Symphony and the Crystal Serenity. www.crystalcruises.com

12. Curacao. Great resorts, diving, casinos, shopping, beaches, golf, gourmet dining in a romantic setting. www.curacao-tourism.com

13. Egypt. Where history began and continues. Live the adventure you've dreamed about. Visit www.egypttourism.org for information.

14. Expedia.com. Expedia makes it easy to find the trip you're looking for. Visit www.expedia.com

15. Finnish Tourist Board. Explore the history and culture of Finland by traveling along the King's Road. www.finlandkingsroad.com

16. Florida Keys & Key West. From sunken treasures and world-class diving, to art galleries, museums and festivals. Visit www.fla-keys.com

17. Greater Fort Lauderdale. Enjoy Blue Wave Beaches, great shopping, new Florida cuisine, scenic waterways and golf galore. Free Vacation Planner—www.sunny.org

18. Hilton Head's Palmetto Dunes Resort. Hilton Head Island's premier ocean front golf, tennis and beach destination. Enjoy miles of great golf, tennis and a marina village. www.palmettodunesresort.com

19. India. Find out about a country that will enchant you with her beauty and culture. India. Eternally yours. www.tourismofindia.com

20. Kiawah Island Great Beach Vacations. Free 32-page Color Guides. Kiawahtimes.com, AD #75V.

21. Lindblad Expeditions. Explore the wake of Lewis & Clark on a voyage along the Columbia & Snake rivers. Visit www.expeditions.com

22. Mexico Tourism. Discover the many moods of Mexico, with its majestic architecture, ancient temples, and flourishing culture. www.visitmexico.com

23. New Brunswick, Canada. World-renowned wonder...It's waiting for you in New Brunswick, Canada! Experience it today... www.TourismNewBrunswick.ca/naturally

24. New York State. Come show your love for New York State! iloveny.com

25. North Carolina. Enjoy natural beauty and outdoor adventure. Go to www.visitnc.com for a free travel guide.

26. Norwegian Tourist Board. Nature at its most spectacular. A land of cosmopolitan cities, charming towns, ancient Viking ships, breathtaking coastal voyages... www.visitnorway.com/us

27. Orient Lines. The Destination Cruise Specialists℠ offer award-winning CruiseTours℠ visiting all seven continents. Visit us at www.orientlines.com

28. Outer Banks of North Carolina. Home of the First Flight. Come experience the History and Mystery.

29. Pacific Delight Tours. Discover China & the Yangtze River in-depth and in style–plus other exciting destinations. www.PacificDelightTours.com

30. Peter Deilmann EuropAmerica Cruises. Sail past quaint villages, cities, and vineyards on a luxury European river cruise. www.deilmann-cruises.com

31. Radisson Seven Seas Cruises. Great value on award-winning luxury cruises. Visit www.rssc.com

32. Rentals in Europe. Villa, home and apartment rentals in France, Italy, U.K., Spain and Portugal. www.europeanhomerentals.com

33. Scotland. Ancient castles, breathtaking scenery, enchanting cities. Music & festivals. Explore Scottish ancestry. For Vacation Planner, www.visitscotland.com

34. South Carolina. Smiling Faces. Beautiful Places. Free Smiles & Places vacation kit. Visit www.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com

35. Swan Hellenic. Britain's award-winning discovery cruise line, featuring exotic itineraries and on-board guest speakers. www.swanhellenic.com

36. Texas Tourism. Send for a Free Texas travel guide with over 260 pages of helpful information or visit www.TravelTex.com

37. Turkey. A magnificent past and historic treasures from 13 civilizations awaits your discovery. www.tourismturkey.org

38. United States Virgin Islands. Sail along the three breathtaking islands of the United States Virgin Islands. For more information, visit www.vicl.org

39. Uniworld. See the best of Europe/Russia on legendary rivers, or China/Yangtze River. www.uniworld.com

40. Virginia Tourism. Relive the events that helped shape our nation at Virginia's Civil War museums and battlefields.

41. Visit Florida. There's never been a better time to explore Florida. For Hot Florida Vacation Deals, visit www.flausa.com

42. West Virginia Division of Tourism. Escape to old-fashioned pleasures and fascinating history in Wild and Wonderful West Virginia. www.callwva.com

A. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

Automotive

43. Toyota. To learn about Toyota innovations that impact the world in which we live, visit www.toyota.com/tomorrow

Business/Corporate

44. UPS–United Parcel Service of America, Inc. Ground, overnight and international. What can Brown do for you?℠ Find out at ups.com

Coffee

45. Gevalia Kaffe. Experience the pleasure of Gevalia Kaffe. Try Gevalia and receive a free gift. www.gevalia.com

T.RowePrice
INVEST WITH CONFIDENCE

T. Rowe Price. 401(k) rollovers made easy! Take more control of your retirement savings. Get the T. Rowe Price Rollover Advantage℠ today. See our ad in this issue or visit troweprice.com

Home

46. Hunter Fan Company. Hunter offers over 100 styles of high-performance ceiling fans for any decor. Visit www.hunterfan.com

47. Suter's Handcrafted Furniture. Suter's creates handcrafted furnishings in solid cherry, mahogany and walnut. On-line catalog at www.suters.com

48. Trex Decking. It's amazing what you can dream up when you're not sealing or staining. Visit our web site or send for a free book of inspiration. www.trex.com

49. Vixen Hill. Factory direct modular cedar gazebos & screened garden houses pre-engineered for easy assembly by a noncarpenter.

B. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

50. Marvin Windows. Visit Marvin on the Internet at www.marvin.com

Investment

51. American Century. Visit www.americancentury.com

52. TIAA-CREF. Investment and insurance solutions to help you build the future you want and deserve. www.tiaa-cref.org

C. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

Medical

53. Theragenics. Prostate Cancer? Get all the facts on treatment options. Free information pack and video. www.theraseed.com

Miscellaneous

54. Baldwin Piano Inc. A Baldwin offers a unique combination of tradition, technology, precision and performance. www.baldwinpiano.com

55. Main Gem. Kissing Dolphin Heart plus 50 more jewelry items made in Maine. www.maingem.com

D. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

E. ALL ADVERTISERS 1–55

Offer Expires April 30, 2003.

IN UPSTATE NEW YORK on the evening of July 27, 1998, three men with shotguns put ashore on a guano-covered slab of limestone in eastern Lake Ontario called Little Galloo Island. The men pointed their guns at dozens of duck-size black waterbirds perching on the branches of a pair of dead trees and opened fire.

When the branches were bare, the gunmen turned and walked the half-mile length of the island, a state-owned bird sanctuary, shooting more cormorants as they went. At the far shore, they found hundreds of cormorant chicks huddled on the ground. They shot them, too, then turned and walked back across the island, killing birds they had missed.

At the same time, two others in a boat circled the island and shot birds trying to leave. They herded birds bunched in the water back toward shore. When the men on land finished shooting, they climbed into the boat and sped back across the lake to the mainland. All told, they killed some 850 birds.

Two days later, a crew from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) approached Little Galloo on a routine visit to conduct research. As they neared the island, they were met with an unusual odor. "It was a mess," reported Russ McCullough, a DEC fisheries biologist who went ashore that day. "There were large numbers of dead birds . . . distressed chicks . . . and spent shotgun shells." While the magnitude of the slaughter was unusual, it didn't take the biologists completely by surprise. From the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to as far away as

SHOOT-OUT AT

Angry fishermen accuse the cormorant of ruining their livelihood and have taken the law into their own hands. But is the cormorant to blame?

BY SUSAN MCGRATH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL CURTSINGER

LITTLE GALLOO

In July 1998, a handful of upstate New York fishing guides landed on Little Galloo Island (right) in Lake Ontario and shot hundreds of the large black waterbirds. Although it has been nearly four years since the perpetrators were arrested (reported below in Syracuse's *Post Standard*), feathers continue to fly.

10 Admit Killing Cormorants

Sentencings in August for shooting 2,000 of the birds

By John O'Brien
Staff writer

The ironic twist was not lost on government officials Thursday as 10 men admitted their roles in shooting 2,000 double-crested cormorants to death in Northern New York last summer.

The state is planning to start killing cormorants itself this spring to combat the devastating effect the migratory birds have had on the fishery in eastern Lake Ontario

dren all alone. Then I eat the mother. Slaughter? Please. That language is for afternoon TV."

Three fishing guides and six other men with ties to commercial fishing admitted in federal court they conspired to violate the Migratory Bird Treaty Act by using shotguns to kill the cormorants on Little Galloo Island in Henderson Harbor.

Among them was Ditch, 63, a fishing charter captain for 44 years, and his three grown sons. Ditch has led the fight in Harbor to get the government

time. July 27, five of the men made sure they birds were left in full view for DEC scientists to discover. Those defendants were Ditch; David McCrea, 40, of Henderson; Mitchell Franz, 56, of Henderson Harbor; Louis Cook, 57, of Henderson; and John Kabot, 61, of Henderson and Utica.

Under the plea agreement, which must be approved by U.S. Magistrate Gary Sharpe, those five will each get six months of electronic home confinement, pay a $2,500 fine and make a $5,000 contribution to the National Fish and Wildlife

Poland, shifting environmental conditions have swelled cormorant populations over the past two decades. Cohabitating humans, particularly fishermen, have not been happy about it.

Take Little Galloo. In 1974, ecologists discovered a colony of 22 pairs of cormorants nesting there. By 1984, the colony had ballooned to 8,000 pairs of the large (their wingspan reaches four and a half feet), powerful, highly efficient fish-eating predators. If you think of these birds as wolves in cattle country, you'll get an idea of how the local community views them.

It's a matter of money. Cormorants eat fish, and people in the sportfishing industry in eastern Lake Ontario and other parts of the Great Lakes say there are not enough fish to go around. They believe the cormorants' appetites directly affect their incomes. Meetings on what to do about the problem are seldom pretty. "All cormorant meetings are yelling meetings," says Mark Ridgway, a research scientist at the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources.

Federal investigators eventually amassed enough evidence against the men who shot the cormorants to arrest them. Four of the five men worked as fishing guides and sold bait and tackle in the small New York town of Henderson, Little Galloo's neighbor. A federal judge in Syracuse sentenced the men to six months' house arrest, fined them each $2,500 and required each to make a $5,000 contribution to the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation. Five other local men were given lesser sentences for earlier, less wholesale cormorant carnage and for hiding the weapons used at Little Galloo. Depending on whom you ask, the five men who went to Little Galloo were either vigilantes who got off with a slap on the wrist or heroes unfairly punished for a job that needed doing. "It wasn't a crime," says Tony Noche, 65, a retired cop from Syracuse who has been fishing here for 30 years. "The men had no choice. It was civil disobedience." Craig Benedict, the attorney who led the prosecution, disagrees: "The men are more like night riders than civil rights activists."

No one disputes that for 15 years now fishermen in Henderson have watched ever-growing numbers of cormorants gobble up lake fish amid declining incomes. But are the cormorants to blame, or are the birds scapegoats for large-scale environmental changes affecting the Great Lakes?

"SO ARE YOU FOR THE CORMORANTS or against them?" asks a young woman I met in a state park just outside Henderson, a town of 5,000 about an hour's drive north of Syracuse. The chatty teenager looks like the kind of person who might volunteer for Greenpeace if she were living in Seattle. But this is Henderson, where people eat, drink, breathe and sleep fishing; there is only one view of cormorants here: "They don't have a place in the ecosystem," she insists.

SUSAN MCGRATH writes about environmental issues from the Pacific Northwest. BILL CURTSINGER's latest book of photographs, Life Under the Ice, *will be published this spring.*

"They eat up the native bass, and their feces have parasites!"

It's late June. The peonies are spent, and the last mock oranges perfume the air. Lawn chairs are pulled up to the water's edge. Bass-, salmon- and trout-fishing seasons have opened. Fifteen years ago, before the cormorant population exploded, the town was a different place, says Jerry Crowley, a mechanic, as he tinkers with a boat engine. "Instead of working on my boat this time of year, I would have been up in the office, answering the phone and working the cash register. The cormorants have turned this place into a ghost town. Do the math! Those birds will eat a pound of fish a day. How many are out there on that island? Five thousand pairs?"

Henchen's Marina, just down the waterfront, features a whole line of anticormorant paraphernalia, from T-shirts and decals to bumper stickers and pennants. The most repeated image is a red slash across the drawing of a cormorant inside a red circle. Initially, profits from the sale of these items helped pay the fines of the ten men convicted in the cormorant massacre. Now the money goes to Concerned Citizens for Cormorant Control, a local group directed by longtime bass-fishing guide Ron Ditch, who was convicted in the cormorant shootings along with three of his four grown sons.

Ditch, 67, a sinewy man with piercing blue eyes, wears a

BOTTOM: NY STATE DEPT. OF ENVIRONMENTAL CONSERVATION; P. 72 POST-STANDARD, SYRACUSE (APRIL 9, 1999)

Over the past 20 years, a significant decline in the smallmouth bass population of a much cleaner Lake Ontario (above) has coincided with an explosion in cormorant numbers. Fishing guide Ron Ditch (top left) organized the infamous bird massacre on Little Galloo Island.

baseball cap that reads "First Annual Little Galloo Shoot-out." Lettering on the back of the hat, just above the plastic strap, announces the score: Fishermen 850, Cormorants 10. The cap is a present from Ron's wife, Ora, 67, a snowy-haired woman with a whiplash sense of humor who seems 20 years younger than Ron, although they met the day they both started ninth grade and were married six months after they graduated from a high school outside Syracuse.

Ron and Ora Ditch own and operate a marina at the far end of town. Ron has agreed to be interviewed only on the condition that I go fishing with him. At 9 a.m., he shuts off the engine of his 27-foot SportCraft, and we drift by Big Galloo, about a mile from Little Galloo. He casts his baited hook with the lazy perfection of a major league pitcher lobbing a ball to a child. As he talks, his fingers twitch and creep on the handle of his rod as if he were communicating with the bass circling the bait below. He pulls in a dozen or so bass, twice as many as the other anglers in the boat.

Ditch believes himself an upright man pushed beyond endurance. "The cormorants were having a multimillion dollar impact," he says. "If something hadn't been done, this whole area would have been a wasteland. We couldn't shoot them fast enough."

As we circle the island, he tells me about how he used to bring clients here in the old, pre-cormorant days. They'd catch their legal limit of five bass each in the morning, put ashore, cook up the fish for a hearty lunch, then go out and catch the limit again in the afternoon. "Now, because of the cormorants, the fish are gone," he says. "This place will never go back to being what it was."

IN FACT, LAKE ONTARIO has been changing for 200 years, ever since the War of 1812 made the Great Lakes' shores safe for American settlers, who moved here in droves. Back then, the lake held the world's largest landlocked population of Atlantic salmon, so many that people could wade into the water and pitchfork them onto shore. But the settlers threw milldams up across major tributaries, which kept the salmon from their spawning grounds, and cut down trees, causing the wetland to dry up. By 1860, the salmon were gone.

In the 20th century, untreated sewage and wastewater, phosphate-rich runoff from farms, DDT, PCBs, mercury, dioxin, cadmium and other pesticides, herbicides and industrial wastes began to enter the lakes. Small organisms such as plankton take DDT and other toxins into their systems and pass them up the food chain. In the 1960s, scientists found DDT concentrations in fish-eating birds one million times the amount in the water. The high levels of DDT caused birds to lay eggs with eggshells too thin to support the weight of incubating adults. From the late 1950s to the early 1970s, cormorants, bald eagles, osprey and other fish-eaters in the area had little success reproducing. Pretty soon the birds were almost gone.

Into this situation swam a little plankton-eating baitfish called an alewife, which found an ideal habitat in the plankton-rich, nearly predator-free waters of Lake Ontario. The tiny fish prospered. By the 1950s, so many alewives would wash up onshore they had to be cleared away with backhoes.

This abundance led DEC fisheries biologists to conclude that the lake could support some new sport fish species to boost the local economy and reduce nuisance levels of alewifes. In 1968, they began stocking the lake with Pacific salmon—chinook and coho—and a kind of char known as lake trout. Anglers from all over the world came to towns like Henderson to catch them. In 1988, visitors spent more than $34 million on fishing and fishing-related activities in Jefferson County, which includes Henderson. This despite DEC fishing regulations warning anglers that the larger salmon and lake trout are so heavily contaminated with toxins they shouldn't be eaten more than once a month. (Brown trout over 20 inches, lake trout over 25 inches and all chinook salmon and carp are too contaminated to eat.)

As DEC biologists started stocking fish, events outside the state were beginning to exert profound changes on the Great Lakes. In 1972, DDT was banned nationwide, a response in large part to the publication of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* in 1962. In 1969, the oily waters of Ohio's Cuyahoga River caught fire and burned; towering flames reached five-stories high and helped trigger passage, in 1972, of the Clean Water Act. The results were dramatic: by the mid-'70s, Lake Ontario had cleared up so much that the eggs of fish-eating birds had begun to hatch once again.

ENTER THE CORMORANT, a sinuous dark bird with the vulturine habit of perching with wings outstretched, feathers like laundry hung on a line to dry. (In fact, it spreads its wings to dry them; the cormorant's feathers lack the waterproofing of many other waterbirds, an adaptation thought to enhance performance when it dives for fish.) Humans have long recognized the comorant's fishing prowess: some 1,300 years ago, the Japanese perfected *ukai*, a method of river fishing using cormorants on leashes. A small metal ring fitted around the neck of each cormorant prevents it from swallowing the fish it captures. That same fishing skill had earned cormorants the enmity of fishermen long before the

incident at Little Galloo. Environmentalist Farley Mowat noted in 1984 that Canadian fishermen at the turn of the 20th century blamed the cormorant for declining fish stocks in the Great Lakes. "This led to a deliberate attempt to wipe them out," he wrote in *Sea of Slaughter*, "chiefly by raids on their rookeries during which all eggs and chicks would be ground under foot and as many adults as possible shot down." This campaign proved so successful, he wrote, that "by 1940, fewer than 3,000 great cormorants existed in Canadian waters."

Of some 30 species of cormorant in the world, two species predominate. The greater cormorant, *Phalacrocorax carbo*, which ranges from the northeast coast of the United States across Europe and into Africa and Southeast Asia, plagues European fisheries. Little Galloo is home to the double-crested cormorant, *Phalacrocorax auritus*, named for a pair of cowlicks that make a brief appearance on males at the start of the breeding season (see photograph, p.3).

The double-crested variety winters in the southern United States, where thousands of acres of accessible catfish farms may have contributed to the bird's astronomical population growth. "It could be that the fish farms get the young cormorants through that crucial first winter, thus greatly in-

New York State's policy of curbing cormorant expansion on Little Galloo (biologist Russ McCullough sprays eggs with oil to prevent hatching) provides "no excuse for these men taking the law into their own hands with the outrageous, despicable slaughter," says state official James Tuffey.

creasing survival rates," says ecologist Gerry Smith of Copenhagen, New York. In addition, the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1972 protects cormorants by making it a federal offense to shoot them, take their eggs or destroy their nests. Then, too, says cormorant expert Chip Weseloh of the Canadian Wildlife Service, "Bird populations do make eruptions and start to spread for no apparent reason. Overfishing disrupts whole ecosystems and may contribute to increases in cormorant numbers." Weseloh means overfishing by humans, of course. But it's humans who accuse the cormorant of overfishing.

BY THE LATE 1980S, Lake Ontario fishermen were asking the DEC to do something about the bird's role in declining fish populations. After studying the matter, the DEC in 1998 concluded that while cormorants do feed on yearling lake and brown trout, they don't eat salmon or adult lake trout, which live in water too deep for them to reach. When fishermen complained that cormorants were eating too many alewives, depleting salmon and lake trout by depriving them of their major source of food, the DEC commissioned more studies. In 1999, the agency published a report asserting that the greater culprit in the decline of alewives was the zebra mussel, a modest-looking little bivalve from the Caspian Sea that infested the Great Lakes in the mid-1980s after stowing away in the ballast water of tankers and other merchant ships.

The zebra mussel's meteoric rise makes the alewife empire look puny. Today, zebras cover much of the bottom of Lake Ontario, in some places as thickly as 50,000 per square yard. Although no larger than a thimble, a single mussel can remove all the plankton from a quart of water every day. Together, the Clean Water Act and the zebra mussel have transformed the algae- and plankton-rich waters into a lake so clear that visibility now often exceeds 25 feet.

During the 1990s, Little Galloo's cormorant population spiked to some 25,000 birds, then spread to neighboring islands. Fishermen watched helplessly as growing numbers of the birds dived into the water and emerged with fish. At the same time, smallmouth bass fishing wasn't what it used to be. The local economy slowed. Soon, anticormorant senti-

ment, and tension, mounted. More yelling meetings took place. "Biological science, hell," Clif Schneider, a retired DEC fisheries biologist snorted. "What you need here is a degree in political science."

Money spent on sportfishing in the eastern Lake Ontario area fell 18 percent between 1988 and 1996, according to a 2002 Cornell University study. But Tommy Brown, its lead author, says negative media publicity and fewer plankton probably had as much to do with the decline as the cormorants. "And for some anglers," he adds, "the novelty of Great Lakes fishing, especially for salmon and lake trout, simply may have worn off." (In fact, fishing's allure has lost luster nationwide. A 2001 U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) survey suggests that the number of days individuals 16 and older spend fishing each year declined nearly 44 percent between 1985 and 2001.)

Too busy to fish? Americans (here in Henderson) fish only half as much as they did in 1985, one reason cormorants have been targeted by frustrated fishing guides.

Under pressure from local fishermen in the mid-1990s, the DEC obtained permits from the FWS to knock down nests on other islands and to curb the population on Little Galloo. But before DEC acted on Little Galloo, a new study, begun in 1998, suggested that the cormorants were indeed depleting smallmouth bass stocks in eastern Lake Ontario. DEC proposed oiling the eggs, which suffocates the embryos, and, if necessary, shooting adults. They set a target of 1,500 pairs for Little Galloo. But by then the Henderson shooters had already loaded their shotguns.

ON LITTLE GALLOO the smell of ammonia is strong. Gulls whirl above the ghostly landscape. Skeletal branches of ash and oak trees are bedecked with black birds. A tangled mat of wild geranium covers much of the island. "Maybe it's not pretty," says Irene Mazzocchi, a DEC wildlife technician, "but you have to admit it has a certain magnificence."

Four steps in from the mussel-shelled beach, we're deafened by the high-pitched shrieks of thousands of ring-billed gulls as they swirl in a blizzard around our heads. We skirt a colony of some 1,500 pairs of Caspian terns (the only such colony in New York State) and trek through 50,000 pairs of ring-bills.

"I love cormorants," says Chip Weseloh. "But great egrets and black-crowned night herons and other species are being turfed off by them, and vegetation on Lake Ontario islands is being wiped out. We do need to restrict the cormorants to certain islands and push them off the others."

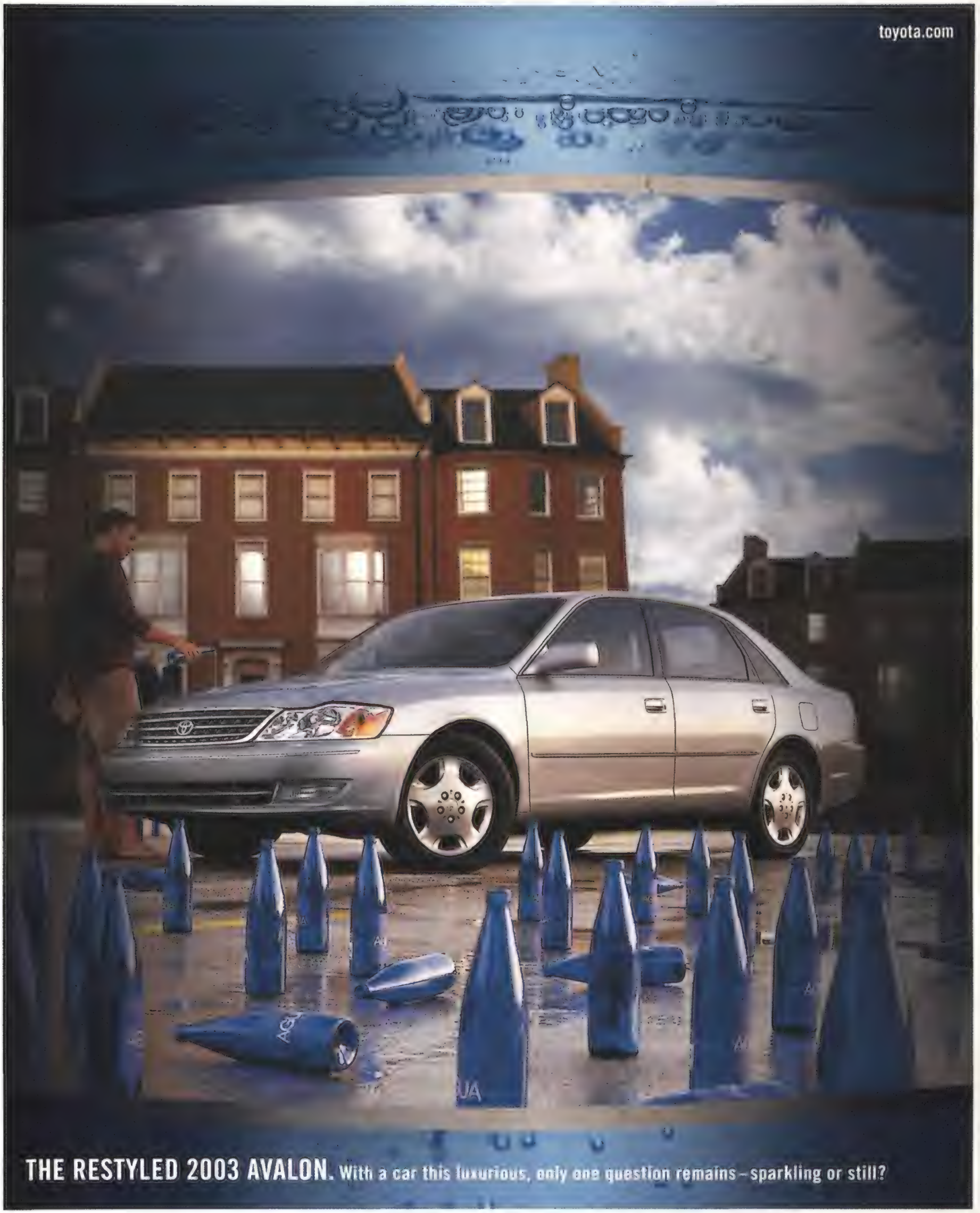
The cormorant nests are clustered on the ground on the outer fringes of the island. As we approach, the birds get up and move away, exposing clutches of pale, aqua-colored eggs. The nests are woven from thick, longish twigs, and they incorporate slips of plastic, string, old lures, dead herring gull carcasses, even a pair of battered sunglasses.

Wielding a sprayer wand and working fast, Russ McCullough coats each egg with corn oil, moving from nest to nest and calling out the number of eggs in each to Mazzocchi, who writes it down. As soon as we move on, the birds hurry back to their nests, unaware that no chicks will hatch from these eggs.

Even the oiling of cormorant eggs is a subject of intense debate. Though most Henderson fishermen are all for it, some of them say that the repeated visits to Little Galloo are disturbing the birds and worsening the problem by causing them to move to new areas. Indeed, up and down the Great Lakes and into the St. Lawrence River, cormorants are nesting in places they haven't been seen in before. Several researchers, including DEC biologist Jim Farquhar, believe that shooting adults off nests without chicks may be more humane and effective than oiling eggs. Some DEC biologists also advocate developing a coordinated international effort to control cormorant populations. And Congressman John McHugh (R-NY) has introduced legislation to open a hunting season on cormorants.

BEFORE LEAVING HENDERSON, I stop by the Ditch marina. Ora is minding the gas pump while her husband busies himself upstairs. "Ron thinks it's all the cormorants' fault because that's what he sees," she says. "It's not just that, of course. It's the cost of gasoline. It's that Canadians don't come here anymore because of the exchange rate. It's that people aren't coming because of publicity about the cormorants.

"And do you know what?" she asks. "Young folks just aren't fishing anymore. They don't have time to fish! Soccer practice, piano lessons, play practice. My own grandchildren don't have time to fish. Heck, no one even eats together anymore." She shakes her head and echoes her husband's words. "This place will never go back to being what it was." ○



©2002 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

THERE ARE JUST A HANDFUL of people in the world who do what Jerome Baker does—venture out far into the North Atlantic, tie a rope around a rogue iceberg heading toward an offshore oil platform, maneuver a 9,600-horsepower, 270-foot-long boat and drag the 250,000-ton ice cube away before it collides with the platform. If Baker makes a mistake, it might cost him his life and those of his crew.

Baker, 48, is the master of the *Norseman*, a 6-year-old, 4,600-ton ship with a steel-reinforced hull that services the Hibernia oil platform. The platform, which lies almost 200 miles off St. John's, Newfoundland, drills for crude oil in 250 feet of water and supplies Exxon, Mobil and four other oil companies. Baker and his crew of 10 to 14 men spend most of their monthlong tours of duty steaming between St. John's and the platform, delivering food and water, pipes and equipment, cargo containers and fuel. (Baker heads home to his wife, Maxine, and three children in Marystown, Newfoundland, for four weeks after each stint at sea.) From February through July, his most important responsibility is watching for the hundreds of icebergs that float down the Labrador Current from Baffin Bay each year as the weather warms. Often as long as two football fields and rising as much as 240 feet above the sea, these bergs drift along a corridor known as iceberg alley, off the eastern coast of Newfoundland.

Although the Hibernia platform is stationary and boasts a massive concrete structure designed to withstand being run into by a million-ton iceberg, Baker says the company doesn't "want anything coming into contact with the platform, even something the size of a piano."

"Danger is part of the job," says Jerome Baker (above, in St. John's harbor, Newfoundland), who tows away icebergs (like the two-million-ton monster, right) before they collide with oil rigs.

Following the sinking of the RMS *Titanic* in 1912 after it hit a half-million-ton berg 400 miles south of Newfoundland, a consortium of North American and European nations established the International Ice Patrol (IIP) to prevent such tragedies. Today, the IIP, which operates out of Groton, Connecticut, sends U.S. Coast Guard C-130 aircraft on patrols over the North Atlantic and sup-

Iceberg Wrangler

When a million-ton iceberg threatens your $5 billion oil platform, who you gonna call? Jerome Baker

BY MICHAEL RYAN

The world's largest lasso? "The major problem is keeping the rope on the iceberg," deadpans Baker, who employs a 3,600-foot-long, eight-inch-thick rope to wrangle unruly icebergs (such as the relatively modest 70,000-tonner, above).

plies information to the maritime community about iceberg-free lanes of travel. A private Canadian company, Provincial Airlines, which is hired by Hibernia and the owner of another oil-drilling company, uses this data to direct a small fleet of two-engine Beech King Air 200s. Observers in these light planes scan for potentially troublesome icebergs. They, and radar operators aboard the oil rigs and platforms, must constantly monitor the bergs; the storm-lashed seas of the North Atlantic often throw them off their projected paths. Just last year, the shrimp trawler *BCM Atlantic* struck an iceberg and sank within five minutes.

Provincial Airlines keeps a lookout not only for full-fledged icebergs but also for "bergy bits," pieces of ice that have broken off. (Despite their snack-food name, bergy bits can be larger than houses and as dangerous as torpedos.)

MICHAEL RYAN is a New York-based writer and filmmaker.

When the drift pattern of a berg or a bergy bit appears to intersect with the Hibernia platform, the *Norseman* or its sister craft, the *Nascopie*, gets a call on the radio.

"For a smaller bit," Baker says, "I back up to it and use prop wash" to push it into a current that will take it away from the platform. Big bergs are something else again. "We get close to them—maybe 100 feet," he says. "The berg is like a piece of glass, full of cracks. Something could break and come off at any time. In the nighttime, you might have projections sticking out of the side of the berg that you can't see. All these things are in your mind."

TO ROUND UP AN ICEBERG, Baker uses lengths of polypropylene towropes up to 1,200 feet long. "When the rope goes out, it's eight inches thick. It's only an inch thick in places when it comes back," he says. "The rope looks like a camel's been chewing on it."

P. 80 RUSSELL MONK; P. 81 C. CORI.

Wrangling an iceberg sounds simple enough: just pay out a length of rope; if you need more, shackle another to it, then another, until the iceberg has been completely encircled. "You just steam around the berg and come back," Baker says. "A seaman with a grapple catches the other end." Then, add a wire towline (to weigh down the rope in the water so that it does not slip off the ice), steam away, and with any luck you're home free. But it's not so easy in practice.

Icebergs have a nasty tendency to turn over and slip out of towropes; some have hidden undersea projections that cause chaos when the bergs flip. (A towrope from an overturned berg may sport a tangled knot six feet high.) And a flipping berg can generate large waves. Which is why Baker likes to keep a half mile or so of open water between the *Norseman* and any berg he's towing. And talk about slow motion.

"We can spend up to three days towing a big berg," Baker says. Pulling a 250,000-ton berg, the *Norseman* can barely manage one knot (and the ship may need ten hours to build up to even that speed).

BAKER, ONE OF 13 CHILDREN born to a shipyard worker and a housewife, grew up in Marystown and quit Memorial University after a year to enter the nautical training program at the Marine Institute in St. John's. "I couldn't see spending my life at a desk," he says. He rose from deckhand to captain by the age of 30, and first handled an iceberg in 1983. The job, he says, hasn't grown any easier.

Not that people haven't tried to make it so. In his 20 years of iceberg work, Baker has seen and heard about many innovative berg-taming techniques. There was the time in the 1960s when the U.S. Coast Guard spread carbon black on several bergs in the belief that the substance would absorb warmth from the sun and melt the ice. Mostly, however, the blackened bergs just flipped over.

In 1985, Baker tried using a powerful water cannon, which worked fine for small bergs but not for large ones. In another experiment, a boat crew tested a remote-controlled vehicle, which was designed to drill holes into an iceberg, insert towlines and then freeze them in place with liquid nitrogen. The rough seas made accurate drilling impossible.

Though Baker has never lost a man, there have been some close calls. Once, in the mid-1980s, the rope got stuck in one of the ship's two propellers—Baker didn't know which one. "I had to declutch and do an emergency shutdown of the two engines," he recalls. "We were being dragged very slowly toward the iceberg. There isn't a hull strong enough to withstand its being scraped against a berg; if there was, it wouldn't float."

About 300 feet from a collision, Baker took a chance, reversing the right propeller shaft. After a few frantic seconds, the rope began to untangle. "It felt pretty good to get out of that situation," he says.

Conditions in the North Atlantic can be too rough to work. "If the wind gets above 45 or 50 miles per hour, you just don't try; it's too dangerous," Baker says. Thanks to patrol reports and radar, he usually has several days' notice about any berg on a collision course with a platform. That usually means he'll have time to let a storm blow over and still get the job done.

But one day in the 1980s, a complacent observer on a now-defunct floating rig somehow let an iceberg get to within five or six miles of the rig. Typically, bergs move at a clip of about one knot.

"There was a mad scramble," Baker says. "The weather was too rough to tow the iceberg. Three of the deckhands on one boat and two on another were washed around the deck and got hurt." The only option left was to try to pull the rig's eight massive anchors up and move the rig out of danger. But one of the anchor chains on the rig got tangled; there was no question of breaking free. It was far too late to deploy helicopters or use rig-to-ship baskets to evacuate the crew on the rig.

"The guys on the rig were watching to see which way the berg was going," Baker says. "At the last minute, the supply boats managed to pull the rig 100 meters sideways. The berg came straight over the wellhead where the rig had just been. That was the closest call." In times like those, says Baker, "your heart rate starts going up and you hit maximum blood pressure. There are so many things that can go wrong."

Still, with a son, Chris, at Memorial University in St. John's studying engineering, a daughter, Amanda, heading off to college next year, and an 11-year-old son, Andrew, at home, Captain Baker has no plans to hang up his foul-weather gear anytime soon. The pay is good, about $100,000 a year. As for that incomparable feeling he gets when he spies an iceberg on radar?

"It's no big deal," he says. "It's all part of the job." ○

Though protected under water by a belt of giant concrete teeth, oil platforms (such as Hibernia's below) remain vulnerable to errant bergs.

PP. 82-83 HIBERNIA MANAGEMENT & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY LIMITED (2)

Railroad warriors: thousands of destitute veterans (like these who seized and boarded a train in Cleveland) headed for Washington, D.C. in 1932, making front-page news. Said one jobless serviceman: "War is hell, but loafing is worse."

MARCHING ON HISTORY

When a "Bonus Army" of World War I veterans converged on Washington in 1932 to demand a promised payment, MacArthur, Eisenhower and Patton were there to meet them

BY PAUL DICKSON AND THOMAS B. ALLEN

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; P. 84 BROWN BROTHERS

WASHINGTON, D.C. Chief of Police Pelham D. Glassford was driving south through New Jersey the night of May 21, 1932. Suddenly, a sight appeared in his headlights that he later described as "a bedraggled group of seventy-five or one hundred men and women marching cheerily along, singing and waving at the passing traffic." One man carried an American flag and another a banner that read, "Bonus or a Job." Glassford pulled over to have a word with the ragtag group. Atop one of the marchers' pushcarts, he noted, an infant girl lay sleeping, nestled amid one family's clothes, oblivious to the ruckus.

Glassford, who had been the youngest brigadier general in the Army in World War I, understood almost immediately who these wayfarers were. For two weeks or so, newspapers across the nation had begun carrying accounts of marchers bound for the nation's capital. The demonstrators were part of a growing delegation of veterans and their families heading to Washington to collect payment of the "bonus," promised eight years before, in 1924, to soldiers who had served in the Great War. (That year, wrangling over the federal budget had ordained that this compensation be deferred until 1945.) Now in 1932, the men, who called themselves the Bonus Army, were dubbing the deferred payment the "Tombstone Bonus," because, they said, many of them would be dead by the time the government paid it. Glassford drove on to Washington.

By the time he got there, morning newspapers were carrying stories about the progress of the Bonus Army. The *Washington Star* reported that "One hundred unemployed World

War veterans will leave Philadelphia tomorrow morning on freight trains for Washington" and that other vets were converging from as far away as "Portland, Oregon and the Middle West." The chief was quick to grasp the logistical nightmare he faced. What he could not have seen was that the Bonus Army would help shape several figures who would soon assume larger roles on the world stage—including Douglas A. MacArthur, George S. Patton, Dwight D. Eisenhower and J. Edgar Hoover. The Bonus Army would also affect the presidential election of 1932, when the patrician governor of New York, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, squared off against incumbent President Herbert Hoover, widely blamed for the Great Depression then roiling the country.

IN 1932, nearly 32,000 businesses failed. Unemployment had soared to almost 25 percent, leaving roughly one family out of every four without a breadwinner. Two million people wandered the country in a futile quest for work. Many of the homeless settled in communities of makeshift shacks called "Hoovervilles" after the president they blamed for their plight. Glassford knew he would have to create a sort of

PAUL DICKSON and THOMAS B. ALLEN are writing a book about the Bonus Army, to be published by Walker next year.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Hooverville of his own to house the Bonus Army. But where? In the end he chose a tract of land known as Anacostia Flats, at the outer reaches of the District of Columbia, which could be reached from Capitol Hill only by a wooden drawbridge spanning the Anacostia River.

Glassford oversaw the establishment of the camp as best he could, making sure that at least a certain amount of building materials—piles of lumber and boxes of nails—were supplied. The chief solicited food from local merchants and later added $773 out of his own pocket for provisions. The first contingent of Bonus Army marchers arrived May 23. Over the next two months, an estimated 25,000 more, many with wives and children, arrived to stake their claim to what they felt was their due.

Six years after the end of World War I, Congress responded to vets' demands that the nation fulfill promises to compensate them by passing a bill granting "adjusted service compensation" to veterans of that war. The legislation was passed over the veto of President Calvin Coolidge, who declared that "patriotism which is bought and paid for is not patriotism." By the terms of the new law, any veteran who had served in the armed forces was due compensation at the rate of $1 a day for domestic service and $1.25 for each day spent overseas. Those entitled to $50 or less were to be paid immediately; the rest were to receive certificates to be redeemed in 1945.

Nothing much happened until May 1929 (five months before Wall Street's Black Monday), when Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, himself a war veteran, sponsored a bill calling for immediate cash payment of the bonus. The bill never made it out of committee.

Patman took steps to resurrect the legislation early in the new year of 1932. Then, on March 15, 1932, a jobless former Army sergeant, Walter W. Waters, stood up at a veterans' meeting in Portland, Oregon, and proposed that every man present hop a freight and head for Washington to get the money that was rightfully his. He got no takers that night, but by May 11, when a new version of the Patman bill was shelved in the House, Waters had attracted a critical mass of followers.

On the afternoon of that same day, some 250 veterans, with only, as Waters would recall later, $30 among them, rallied behind a banner reading "Portland Bonus March—On to Washington" and trekked to the Union Pacific freight yards. A day later, a train emptied of livestock but still reeking of cow manure stopped to take on some 300 men calling themselves the Bonus Expeditionary Force, BEF for short—a play on American Expeditionary Force, the collective name

When novelist John Dos Passos visited the veterans' shantytown (overseen by D.C. Police Chief Pelham Glassford, on motorcycle), he reported: "The men are sleeping in lean-tos built out of old newspapers, cardboard boxes, packing crates, bits of tin or tarpaper roofing, every kind of cockeyed makeshift shelter from the rain, scraped out of the city dump."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

that had been applied to those troops sent over to France.

Sympathetic railroad men, many of them veterans themselves, eased the army's way eastward. In town after town, well-wishers donated food, money and moral support. Inspired by the Portland group, other Bonus Army units formed throughout the nation. Radio stations and local newspapers carried accounts of the growing contingent headed for their nation's capital. "The March was a spontaneous movement of protest, arising in virtually every one of the forty-eight states," observed novelist John Dos Passos, who had served in the Great War with the French Ambulance Service.

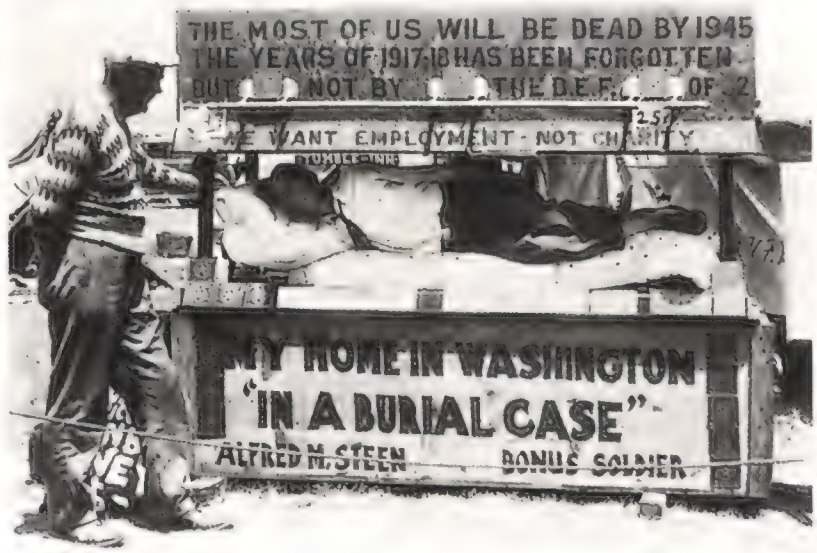
As the men headed east, the U.S. Army's Military Intelligence Division reported to the White House that the Communist Party had infiltrated the vets and was determined to overthrow the U.S. government. The president, however, didn't take the matter entirely seriously; he called the protest a "temporary disease."

On May 21, railroad police prevented Waters' men, who had disembarked when their St. Louis-bound train reached its destination, from boarding eastbound freight trains, departing from just across the Mississippi River on the Illinois shore. In response, the veterans, who had crossed the river by footbridge, uncoupled cars and soaped the rails, refusing to let trains depart. The governor, Louis L. Emmerson, called out the Illinois National Guard. In Washington, the Army deputy chief of staff, Brig. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, urged that U.S. Army troops be sent to stop the Bonus Marchers, on grounds that by commandeering freight cars, the marchers were delaying the U.S. mail. But the Army chief of staff, a West Point graduate who had commanded the 42nd Division in combat during the Great War, vetoed that plan on the grounds that this was a political, not a military matter. His name was Douglas MacArthur.

The confrontation ended when the veterans were escorted onto trucks and transported to the Indiana state line. This set the pattern for the rest of the march: the governors of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland, in turn, each sent the veterans by truck on to the next state.

On May 29, the Oregon contingent, including Walter Waters, arrived in Washington, D.C., joining several hundred veterans who had gotten there first. In addition to the main camp in Anacostia, 26 smaller outposts would spring up in various locations, concentrated in the northeast quadrant of the city. There would soon be more than 20,000 veterans in the camps. Waters, the Bonus Army's "commander in chief," demanded military discipline. His stated rules were: "No panhandling, no liquor, no radical talk."

Evalyn Walsh McLean, 45, heiress to a Colorado mining fortune and owner of the famed Hope diamond, had heard the trucks rumbling past her Massachusetts Avenue mansion. After 1 a.m. on a night soon after the vets began pouring into the city, she drove down to the Anacostia camp, where she came upon Chief Glassford, whom she had encountered socially as she moved among Washington's power elite, just on his way to buy coffee for the men. McLean drove with him to an all-night diner and told an awestruck counterman that she wanted 1,000 sandwiches and 1,000 packs of cigarettes. Glassford placed a similar order for coffee. "We two fed all the hungry ones who were in sight," McLean recalled later. "Nothing I had seen before in my whole life touched me as deeply as what I had seen in the faces of the Bonus Army." When McLean learned that the marchers needed a headquarters tent, she had one delivered along with books, radios and cots.


THE MOST OF US WILL BE DEAD BY 1945
THE YEARS OF 1917-18 HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN
WE WANT EMPLOYMENT - NOT CHARITY
IN A BURIAL CASE"
ALFRED M. STEEN
BONUS SOLDIER

About 1,100 wives and children populated the main camp, making it, with more than 15,000 people, the largest Hooverville in the country. The Bonus Marchers named their settlement Camp Marks, in honor of the accommodating police captain S. J. Marks, whose precinct encompassed Anacostia. The vets published their own newspaper (the *BEF News*), set up a library and barbershop and staged vaudeville shows at which they sang such ditties as "My Bonus Lies Over the Ocean." "We used to watch them build their shanties," says then eighth grader Charles T. Greene, now 83, a former director of industrial safety for the District of Co-

Neither hardships of life in the camps (top, families scrub laundry in the Potomac), nor the vets' contention they would not live to see the payment promised for 1945, persuaded President Herbert Hoover to support relief for demonstrators (right) at the Capitol. But Hoover admitted: "Except for a few New York agitators, these are perfectly peaceable people."

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD / LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; BOTTOM AND P. 89 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (2)

lumbia who lived just a few blocks from the camp in 1932. "They had their own M.P.s and officers in charge, and flag raising ceremonies, complete with a fellow playing bugle. We envied the youngsters because they weren't in school. Then some of the parents set up classrooms."

Almost daily, Chief Glassford visited the camp riding a blue motorcycle. He arranged for volunteer physicians and medical corpsmen from a local Marine Corps reserve unit to hold sick call twice a day. All the veterans, wrote syndicated Hearst columnist Floyd Gibbons, "were down at the heel. All were slim and gaunt. . . . There were empty sleeves and limping men with canes."

James G. Banks, also 82 and a pal of Greene's, remembers that neighborhood people "took meals down to the camp. The veterans were welcomed." Far from feeling threatened, most residents saw bonus marchers as something of a curiosity. "On Saturdays and Sundays, a lot of tourists came down here," says Banks.

Frank A. Taylor, 99, had just gone to work that summer as a junior curator in the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries Building. (In 1964 he would become the founding director of the Smithsonian's Museum of History and Technology, now the National Museum of American History.) "People in Washington were quite sympathetic [to them]," Taylor remembers. "They were very orderly and came in to use the rest room. We did ask that they not do any bathing or shaving before the museum opened."

WHILE newspaper reporters produced almost daily dispatches on camp life, they largely missed the biggest story of all: in this Southern city, where schools, buses and movies remained segregated, Bonus Army blacks and whites were living, working, eating and playing together. Jim Banks, the grandson of a slave, looks back on the camp as "the first massive integrated effort that I could remember." Roy Wilkins, the civil rights activist who in 1932 wrote about the camps for *The Crisis*, the NAACP monthly, noted that "there was one absentee [in the Bonus Army]: James Crow."

But if the press ignored the integration phenomenon, it made much of a small Communist faction within the ranks of the veterans, giving credence to the official line that had been expressed by Theodore Joslin, who was President Hoover's press secretary: "The marchers," he asserted, "have rapidly turned from bonus seekers to communists or bums."

Meanwhile, at the Justice Department, J. Edgar Hoover, the 37-year-old director of the Bureau of Investigation (the forerunner of the FBI), was coordinating efforts to establish evidence that the Bonus Army had Communist roots—a charge that history does not substantiate.

As rumors about Communist revolutionaries swirled throughout the city, Congress deliberated on the fate of the veterans' payments. By June 13, Patman's cash-now bonus bill, authorizing an appropriation of $2.4 billion, finally had made it out of committee and was headed toward a vote. On June 14, the legislation, which mandated the immediate exchange of bonus certificates for cash, came to the floor. Republicans loyal to President Hoover, who was determined to balance the budget, opposed the measure. Representative Edward E. Eslick (D-Tenn.) was speaking on behalf of the bill when he slumped over and died of a heart attack. Thousands of Bonus Army veterans, led by holders of the Distinguished Service Cross, marched in Eslick's funeral cortege. The House and Senate adjourned out of respect. The following day, June 15, the House of Representatives passed the bonus bill by a vote of 211 to 176.

The Senate was scheduled to vote on the 17th. Over the course of that day, more than 8,000 veterans gathered in front of the Capitol. Another 10,000 were stranded behind the Anacostia drawbridge, which police had raised, anticipating trouble. Debate continued into the evening. Finally, around 9:30, Senate aides summoned Waters inside. He reemerged moments later to break the news to the crowd: the bill had been defeated.

For a moment it looked as if the veterans would attack the Capitol. Then Elsie Robinson, a reporter for the Hearst newspapers, whispered in Waters' ear. Apparently taking her advice, Waters shouted to the crowd: "Sing 'America.'"

Dwight D. Eisenhower, then a 41-year-old aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, attempted to dissuade his superior from direct participation in removing the vets. "I thought it had the aspect of a riot rather than a big military movement," Ike later said. "I told him . . . this was inadvisable, that the Chief of Staff should not dignify the incident by going out himself."

BROWN BROTHERS

When the veterans ended their song, most of them headed back to camp.

In the days that followed, many bonus marchers returned to their homes. But the fight was not over. Waters declared that he and others intended "to stay here until 1945 if necessary to get our bonus." More than 20,000 did stay. The hot summer days turned into weeks; Glassford and Waters became concerned about worsening sanitary conditions and the dwindling supply of food in the camps. As June gave way to July, Waters showed up at Evalyn Walsh McLean's front door. "I'm desperate," he said. "Unless these men are fed, I can't say what won't happen in this town." McLean telephoned Vice President Charles Curtis, who had attended dinner parties at her mansion. "Unless something is done for [these men]," she informed Curtis, "there is bound to be a lot of trouble."

Now more than ever, President Hoover, along with Douglas MacArthur and Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, feared that the Bonus Army would turn violent, perhaps triggering uprisings in Washington and elsewhere. Vice President Curtis was particularly unnerved by the sight of veterans near his Capitol Hill office July 14, the anniversary of the day the mobs stormed France's Bastille.

The three commissioners, appointed by Hoover, who administered the District of Columbia (in lieu of a mayor) were convinced the threat of violence was growing by the day. They worried most about veterans occupying a series of dilapidated, government-owned buildings—and tents, shanties and lean-tos arrayed around them—on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Capitol. Hoover told the commissioners that he wanted these downtown veterans evicted. The commissioners set the ouster for July 22. But Glassford, hoping the vets would leave voluntarily, managed to postpone their expulsion by six days.

On the morning of July 28, Glassford arrived with 100 policemen. Waters, speaking as the vets' leader, informed him that the men had voted to remain. At 10 a.m. or so, the policemen roped off the old armory; the vets backed down and left the building. Meanwhile, thousands of marchers, in a display of solidarity, had begun massing nearby. Just after noon, a small contingent of vets, pressing forward in an attempt to reoccupy the armory, were stopped by a phalanx of policemen. Someone—no one knows who—began throwing bricks, and policemen began swinging their nightsticks. Even though several officers were injured, no shots were fired and no police pistol was unholstered. One vet ripped Glassford's badge from his shirt. In a matter of minutes, the fight was over.

The scene remained quiet until shortly after 1:45 p.m., when Glassford noticed vets skirmishing among themselves in a building adjacent to the armory. Several policemen went in to break up that fight. Accounts differ as to what happened next, but shots rang out. When the ensuing melee ended, one veteran lay dead, another mortally wounded. Three policemen were injured.

For two months, General MacArthur, anticipating violence, had been secretly training his troops in riot control. By the time the deadly conflict commenced, MacArthur, acting on orders from the president, had already commanded troops from Fort Myer, Virginia, to cross the Potomac and assemble on the Ellipse, the grassy lawn across from the White House. His principal aide, Maj. Dwight D. Eisenhower, urged him to stay off the streets and delegate the mission to lower-ranking officers. But MacArthur, who ordered Eisenhower to accompany him, assumed personal command of the long-planned military operation.

What happened next is etched in the American memory: for the first time in the nation's history, tanks rolled through the streets of the capital. MacArthur ordered his men to clear the downtown of veterans, their numbers estimated at around 8,000, and spectators who had been drawn to the scene by radio reports. At 4:30 p.m., nearly 200 mounted cavalry, sabers drawn and pennants flying, wheeled out of the Ellipse. At the head of this contingent rode their executive officer, George S. Patton, followed by five tanks and about 300 helmeted infantrymen, brandishing loaded rifles with fixed bayonets. The cavalry drove most pedestrians—curious onlookers, civil servants and members of the Bonus Army, many with wives

J. Edgar Hoover and Maj. George Patton (top) believed MacArthur's rout of the vets, whom they regarded as leftist agitators, was justified. But most Americans felt MacArthur had overreacted. Columnist Drew Pearson wrote: "Troops hurled tear gas. . . . The calvary charged. . . . There was barely time for Gen. MacArthur to pose for the photographers."

ASSOCIATED PRESS (2); NATIONAL ARCHIVES

and children—off the streets. Infantrymen wearing gas masks hurled hundreds of tear-gas grenades at the dispersing crowd. The detonated grenades set off dozens of fires: the flimsy shelters veterans had erected near the armory went up in flames. Black clouds mingled with tear gas.

Naaman Seigle, now 76, was 6 years old that day. He remembers a detachment of cavalry passing in front of his house in southwest D.C. that morning. "We thought it was a parade because of all the horses," he says. Later in the day, the boy and his father happened to go downtown to a hardware store. As they emerged from the shop, they saw the tanks and were hit with a dose of tear gas. "I was coughing like hell. So was my father," Seigle recalls.

By 7:00 p.m., soldiers had evacuated the entire downtown encampment—perhaps as many as 2,000 men, women and children—along with countless bystanders. By 9:00, these troops were crossing the bridge to Anacostia.

There, Bonus Army leaders had been given an hour to evacuate the women and children. The troops swooped down on Camp Marks, driving off some 2,000 veterans with tear gas and setting fire to the camp, which quickly burned. Thousands began the trek toward the Maryland state line, four miles away, where National Guard trucks waited to drive them to the Pennsylvania border.

Eyewitnesses, including Eisenhower, insisted that Secretary of War Hurley, speaking for the president, had forbade any troops to cross the bridge into Anacostia and that at least two high-ranking officers were dispatched by Hurley to convey these orders to MacArthur. The general, Eisenhower later wrote, "said he was too busy and did not want either himself or his staff bothered by people coming down and pretending to bring orders." It would not be the last time that MacArthur would disregard a presidential directive—two decades later President Truman would fire him as commander of U.N. military forces in South Korea for doing just that. (Truman explicitly ordered that Chinese bases in Manchuria should not be bombed, a move that would have caused China to escalate even further its role in the Korean conflict. MacArthur, operating in defiance of the president, attempted to convince Congress that such action should be taken.) Recalling the Bonus Army incident during an interview with the late historian Stephen Ambrose, Eisenhower said: "I told that dumb son-of-a-bitch he had no business going down there."

Around 11:00 p.m., MacArthur called a press conference to justify his actions. "Had the President not acted today, had he permitted this thing to go on for twenty-four hours more, he would have been faced with a grave situation which would have caused a real battle," MacArthur told reporters. "Had he let it go on another week, I believe the institutions of our Government would have been severely threatened."

Over the next few days, newspapers and theater newsreels showed graphic images of fleeing veterans and their families, blazing shacks, clouds of tear gas, soldiers wielding fixed bayonets, cavalrymen waving sabers. "It's war," a narrator intoned. "The greatest concentration of fighting troops in Washington since 1865. . . . They are being forced out of their shacks by the troops who have been called out by the President of the United States." In movie theaters across America, the Army was booed and MacArthur jeered.

Democratic presidential nominee Franklin D. Roosevelt opposed immediate payment of the bonus on grounds that it would favor a special class of citizen at a time when all were suffering. But after reading newspaper accounts of MacArthur's eviction, he told an adviser that "this will elect me."

Indeed, three months later, Roosevelt would win the election by seven million votes. George Patton, discounting the effect of the Great Depression on voters, later said that the Army's "act[ing] against a crowd rather than against a mob" had "insured the election of a Democrat." Hoover biographer David Burner agrees the incident dealt a final blow to the incumbent: "In the minds of most analysts, whatever doubt had remained about the outcome of the presidential election was now gone: Hoover was going to lose. The Bonus Army was his final failure, his symbolic end."

Just months into FDR's first term, in March 1933, bonus

Some 250 veterans, who had signed on with a New Deal road-building project in the Florida Keys, died when a hurricane hit Islamorada in 1935 and the train sent to rescue them derailed. Ernest Hemingway, who arrived from his Key West home to cover the tragedy, wrote of the men who perished: "You could find them face down and face up in the mangroves."

BETTMANN / CORBIS

marchers began drifting back into Washington. By May, some 3,000 of them were living in a tent city, which the new president had ordered the Army to set up in an abandoned fort on the outskirts of Washington. There, in a visit arranged by the White House, the nation's new first lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, braved mud and rain to join the vets in a sing-along. "Hoover sent the Army; Roosevelt sent his wife," said one vet. By June 1933, about 2,600 vets had accepted FDR's offer of work in a New Deal public works program called the Civilian Conservation Corps, though many others rejected the $1-a-day wage, calling it slavery.

In January 1936, Congressional wrangling finally ended and World War I veterans received the promised payments, which averaged nearly $600. Declared one serviceman: "The first thing I'm going to buy is some clothes."

Beginning in October 1934, Roosevelt, attempting to deal with the jobless remnants of the Bonus Army, created "veterans' rehabilitation camps" in South Carolina and Florida. In Florida, 700 men filled three work camps in Islamorada and Lower Matecumbe in the Florida Keys, building bridges for a highway that would extend from Miami to Key West.

The men had been working all summer and looked forward to the Labor Day weekend. About 300 of them went on furlough, many to Miami. But on September 2, 1935, a hurricane unlike any recorded in the United States slammed into the Upper Keys where they were camped. Wind gusts were estimated at 200 miles an hour—enough to turn granules of sand into tiny missiles that blasted flesh from human faces.

Because it was a holiday weekend, the work-camp trucks that might have carried the veterans north to safety were locked. A train sent to rescue them was first delayed, then, just a couple of miles from camp, derailed by the storm surge. It never reached the men. With no way to flee, at least 256 veterans and many locals were killed. Ernest Hemingway, who rushed to the ghastly scene from his home in Key West, wrote that "the veterans in those camps were practically murdered. The Florida East Coast [Railroad] had a train ready for nearly twenty four hours to take them off the Keys. The people in charge are said to have wired Washington for orders. Washington wired the Miami Weather Bureau which is said to have replied there was no

BROWN BROTHERS

© 2002 Imported By: William Grant & Sons Inc., New York, NY 10018. Glenfiddich is a registered trademark of William Grant & Sons Ltd.
40% Alc./Vol. Drink Responsibly
Glenfiddich
The independent spirit.
Distilled by an independent family company. Bottled as Glenfiddich, which means "valley of the Deer." Matured at its own Highland distillery for a full 15 years – our Solera Reserve features delicious notes of oak, honey, vanilla spice, fruit and sherry.
AGED 15 YEARS
GLENFIDDICH.COM

Their Bear
Our Bear
Our small ships get close enough to see bears on a shoreline, and the barnacles on a humpback's tail. From Alaska to Panama and all the Americas in between, no other travel experience can bring you closer to a region's people, wildlife and natural history.
Alaska & the Bering Sea
British Columbia
Columbia & Snake Rivers
California Wine Country
Mexico's Sea of Cortés
Costa Rica & Panama
Brochures & Availability
800-580-9866
www.cruisewest.com
CruiseWest
Up-close, casual and personal

TheraSeed® treatment is a one-time, outpatient procedure with equal or better cure[1] rates than surgery. With TheraSeed® there's also less risk of incontinence, impotence and other side effects common to surgery.

More than 120,000 men over two generations are living proof that TheraSeed® treatment can cure prostate cancer. Call to get the facts about clinically-proven TheraSeed® treatment today and receive a **free patient video.**

1.800.458.4372

Pd-103
TheraSeed®
For Prostate Cancer

[1]Cure is defined as biochemical relapse-free survival at nine years. Published information available at www.theraseed.com. TheraSeed® is a product of Theragenics Corporation®.

danger and it would be a useless expense." In fact, the failure to rescue the men was not as callous as Hemingway claimed, though there is no question that a series of bureaucratic bungles and misunderstandings in Miami and Washington contributed to the calamity—the Bonus Marcher's final, and in many cases, fatal indignity.

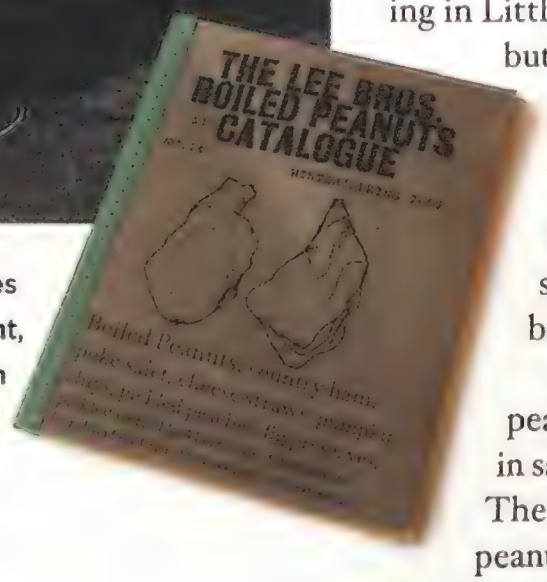
In 1936, Wright Patman reintroduced the cash-now bonus act, which finally became law. Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri, an unflinching New Deal loyalist and a combat veteran of World War I, defied his president in supporting the bonus. In June 1936, the first veterans began cashing checks that averaged about $580 per man. Ultimately, nearly $2 billion was distributed to 3 million World War I veterans.

In 1942, soon after Pearl Harbor, legislation was introduced in Congress to provide benefits for the men and women of World War II. The law, known as the G.I. Bill of Rights, would become one of the most important pieces of social legislation in American history. Some 7.8 million World War II veterans took advantage of it in academic disciplines as well as paid on-the-job training programs. It also guaranteed ex-servicemen loans to buy homes or farms or start businesses. The G.I. Bill helped create a well-educated, well-housed new American middle class whose consumption patterns would fuel the postwar economy.

President Roosevelt, overcoming his long-standing opposition to "privileges" for veterans, signed the "Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944," as the G.I. Bill was called, on June 22. At that moment, Allied troops were liberating Europe under Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. One of his generals, George S. Patton, was leading troops toward the Seine, while Douglas MacArthur was planning the liberation of the Philippines. For the three by-then legendary figures, the Bonus March had receded into the past, a mostly embarrassing incident, largely forgotten. If character is destiny, however, the major players in that drama had enacted, in cameo, the defining roles they would soon assume on the stage of the 20th century. ○

Southern Comfort

Traveling back roads, brothers Matt and Ted Lee track down authentic foods for mail-order customers hankering after a taste of the Deep South ~ BY MARIALISA CALTA



For the Lee brothers, ferreting out hard-to-come-by comestibles (from locations like Harold's Country Club, a one-stop restaurant, gas station and bait shop in Yemassee, South Carolina) has won a loyal and growing audience. Says one food catalog patron: "It's the little things, like pickled peaches, that mean so much. We Southerners hang on to things from our past."

A reporter described the Lees as "food-centric dudes . . . who look like skinny Buddy Hollys and could just as easily have been existentialist poets or front men for the Sex Kittens."

MATT AND TED LEE remember the pungent smell of boiled peanut shells souring on the floor of the aging red Toyota that took them on trips to the beach when they were teenagers in Charleston, South Carolina, in the early 1980s. "You boil the peanuts at home, or buy them from a roadside stand," says Matt, "and you eat them on your trip and throw the shells on the floor."

"Boiled peanuts are wonderful," adds Ted, 31. "And they're just about everywhere." Except, the Lees realized, in New York City.

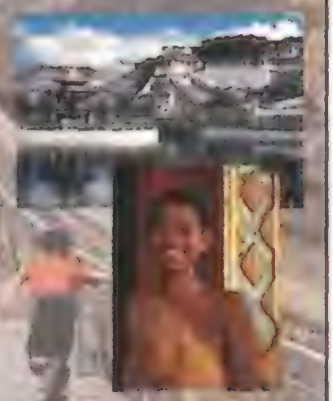
It was this insight—that it was pretty much impossible to find a good boiled peanut, or even a bad one, in Manhattan—that came to Matt in 1994 as he soaked in a bathtub in the Lower East Side apartment he shared with his brother. Matt, now 33, was then contemplating failed careers as a restaurateur and as a Clinton press aide. (Working in Little Rock was fun, says Matt, but he "couldn't hack Washington.") He hunted down some raw peanuts at the Hunts Point Market in the Bronx, boiled them up and started hawking them to bars and restaurants.

Boiled peanuts are raw peanuts cooked in their shells in salted water for many hours. The shells turn soggy, and the peanuts take on a fresh, legumey flavor and texture more reminiscent of, say, a salty kidney bean than a traditional roasted goober. Boiled peanuts are the snack of choice in Alabama, northern Florida, the Carolinas and Georgia (the "epicenter," says Ted) and are an acquired taste. The Lees acquired it almost immediately as pre-

ALL: PETER FRANK EDWARDS / COASTAL LIVING

Discover China and the Yangtze River in-depth and in style.

Pacific Delight Tours is committed to offering you extraordinary travel experiences to magnificent destinations.



Our over 30 years of innovation, meticulous attention to detail, unequalled personal luxury and service is your assurance of an unforgettable journey.

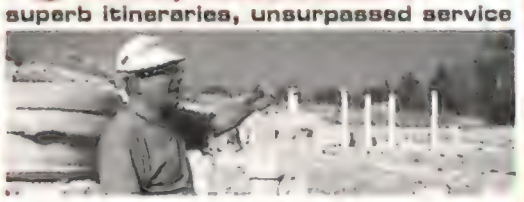
OUR OTHER DESTINATIONS:
Hong Kong, Japan, Thailand, Singapore, Vietnam, Cambodia, Myanmar, India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Fiji.

See your travel professional or call 1-800-221-7179.

USTOA $1 Million Consumer Protection

PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS
A World of Difference®
www.PacificDelightTours.com

archaeological tours
led by noted scholars
superb itineraries, unsurpassed service



2003 TOURS

SPRING
Egypt for Grandparents & Grandchildren
Malta, Sardinia & Corsica
China & Yangtze River
Spain
Bulgaria & Romania
Syria & Jordan
China: Silk Road
Cyprus, Crete & Santorini
Sicily & So. Italy

SUMMER
Eastern Turkey
Scotland
Etruscan Italy
Peru for Grandparents & Grandchildren

FALL
Spain: Pilgrim's Road
Western Turkey
Ethiopia
Spain: Barcelona, Bilbao & Madrid
China: Ancient Capitals
Chile & Easter Is.
Northern India
Guatemala
Egypt
Syria & Jordan
Sicily & So. Italy

WINTER
Mali & Burkina Faso
Khmer Kingdoms

271 Madison Ave. 904sm, NY, NY 10016
(212) 986-3054 Toll Free: (866) 740-5130
www.archaeologicaltrs.com

the Weeks Rocker

- handmade
- comfortable
- beautiful
- built to last

FSC Cherry $1500

888-334-0307
www.garyweeks.com
(dining furniture also)

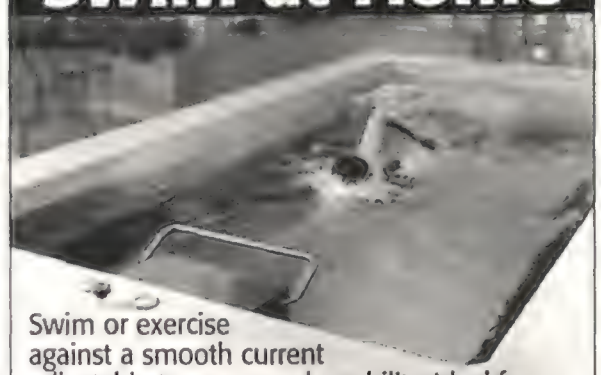
The Lee brothers are working on a cookbook that will feature recipes for corncob wine and brown oyster stew.

teens, when their parents—their dad, William, is a gastroenterologist, their mom, Elizabeth, a school administrator—moved the family from New York City to Charleston, South Carolina.

For a while there, it looked as if Matt was going to have to add "failed boiled peanut salesman" to his résumé. New Yorkers, as they say, do not know from boiled peanuts. But just when the legumes were looking their soggiest, homesick Southern friends began asking for them. Matt enlisted his brother (then an editorial assistant at a publishing house) in the cause and stitched up a 4- by 5-inch *Lee Bros. Boiled Peanuts Catalogue* ("Your Secret Source for Authentic Southern Foods and Cookware") on an ancient Singer sewing machine. Then the brothers drove a sample of boiled peanuts the 92 blocks from their Ludlow Street apartment to the Upper West Side digs of Florence Fabricant, who writes the *Food Notes* column for the *New York Times*. "She hated them," says Matt. "But she understood them." More important, she wrote about them, reporting that the brothers were hawking their quirky offering as the "snack of the 90's." The day her story appeared, the Lees received 100 telephone calls, all requesting the now high-profile peanuts.

Since that fateful day eight years ago, the pair have spent much of their time on the road, tracking down suppliers of such delicacies as pickled ramps (wild onions), canned creecy greens (dryland watercress), poke salet (the young leaves of the poke weed) and Cheerwine soda, and shipping them to displaced Southerners as far

Swim at Home™



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool® is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

FOR FREE VIDEO CALL
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 2600
or visit www.endlesspools.com
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept 2600
Aston, PA 19014
ENDLESS POOLS®

Brown Bears
of Katmai National Park

The world's most accessible location for viewing brown bears. See them in their natural environment at the scenic Brooks River in Katmai, Alaska.

6-day Tour: $2,145
800-368-0077
www.travelwild.com
SM64

TravelWild EXPEDITIONS

MEN: BE TALLER!!

TIRED OF BEING SHORT? TRY OUR HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES FOR MEN. UP TO 3" TALLER. OVER 100 STYLES. HIDDEN HEIGHT INCREASER. IN BUSINESS SINCE 1939. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. CALL OR WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG.
www.elevatorshoes.com/2.htm

ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. SM32
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705
1-800-343-3810

World's Largest Inventory!
China, Crystal, Silver & Collectibles

- *Old & New*
- *125,000 Patterns*
- *6 Million Pieces*
- *Buy & Sell*

Call for **FREE** lists.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 Dept. SM
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
www.replacements.com

away as Saudi Arabia, where an American diplomat once ordered 48 cans of boiled peanuts.

Dan Huntley, who writes about food for *The Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina, describes the Lees as "food-centric dudes . . . who look like skinny Buddy Hollys and could just as easily have been existentialist poets or front men for the Sex Kittens." Like the writers Jane and Michael Stern who preceded them in searching out America's culinary byways for their 1977 *Roadfood*, the Lees roam supermarket aisles, drive the countryside and pillage friends' pantries looking for what Matt calls "the zeitgeist of Southern food." In Tennessee, a Mennonite family provided them with pure sorghum (the syrup from sorghum grass). In Georgia, a newspaper item about a seed-saving ophthalmologist led them to a grower of true Carolina Gold rice. In North Carolina, they tracked down an 18th-century gristmill for authentic grits and cornmeal.

Over the course of a year, the Lees might mail out 560 jars of Jerusalem artichoke relish, 580 quarts of Duke's mayonnaise and 340 pints of Old South okra pickles. They also ship 300 pounds of boiled peanuts weekly.

The Lees split their time between Manhattan and Charleston, but call the latter home, and revere the history that surrounds them there, the language of the landscape and the architecture. The brothers rent a one-room office in the Confederate Home & College, a redbrick Greek Revival with a lush courtyard dominated by a towering live oak. (The building housed Civil War widows and orphans.)

IN ADDITION to writing articles about buttermilk biscuits and okra for the *New York Times* and various food magazines, the brothers are working on a cookbook featuring recipes for hoppin' john, cheese straws, cornbook wine and brown oyster stew. "This will not be merely a Southern cookbook," says Maria Guarnaschelli, their editor. "This will be the Lee brothers, taking us on a tour of the South."

NEW DELTA AIR LINES *flight started* JANUARY 11th FROM ATLANTA

THE CARIBBEAN

for people who think they know

THE CARIBBEAN.

After admiring our diverse architecture, after mingling with our multi-cultural people, it might surprise you to learn that this is an island in the tropics. This is Curaçao — a little piece of Northern Europe in the Southern Caribbean. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Curaçao tourism at 1-800-3-CURACAO (328-7222).

Air service by American Airlines daily from Miami, Dutch Caribbean Airlines daily from Miami, and Air Jamaica five times a week from Atlanta, Baltimore/Washington, Boston, Chicago, Ft. Lauderdale, Houston, New York, Newark, Los Angeles, Orlando, Philadelphia and Miami.

CURAÇAO
real. different.
www.curacao-tourism.com

Kiandra

Made in Australia by **Akubra®**

From the great Australian outback, a pure fur felt hat for sun or rain. Fully lined, with a 3" brim.

No. 1619 Kiandra.....$102.50

Specify size: 6¾-8 and color: Sand or Dark Fawn. Add $6.00 for handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Visit our web site or request our unique catalog

• Bosca® Leather Goods • Devold® Woolens
• Filson® Clothing & Luggage • Celtic Jewelry

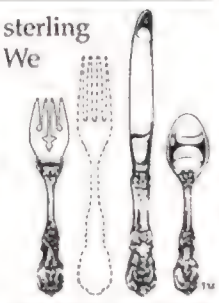
800-324-4934 www.davidmorgan.com

David Morgan

11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Ste 103•Bothell WA 98011

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*



Shown: Francis I by Reed & Barton

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd. NE, Dept SM, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat.10-5
Tel: 404-261-4009, Fax: 404-261-9708 www.beverlybremer.com

EUROPE $200* ROUNDTRIP

London, Paris $200. Hong Kong $100. Bangkok $300. Mexico $150. Caribbean $250. So. America $200. Hawaii $238. ALL ROUNDTRIP!

1-800-822-0888
Cheaptrips.com

*Subject to availability, membership & departure

COPPER CANYON
Costa Rica, Peru and More

Join us on our deluxe escorted and custom adventures. Free newsletter:

1-800-926-1140
www.calnative.com

CST 2027100-40

The California Native, 6701 W 87 Pl. Los Angeles, CA 90045

LIFT YOUR SPIRIT

Experience the awesome vastness & breathtaking beauty of the **Far North.** Arctic Canada, North Pole, Alaska, Russia, & Scandinavia. Wildlife, Cultural, Dog Sled, Skiing & Auroral Adventures.

ARCTIC ODYSSEYS™
(800) 574-3021 / FAX (206) 726-8488
www.ArcticOdysseys.com

Cartouche Jewelry

Translate Any Name into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs

Silver from $40 18k Gold from $150

For our catalog: sales@egyptianimports.com

800-AT-EGYPT (800-283-4978)

www.egyptianimports.com

Discoveries, Inc./Cartouche, Ltd. P.O.Box 25158, Alexandria, VA 22313

And the Lees' South knows no restrictions. They are equally at home at Po' Pigs Bo-B-Q, an eatery tucked next to a gas station on Highway 174 near Edisto, and the elegant Charleston Place Hotel, where the brothers peruse a menu featuring "Local Burlill Duck and Vidalia Hash Pie" ($24). At the Piggly Wiggly grocery, in a considerably less tony part of town, they happily examine packages of pigs trotters (feet) and stock up on Duke's mayonnaise, considered by connoisseurs to be without significant competition.

Their favorite food source, though, just might be the Sassard family compound in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina. The Sassards—Dupre, his wife, Gertrude, their son, Allen, and daughter-in-law Dayna—have been pickling foods (okra, ramps, peaches, Jerusalem artichokes) and preserving (figs, pumpkin chips, berries) since Dupre's late mother, Edna, began the business in the small white clapboard house in 1917. Matt fondly recalls the customer who ordered "four of everything the Sassards produce and had it shipped to her castle in Scotland."

It was the brothers who spurred the family to bottle the syrup left over from the making of fig preserves. The Lees are currently trying to persuade the Sassards to make a watermelon rind preserve and to pickle figs. "They are a lot of trouble," says Mrs. Sassard with a sigh, referring to the figs, and suggesting, with a smile, that she could be talking about the Lees as well.

High on the brothers' wish list is a pig farmer who still feeds his animals chestnuts (to produce tasty country hams) and a maker of scuppernong preserves. "Scuppernongs are these big, jammy grapes with thick, tough skins," explains Matt. "We always used to eat them on the way to the beach, and throw the skins on the floor of the car."

"There's an idea," says Ted. "Maybe we should do a catalog offering only foods we throw on the floor of the car."

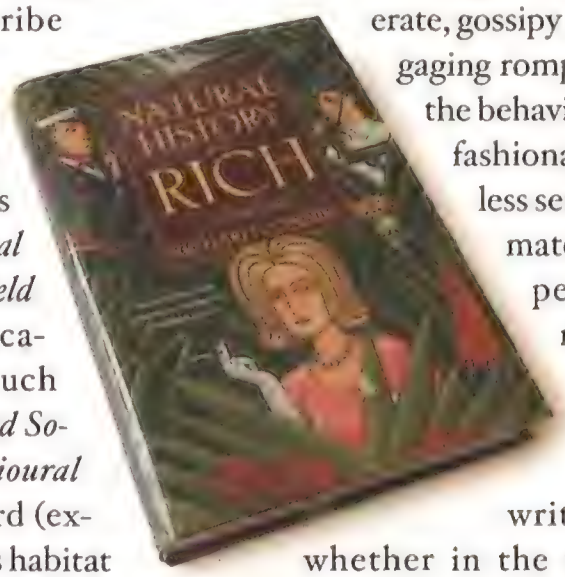
MARIALISA CALTA writes a nationally syndicated newspaper column called Food.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RICH: A FIELD GUIDE

RICHARD CONNIFF

W. W. NORTON. $26.95

IN HIS QUIRKY and stylish foray into lifestyles of the megabucks set, SMITHSONIAN contributor Richard Conniff offers to transport us "into the world of the rich as if we were anthropologists making the first visit among the tree-dwelling Kombai tribe of Irian Jaya [New Guinea] or a primatologist among the squirrel monkeys." Conniff's research for *The Natural History of the Rich: A Field Guide* spanned the academic (delving into such journals as *Ethology and Sociobiology* and *Behavioural Ecology*) and the absurd (exploring the Los Angeles habitat of the very wealthy from behind the wheel of a $150,000 Ferrari F 355 Spider convertible, deep-cover camouflage rented by the author).



The resulting survey of the superrich, from 19th-century financier Baron James de Rothschild and 20th-century industrialist Armand Hammer to the likes of Larry Ellison (founder of software giant Oracle) and media magnate Ted Turner, uncovers close correspondences to the behaviors Conniff has observed for SMITHSONIAN, reporting on creatures from the antelope to the silverback gorilla. "As a natural history writer," he says, "I've always assumed that all individual animals, from the Australian bulldog ant on up to Rupert Murdoch, conform, more or less, to the rules of their species. They fit into basic patterns of physiology, territoriality, social hierarchy, reproductive behavior, parental care, and so on, and the ones that don't fit generally get eaten."

Conniff also covers jet-set dream houses and ultimate travel destinations for *Architectural Digest,* and his various assignments for them and for us have taken him from a nightclub in Monaco to the Peruvian Amazon and from Blenheim Palace (the ancestral seat of the Churchills) to Botswana's Okavango Delta. "It was a toss-up which of these worlds was more perilous and, traveling between the two, it was impossible to avoid seeing certain similarities," he writes about his inspiration for the book.

The ensuing analogies make for a literate, gossipy and altogether engaging romp. "While some of the behaviors of the rich and fashionable would doubtless send the average primate brachiating desperately for the nearest exit, others would doubtless be deeply familiar," Conniff writes. For example: whether in the wild or across a crowded room, primates draw from the same behavioral well. "There's something ancient going on when fashionable partygoers greet one another by pooching out their mouths, parting their lips with a moist clicking or chirping sound, and saying mwah-mwah into the air beside one another's ears," Conniff observes. For humans as well as gorillas, the gesture mimics grooming behavior, appeases and disarms possible rivals and sometimes functions as a prelude to outbursts of aggression. Suddenly, an air kiss at a charity ball assumes a hitherto unimagined complexity.

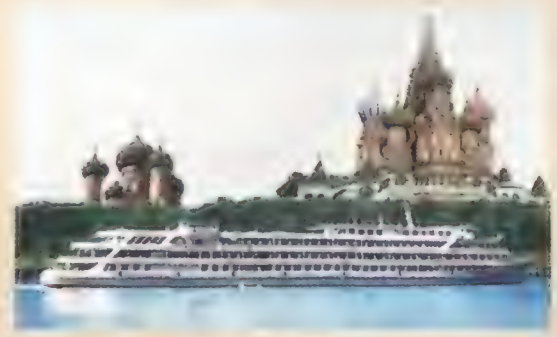
And what might a male gorilla and Ted Turner have in common? A penchant, it appears, for a form of self-assertion known to animal behaviorists as "prosocial dominance." In September of 1997, Turner came up with a truly inspired, at least as Conniff sees it, variation on one-upmanship: "Any damned fool can compete at the standard Darwinian game of gathering market share and piling up resources. But by giving away $1 billion to the United Nations, Turner could lay claim

Europe River Cruises

See the best of Europe from her legendary rivers, away from crowded highways. Unpack only once! Sail aboard deluxe ships, maximum 130 guests. Enjoy spacious cabins with panoramic windows and elegant one-seating dining. All shore excursions are included. 9 to 23 days from $1998 incl. airfare.

China & Yangtze

Discover the best value to China. Choose from our expertly designed deluxe escorted tours. Stay at deluxe hotels and cruise on the best ships on the Yangtze River. All meals are included, plus many cultural highlights. 10 to 21 days from $1898 incl. airfare.



Russia Cruises

Experience the grandeur of Russia from the comfort of a cruise ship. Visit Moscow and St. Petersburg and cruise the "Waterways of the Czars", the rivers and lakes of Old Russia. 14 to 16 days from $2498 incl. airfare.

See your travel agent or call
800-645-0793

UNIWORLD

www.uniworld.com

SPACE, LIGHT & NATURAL MATERIALS MAKE OUR AWARD-WINNING HOMES.

TIMBERPEG®

The Artisans of Post & Beam.

www.timberpeg.com 1.800.636.2424

JOURNEYS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

BIRTH OF OUR NATION
A Patriotic Journey In Early America

THIS HALLOWED GROUND
A Journey Through the Civil War in Virginia and at Gettysburg

HOW THE WEST WAS WON
Lewis and Clark – Custer and Crazy Horse
Great Falls – Yellowstone – Mount Rushmore

WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE
Follow the Greatest Generation, as written by Tom Brokaw, from Normandy to Bastogne to Berlin.

Matterhorn Travel • (800) 638-9150
www.matterhorntravel.com
E-mail: holidays@matterhorntravel.com

Yacht-style exploration of Caribbean & Central America

Belize
Panama
Virgin Islands
Bahamas
St. Maarten
Antigua

Explore out-of-the-ordinary tropics from the intimate perspective of our personable US flag small ships. Go where the big ships can not. BYOB and casual. Glass-bottom boat and snorkel gear. Only 100 guests. As seen on PBS series *Cruising America's Waterways*. Family-operated for 36 years. Call for cruise catalog.

800-556-7450 www.accl-smallships.com

AMERICAN CANADIAN CARIBBEAN LINE PO Box 368, Warren, RI 02885

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

One at a time, by hand

1-800-477-1856

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links, 14K Gold $595, Sterling $165
Visa/MC/Amex | Unconditionally Guaranteed
104 N. Churton St. | Hillsborough, NC 27278
dallaspridgenjewelry.com

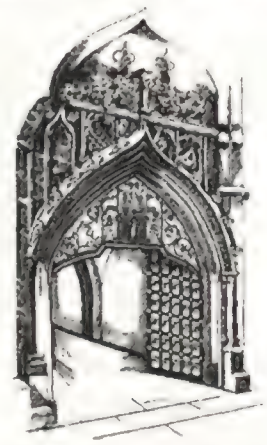
to the largest single act of charity by a living person in history." What this really amounted to was a "bid for status, as plain as the chest-thumping of rival silverback gorillas."

Can the natural world, too, explain the thrill-seeking escapades of multimillionaire Steve Fossett? (After several failed attempts, Fossett managed the first solo circumnavigation of the globe in a hot air balloon last year.) "What was he doing falling out of the sky in a broken balloon?" Conniff asks, referring to an earlier, failed effort. The answer? Engaging in display behavior similar to the broad-tailed hummingbird's, "one of the flashiest seasonal residents of the Aspen [Colorado] area." Not content to dazzle his rivals and potential mates with metallic green feathers and a bright red throat patch, the male hummingbird embellishes his image with elaborate aerial stunt work. Conniff describes the bird "shooting sixty feet straight up in the air and back down again in a gaudy power dive, which he may repeat forty-five times an hour, his wingtips giving off a metallic trill urgent as a kid's bicycle bell." In the end, Conniff theorizes, it's all about showing off, even if the urge to display is subconscious. "When the rich say they don't need to impress anybody, they usually mean only that they have drastically narrowed down the list of people they are interested in impressing. Even when they think they have narrowed it down only to themselves, they are often still proving things to the ghosts of unloving fathers or of old teachers who thought they'd never make it."

With Conniff as our guide, we traverse behaviors ordained by evolution: dominance seeking, kin selection, reciprocal altruism and an appropriation of status symbols, an undertaking that may involve variations on scent marking (perfume wearing, for instance) and hoarding (art collecting, among other activities). We encounter opossums and peacocks, dung beetles and bowerbirds, European moles and vervet monkeys. And along the way—remaining, as Conniff suggests, "alert to what is

Cross-Culture

TRAVEL WITH A DIFFERENCE



Cultural, special interest small-group tours & hiking programs in 33 countries: Western & Central Europe, Asia, Australia & New Zealand; 17th year of in-depth itineraries, off-the-beaten-track visits, truly all-inclusive prices, exceptional value; FREE catalog:
www.crossculturein c.com • 800-491-1148

1½"

...and the Dish Ran Away With the Spoon Pin
in sterling silver
$40. 14k Gold $310.
Add $6 handling.
Catalog available
(800) 767-6411.
www.breakell.com

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. SMDS, Newport, RI 02840

Vacation Rentals
France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey & the U.K.
We have a wonderful selection of personally inspected Country Homes, Barges, Villas and Apartments.
Vacances Provençales Vacations
1-800-263-7152 www.europeanhomerentals.com

European Beret $10
100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. S023 • Portland, OR 97205

SWISS ALPS—Day hiking since 1977

Optional length - Two guides per tour allow choice of moderate or more strenuous hike daily - Basing weekly in charming mountain villages - Call toll free for color brochure.

1-888-478-4004
www.swisshiking.com

Thrilling Sea Classics
Alexander Kent • Dudley Pope
Douglas Reeman • Dewey Lambdin
At bookstores or call toll-free to place an order or to receive our free book catalog:
1-888-266-5711.
Visit us at www.mcbooks.com
McBOOKS PRESS
520 N. Meadow St.
Ithaca, NY 14850

lovely, poignant and also ludicrous about their lives"—that cultural subspecies identified by Conniff as *Homo sapiens pecuniosus* begins to seem a bit more, well, downright human. Gradually, the very rich, while different from you and me, do appear grounded in the behaviors that define our species and the animal kingdom in general. Who knew that pulling one's closely pressed nose away from the palace window to peer instead through the lenses of Conniff's field binoculars could provide such amusing insight?

Reviewer VICTORIA DAWSON is a freelancer based in Washington, D.C.

GHOSTS OF THE FIREGROUND

PETER LESCHAK

HARPER, $24.95

ALTHOUGH THE GREAT forest that once covered most of the country has been gerrymandered by civilization, vast expanses remain, much of it an enormous firetrap. Some part of the forest—old growth or new growth, suburban woodlands or untrod wilderness—burns every day. In the year 2000 alone, 92,000 wildfires scorched 7.4 million acres, mainly in the West, destroying 850 homes and killing 20 firefighters. One of the men on the lines that year was Peter Leschak, who captains a helicopter-borne fire crew for the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources. Leschak and his team work the worst wildfires throughout Minnesota and in areas of the West and Canada as well. He loves it.

Much of his feeling for the work derives from the danger and the camaraderie among those who share it, what the author neatly calls "the spike of vitality and meaning" arising from shared hardship. One firefighter sums up the ethos: "It was a terrible ordeal, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything." Fear, Leschak says, is never far off, and fear is one of the reasons he pursues

A Place Like No Other . . .
Your Smithsonian

It can take you to the moon, introduce you to the First Ladies, and dazzle you with its precious gems.

The Smithsonian is a vast world of art, science, history and heritage. With sixteen museums and galleries, seven research centers, traveling exhibitions and the National Zoo, the Smithsonian Institution is the largest museum and research complex in the world. It is America's classroom.

To continue the education, your help is needed. Your bequest or life-income gift will make it possible for the Smithsonian to pursue its mission of excellence for future generations.

For more information write or call toll-free today.

❑ Send information on including the Smithsonian in my will

❑ I have already included the Smithsonian in my will

❑ I want to know more about gifts to the Smithsonian that provide me with income for life

❑ Send information on a Smithsonian Charitable Gift Annuity

Birthdates(s):_____

Amt: ❑ $10,000 ❑ $100,000 ❑ $50,000 ❑ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

Phone: _____

Smithsonian Legacy Society
P.O. Box 37012 • MRC 035
Washington, D.C. 20013-7012

LGSM302SM

Smithsonian Institution
P.O. Box 37012 MRC 035
Washington, D.C. 20013-7012

Smithsonian Legacy Society
(888) 419-7584
e-mail: legacy@omd.si.edu
www.si.edu/plangiv

this work, seduced by "the dreadful/wonderful moments when fear makes you so alive you simply cannot die."

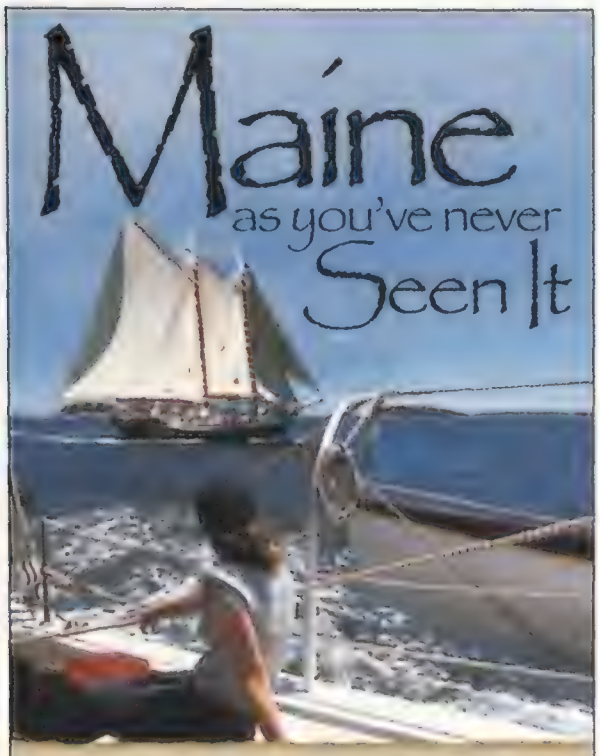
Many wildfire warriors do die, of course—some 700 since 1910. Leschak himself is no reckless thrill seeker. At 51, he is one of the country's oldest active wildland firefighters, an experienced leader responsible for several others, a professional who swears by caution and thorough preparation. He applies a methodical approach even when he doesn't have a clue what he's getting into—as happened at a fast-moving fire in northwestern Montana in 2000:

"The spot fire burgeoned, lunging up-slope. Two more trees exploded. With what we had at that moment it was unstoppable. Just beyond the ridgeline above us was a long, sheer drop to dense forest. If the fire jumped into that, it might take hours for anyone to reach it on the ground." Luckily, this one didn't jump, and Leschak and crew were able to halt it after only 25 acres had gone up in smoke.

Leschak intersperses his first-person narration with an account of the worst forest fire in North American history, a blaze centered on the little (pop. 2,000) lumber town of Peshtigo, Wisconsin, that killed 1,200-plus people and torched 1,800 square miles in 1871. Coincidentally, it was the same day that Mrs. O'Leary's cow ignited—or didn't—the Great Chicago Fire.

Peshtigo's fire swept out of the North Woods and smashed into the town like a hurricane of flames. The town was ablaze in minutes—schools, churches, businesses, barns, houses. Residents were quickly surrounded. One man cut his own throat and those of his children. Those who survived, led by a courageous priest named Father Peter Pernin, did so by leaping into the Peshtigo River and staying there through a terrifying night while burning trees and buildings toppled into the water around them.

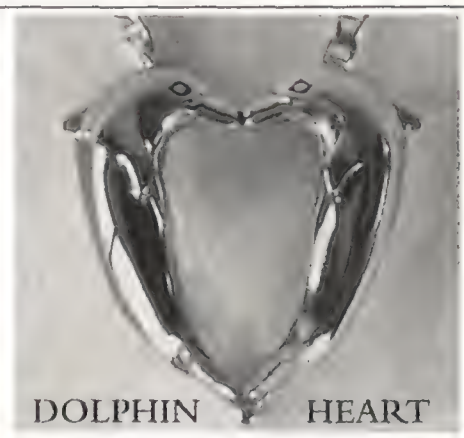
"The sky was a writhing aurora of fire, as if the sun had exploded, its corona violently expanding to consume the earth," Leschak writes. "Every-



Explore our pristine coastline from the deck of an authentic tall ship. 3,000 islands, delicious lobster, snug harbors at night. 3-6 day cruises start at $350. For brochures and free video call or visit our web site.

Maine Windjammer ASSOCIATION

800-807-WIND sailmainecoast.com



Elizabeth Allen Tuttle noted artist and jewelry designer has created this lovely kissing Dolphin Heart, symbolizing the essence of love. The solid sterling silver Dolphin Heart comes complete with 20" sterling silver chain, polishing cloth and pouch. 30x30mm. $95. plus $3.50 shipping. 14 Kt. $450. Your Dolphin will be shipped in 24 hours. V/MC/AmEx/Dis/Chk. www.maingem.com

MAIN GEM 40 Bayview St., Camden, Maine 04843 1-800-356-6310

A Great Home Deserves Great Art!

Discover how a faithful replica on artist's canvas can enhance any room's beauty. Masterpieces from famed museums and little known treasures from private collections. Richly carved hand-gilded wood frames.

Spirit of '76 by Archibald Willard

Call toll-free for a complimentary catalog, 1-800-222-6827, Dept. 1451

THE MASTERS' COLLECTION www.masterscollection.com

Licensee of oil reproductions on canvas for the Newport Mansions Collections.

Weight Loss for the Thinking Person!

Now, order the same diet foods used by medically supervised weight loss clinics nationwide. Recommended by over 1,000 physicians.

FREE CATALOG

1-800-418-1367

Mention code 30035 and get Free Shipping on your first order! Limited Time Offer.

HMR Health Management Resources

Ask about an HMR program in your area.

© Health Management Resources, Boston

EURO Bike & Walking tours

30th year

Distinctive biking and walking tours throughout Europe.

Free catalog

1-800-321-6060

www.eurobike.com info@eurobike.com

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

- FREE catalog
- High quality
- 200 styles

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.

Dept. 21B Hingham, MA 02043

1-800-992-WIDE www.wideshoes.com

Polar Bears of Churchill, Manitoba

Join us for the world's greatest gathering of polar bears, viewed from the safety and comfort of Polar Buggies™.

7-day Tour: $2,495

800-368-0077

www.travelwild.com

SM65

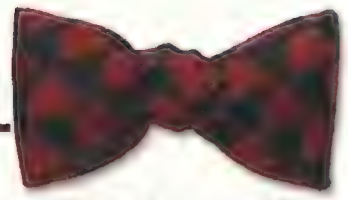
TravelWild EXPEDITIONS

If you are moving soon, please send an address label from a recent issue along with your new address to:

Smithsonian Membership Data-Center

P.O. Box 420312 ◆ Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312

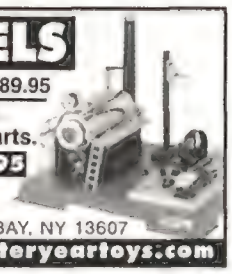
or call: 1-800-766-2149



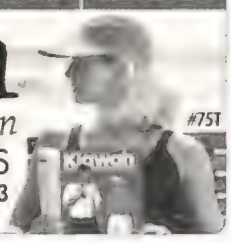
Beau Ties LTD. *of Vermont*

Handcrafted silk bow ties, ascots, cummerbunds and women's scarves. All made in Vermont.
Call for a free catalog at:
1-800-488-8437
or visit our web site at: **www.beautiesltd.com**

STEAM MODELS
KITS OR ASSEMBLED From $89.95
Over 150 Different Working Model Steam Engines, Accessories & Parts.
43 PG. COLORED CATALOG $6.95
Catalog is Refundable With Your Order.
YESTERYEAR TOYS & BOOKS INC.
DEPT.SM1 • BOX 537, ALEXANDRIA BAY, NY 13607
1-800-481-1353 www.yesteryeartoys.com



KIAWAH ISLAND | GOLF & TENNIS | CHARLESTON | WEB SPECIALS
Kiawah
Near Historic Charleston
WEB & 32-PAGE GUIDES
kiawahstays.com • 1.800.803.5153
Book-On-Line • Great Beach Vacations



AUTHORS WANTED
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-72, call **1-800-821-3990** or write to:
Vantage Press, 516 W 34th St., New York, NY 10001

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 320 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
www.uptontea.com
34 A Hayden Rowe St.*Hopkinton, MA 01748

Smithsonian (ISSN 0037-7333) is published monthly by Smithsonian Business Ventures, P.O. Box 37012, MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013. © Smithsonian Institution 2003. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Editorial offices are at MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013 (202-275-2000). Advertising and circulation offices are at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10170 (212-490-2510). **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and possessions: $32 a year payable in U.S. funds. Canada add $13 (U.S. funds) for each year. Foreign add $26 (U.S. funds) for each year. Ninety percent of dues is designated for magazine subscriptions. Current issue price is $4 (U.S. funds). Back issue price is $5 (U.S. funds). Periodical postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional mailing offices. **MAILING LISTS:** From time to time we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send your current mailing label, or an exact copy, to: Smithsonian, Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 420311, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0311. **SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE:** Should you wish to change your address, or order new subscriptions, you can do so by writing Smithsonian, P.O. Box 420311, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0311, or by calling 1-800-766-2149 (outside of U.S., call 1-386-447-2721). Postmaster: Send address changes to Smithsonian, P.O. Box 420312, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312. Printed in the USA. Canadian Publication Agreement No. 40043911. Canadian return address: Station A, P.O. Box 54, Windsor, Ontario N9A 6J5.

thing organic was fuel. . . . Hot air rose in a plume . . . perhaps to 30,000 feet or higher—generating a strong updraft that vacuumed surrounding flames into a rotating tornado of fire."

Leschak, who has spent most of his life as a forest firefighter, is also a gifted storyteller. He relays this tale with skill, passion and savvy, along with the disciplined professionalism of a man who has mastered more than one trade.

Reviewer DONALD DALE JACKSON is a frequent SMITHSONIAN contributor.

LINES IN THE WATER

BEN ORLOVE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, $19.95

ANTHROPOLOGIST Ben Orlove's memoir of his work in the highlands of Peru amounts very nearly to a love story, a scientist's paean to villagers who for centuries have preserved their culture. For nearly 30 years, Orlove, now a faculty member at the University of California at Davis, has studied life in the remote fishing villages that lie on the shores of Lake Titicaca, the vast and ancient body of water set high in the Andes.

It is, he writes, a "place of sustenance and memory." Orlove arrived in the early '70s to begin documenting the traditions of families who, for hundreds of years, have dropped "lines in the water" to haul in their catch.

Along the way, Orlove found himself bound in a network of friendships that changed and enriched his life. It was the villagers themselves, their "elaborate sense of dignity and justice," their "capacity for storytelling and for humor" that became his primary subject. He has succeeded in creating an eloquent addition to the literature of travel and a compelling profile of an anthropologist immersed in his work. ○

Reviewer PAUL TRACHTMAN is a former science editor at SMITHSONIAN.

Where Will My Baldwin Take Me?

Baldwin
www.baldwinpiano.com
1.800.876.2976

Going Postal

If I can't be on a stamp, can I at least put in my 37 cents' worth?

BY MARY ROACH

LAST WEEK I ASKED my husband to pick up some stamps, and he returned with the Duke Kahanamoku commemorative, because they were out of American Bats. I'd never heard of Duke Kahanamoku, and now I am licking the man's back. Who is this man, and how did he get on my stamps? Can I be on a stamp too?

I called the number for the U.S. Stamp Program and wound up talking to a spokesperson named Cathy Yarosky. Yarosky said that Duke Kahanamoku was a Hawaiian surfer and Olympic swimmer in the early 1900s "known for his humility, grace and good sportsmanship."

"So he invented surfing?" I asked her.

He did not. Surfing was invented sometime in Polynesian prehistory. "He was considered the father of it," said Yarosky. I wasn't buying. Everyone knows you cannot give birth to a sport, particularly one that involves a finned, 12-foot board. Really, how did he get on a stamp? While Yarosky read from a press release about the Postal Service's 12 official criteria for Stamp Subject Selection (for starters, you must be dead for ten years), I got on the Internet and looked up Duke Kahanamoku. I found a resolution adopted by the councilpeople of the city and county of Honolulu, "urging the U.S. Postal Service to issue a Duke Kahanamoku commemorative postage stamp." Resolution 99-163 had been introduced by councilman Duke Bainum. It began to appear that the stamp was the fruit of one man's obsession—a plot to put men with the first name Duke onto U.S. postage stamps. No doubt Bainum was behind the 1990 *Stagecoach* stamp that starred John Wayne. The surfing thing was a red herring. In urgent tones, I told Yarosky my theory.

Yarosky sighed. It was the sigh of someone who has dealt with a lot of, as they say, American Bats. She referred me to the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, the 14 men and women who decide which of the 50,000 different individuals and subjects proposed in writing each year by Americans with way too much time on their hands will end up on a postage stamp. She called the committee by its acronym, CSAC, which she pronounced "Sea Sack," bringing to mind those little waxed bags they hand out on boats in rough weather. No doubt there is a stamp for these too.

I no longer wanted to be on a postage stamp. I wanted to be on CSAC.

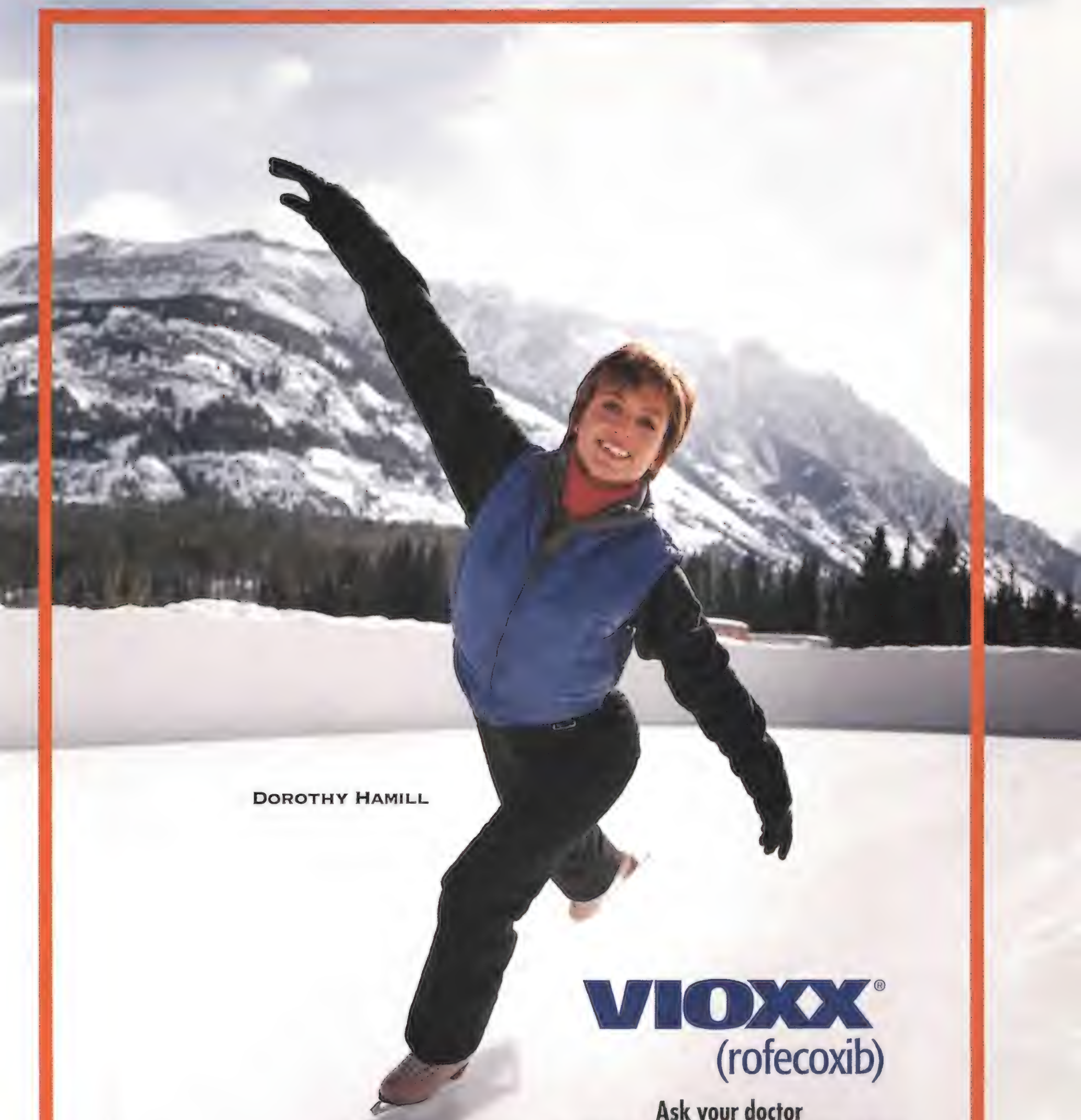
I asked Yarosky for the CSAC chairperson's phone number, but she could not give it to me. "You can write to her," she offered. Spoken like a true Postal Service representative. While she was reading out the address, I went on the Internet, found Chairperson Virginia Noelke's e-mail address and sent off a note to her. Yarosky was reciting the four-digit zip code addendum when Noelke's reply, complete with phone number, arrived in my in box.

I thanked Yarosky for her humility, grace and good sportsmanship, and dialed Noelke's number.

Noelke is a lovely woman, and CSAC is to be commended. They have kept Colonel Sanders and the Golden Arches off our mail, and they are not swayed by bribery: the sack of onions shipped to Noelke courtesy of the Colorado Onion Association did *not* result in an Edible Bulbs of America series. Who gets to be on the committee? People with "useful skill sets": historians such as Noelke, graphic designers, philatelic experts. Plus Karl Malden, whose skill set, according to Noelke, is "being someone in Hollywood." When a member with a particular skill passes away or resigns, the Postmaster General appoints someone to replace him or her. Karl Malden, for instance, replaced the similarly skilled Ernest Borgnine, who served on CSAC from 1975 to 1984.

Is there a writer on the committee whom I might one day replace? There is. His name is David L. Eynon, and I found his bibliography on the Web. It lists ten works of short fiction, all published between 1951 and 1954, leaving him, one might think, plenty of time for philatelic pursuits. So is there a chance for me, a tiny, postage stamp-size chance? Noelke suggested I get to know the Postmaster General. I have now left Postmaster General John E. Potter three phone messages and an e-mail. Perhaps I'll try writing a letter. ○

ERIC HANSON



VIOXX®
(rofecoxib)

Ask your doctor
or other healthcare professional about
prescription VIOXX from Merck.

MERCK

VIOXX is a registered trademark of Merck & Co., Inc.
© 2002 Merck & Co., Inc. All rights reserved. 20207924(1)-VIO-CON

For more information about VIOXX, call 1-888-VIOXX-11 or visit vioxx.com.

ALASKA

Dramatic views everywhere you turn. Crisp, clean air that lets you see for miles. This is Alaska, and you have just found the best possible way to see it all.

Imagine the blue-green wilderness of the Inside Passage. The sophistication of San Francisco, Victoria, and Vancouver. And the spectacle of Glacier Bay, where 100-ton blocks of ice crash into the water.

Better yet, imagine seeing all these sights from the spacious decks, restaurants, and lounges of a luxury ship. Or from your own private verandah. Next summer, only Crystal Harmony gives you the space and freedom to experience Alaska this fully. In all, we offer nine sailings, each 12 days round trip from San Francisco, and one 10-day Alaska sailing that begins in Vancouver and ends in San Francisco.

When you travel with us, you will enjoy a genuinely different level of service and warmth. And discover why, for seven years in a row, the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* and *Travel + Leisure* have voted us best large ship cruise line.

To learn about the special values we offer on our 2003 Alaska cruises, and to make reservations, please call your travel agent. For a copy of our Alaska brochure, call us at 1.800.820.6663, or visit us online at www.crystalcruises.com

©2003 Crystal Cruises/Bahamian Registry

CRYSTAL CRUISES®

You'll find a legacy behind every twist and turn.

Twisting and turning red-hot iron into the most beautiful gates, fences and balconies the world has ever seen, Philip Simmons is a national treasure. Wander the streets of Charleston and you are surrounded by a lifetime of his work. Don't be surprised if the smile you see around the next turn is that of the 90-year-young artisan himself.

Get to know South Carolina. The warmth of her hospitality. The delight in her smiles. Our free Smiles & Places vacation kit will introduce you. Call for yours today.

1-800-617-4800 Ext. 1405

Smiles®

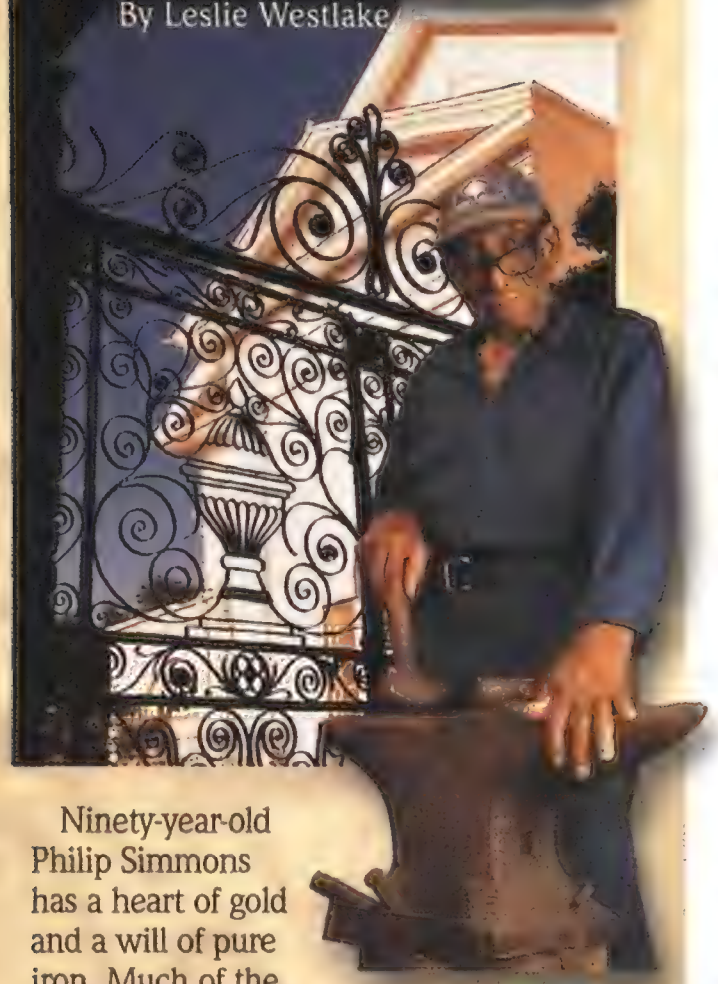
South Carolina

Smiling Faces. Beautiful Places.

HotDeals.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com

The Ironman of South Carolina

By Leslie Westlake



Ninety-year-old Philip Simmons has a heart of gold and a will of pure iron. Much of the ornamental wrought iron gates, fences, balconies and window grills that give the historic city of Charleston, South Carolina its unique character have been fashioned by his hand.

Born on nearby Daniel Island, Philip Simmons learned his craft from local blacksmith Peter Simmons (no relation) who ran a busy shop at the end of Calhoun Street. By 1938 Philip specialized in the field of ornamental iron, proceeding to grace the city with his work, literally from end to end.

In 1982, the National Endowment for the Arts awarded him its National Heritage Fellowship, the highest honor that the United States can bestow on a traditional artist.

Mr. Simmons' work can be seen in the Smithsonian Institution and other fine museums. But it's best seen in the morning light that filters down the cobblestone streets of Charleston.

Of course, the man himself can be seen in his modest workshop within the city that owes so much of its charm to his vision.

From the beauty along our Heritage Corridor to Charleston's multicultural Moja Festival, a rich history lives in the interesting people and places of South Carolina. Call for your free Smiles & Places vacation kit at 1-800-617-4800 Ext. 1405, or visit us on the Web at **HotDeals.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com**

Previous page: Celebrated blacksmith Philip Simmons, Charleston, SC

A Journey Through A Shared Past.

By Anastasia Howard

All rights reserved, McKissick Museum, The University of South Carolina.

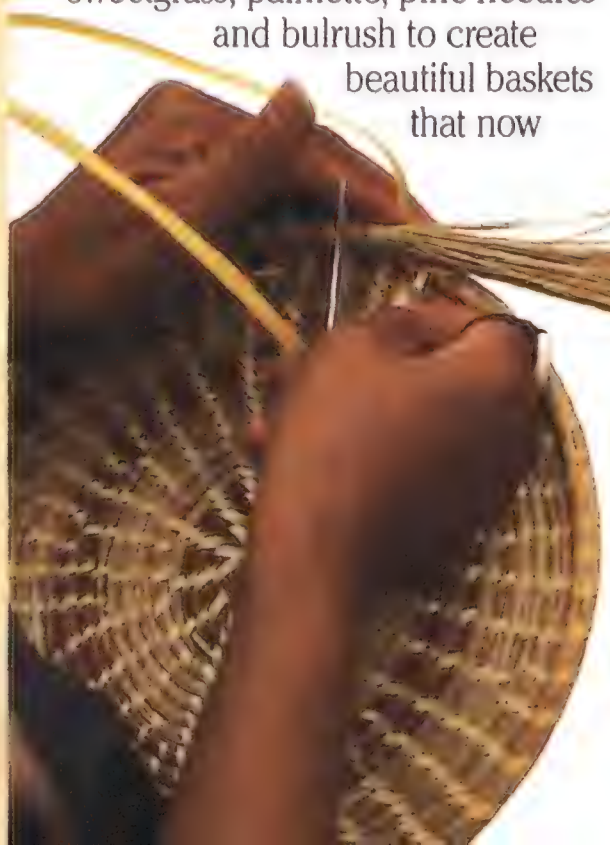
South Carolina's heritage is an inspiring quilt of strength, pride and memorable journeys. Every fiber reflects a historic passage of African American determination, innovation, and cultural enrichment. From the foothills of the Blue Ridge to the Sea Islands of the Lowcountry, take a trip with us through the history that is a shared past.

The Sea Islands. On the isolated Sea Islands, just off the Lowcountry coast, a distinct language and culture was born. Rooted in the ancestry of West Africa, this "rice coast" culture's legacy of Gullah language, foods and lifestyle are preserved at St. Helena Island's Penn Center and the York W. Bailey Museum. Enjoy cultural programs and annual celebrations. Stop along Highway 17 where the ubiquitous sweetgrass baskets abound. Once made as a field tool for Lowcountry rice plantations, folk artists today use sweetgrass, palmetto, pine needles and bulrush to create beautiful baskets that now decorate homes across the country.

Charleston. Genteel, gracious and beautiful, Charleston offers a breathtaking peek into the history and origins of African American culture– The Avery Research Center for African American Culture, the Aiken-Rhett House, and the Slave Mart Museum. There are ports for every interest. The "Grills, Gates & Heart Tour" takes in Charleston's 18th century history and the works of celebrated blacksmith Philip Simmons (featured in this insert). "Gullah Tours" turn the history of the Underground Railroad, Catfish Row, and Brown Fellowship Society into a lasting experience.

South Carolina Heritage and History. Walk the historic halls of Columbia's State House where African Americans shared in the legislative formation of the state. Tour the 18th century gardens and plantations of the Olde English District. Listen as the story of a slave known as "Dave the Potter" molds the history of America's pottery in the museum and working studio of Old Edgefield Pottery. A shared past pulses at every corner of the state.

A drive from mountains to beaches through time and natural beauty give life to the stories of our shared heritage. Rice and indigo, pirates and patriots, slaves and freemen, cotton mills and mill villages, share not only what was but what is today in the cultures and people who make up this diverse state.



Opposite page: Take in the state's pottery history as well as cherished treasures along the South Carolina National Heritage Corridor.

Come to a place where heritage is not a lost art.

Each time Steve Ferrell throws a vessel, he first reaches back 150 years to the artistry and inspiration of a man simply known as "Dave." Created by a master craftsman and literate slave, the work of "Dave the Potter" is regarded as the most collectible and impressive specimens of alkaline-glazed stoneware. Visit Ferrell at Old Edgefield Pottery in the quaint town of Edgefield. He'll be glad to turn a fascinating tale of history into a beautiful work of art.

Get to know South Carolina. The warmth of her hospitality. The delight in her smiles. Our free Smiles & Places vacation kit will introduce you. Call for yours today.

1-800-617-4800 Ext. 1405

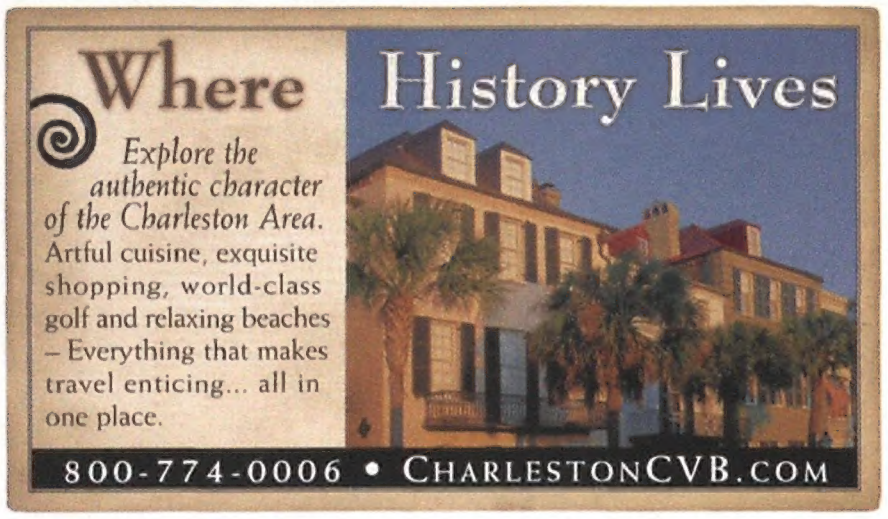
places®

South Carolina

Smiling Faces. Beautiful Places.®

HotDeals.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com

Check out HotDeals.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com


Where
History Lives
Explore the authentic character of the Charleston Area.
Artful cuisine, exquisite shopping, world-class golf and relaxing beaches – Everything that makes travel enticing... all in one place.
800-774-0006 • CHARLESTONCVB.COM

540. CHARLESTON CONVENTION AND VISITORS BUREAU

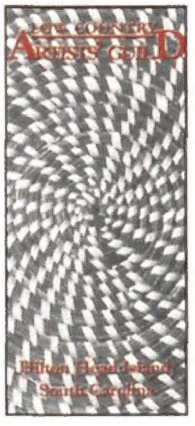
Jefferson Davis
John C. Calhoun
Gen. Andrew Pickens
& the Ziegfeld Follies?
Find out
in

Historic Abbeville County, South Carolina
heart of the ***South Carolina National Heritage Corridor***
call 1-864-459-4600,
e-mail: abvchamber@wctel.net, or visit www.abbevillesc.org

541. ABBEVILLE VISITORS COUNCIL

542. AIKEN COUNTY
Aiken County offers unique experiences for all ages and interests. Explore our treasures and take home memories that will last forever. Call **1-803-642-7557** or visit **www.aikencounty.net/tourism**

543. GREATER SUMMERVILLE/ DORCHESTER COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Historic Summerville, near Charleston, is a dream destination for its rare combination of sophisticated dining and shopping and hometown hospitality you thought had disappeared forever. Call **1-843-873-2931** or visit **www.summervilletourism.com**

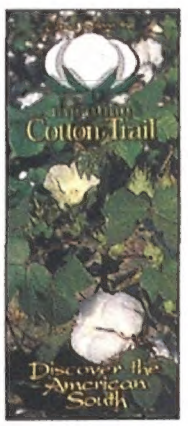


544. LOW COUNTRY ARTISTS' GUILD
Art Gallery features Gullah original artworks. For groups, cultural programs, demonstrations and seminars are available. Call for detailed brochure: **1-843-597-0505** or **www.gullahgeechie.com**

545. NEWBERRY OPERA HOUSE
Newberry, South Carolina center for the performing Arts. World class entertainment, great Dining, Shopping and Lodging in Historic Downtown. Tours welcome. Call **1-803-276-6264** or visit us online at **www.newberryoperahouse.com**

546. OLDE ENGLISH DISTRICT
"Where the South won the American Revolution!," African-American History, Antiquing, Historic B&B's and friendly towns in 7-county area, upper SC. I-77 Access. **1-800-968-5909 www.sctravel.net**

547. SEA PINES RESORT
Hilton Head Island, SC. Making memories since 1957. Miles of beach, golf, tennis and more. Villa rentals. Inn at Harbour Town. Call **1-800-732-7463** or visit **www.SeaPines.com**



548. SOUTH CAROLINA COTTON TRAIL
Be in "High Cotton"! Come explore our historic towns, homes, museums, restaurants, lodging and gardens. The South Carolina Cotton Trail. Call **1-888-427-8720** or visit **www.sccottontrail.org**

549. TOURIST PACK® OF CHARLESTON–FREE CHARLESTON VACATION COUPONS
Request "Charleston's Favorite Vacation Coupons." Save on some of our top attractions, plantations and tours from Tourist Pack® of Charleston. Visit **www.charlestonsavings.com**

550. AFRICAN AMERICAN SITES OF THE HERITAGE CORRIDOR
"Discover the stories and experience the traditions...the Gullah heritage, sweetgrass baskets, distinctive foods, folklore, historic churches and cemeteries, and other treasures found along the 14-county Heritage Corridor." Call **1-803-734-0141** or visit **www.sc-heritagecorridor.org**

551. THE MUSEUM, GREENWOOD
Science, technology, international collections and the arts. It's all happening at The Museum, 106 Main Street, Greenwood, SC. **www.themuseum-greenwood.org** or call **1-864-229-7093.**

FREE South Carolina Vacation Information

539. SC VACATION KIT

Mail or fax this coupon today to South Carolina Travel Brochures, P.O. Box 78, Columbia, South Carolina 29202-0078 or visit **www.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com/freeinfo**
Fax: 803-734-0138

YES! Please send me my FREE South Carolina Smiles & Places Vacation Kit in addition to information on advertisers I have circled below.

Room #1405

539 540 541 542 543
544 545 546 547 548
549 550 551

Circle as many as you wish.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

EMAIL *(optional)*

Please print name & address clearly. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. We are committed to protecting your privacy. To view our privacy policy, go to **www.DiscoverSouthCarolina.com** and click *Privacy Statement.*

Experience the Ahhh of Alaska By Sea, Air and Land

RADISSON SEVEN SEAS CRUISES

LUXURY GOES EXPLORING℠

EARLY BOOKING SAVINGS

SAVE UP TO $2,780 PER COUPLE
120 DAYS PRIOR TO SAILING

Seven Seas Mariner®
All Suites, All Balconies

7 to 11 night summer voyages
May - September 2003

RADISSON
SEVEN SEAS CRUISES®

For more information call 866-213-4799, or visit us at www.rssc.com

RADISSON
SEVEN SEAS CRUISES®

LUXURY GOES EXPLORING℠

WWW.RSSC.COM

BOOK ALASKA NOW FOR SIGNIFICANT SAVINGS

Save up to $2,780 per couple
when you book
120 days prior to cruise

Save 50%
on second person
on our May 23 and
September 10 cruises**

Alaska's Best Shore Adventures in the Air, Land and Sea

You've just landed atop a glacier and made friends with the friendly dog-sled team that's about to take you on a thrilling mush through the wilderness. That's just one of the breathtaking Alaska adventures awaiting your discovery with Radisson Seven Seas. Whether you prefer to ride, glide or mush, you'll find an incredibly diverse selection of enriching optional shore excursions – 48 in all, and all guaranteed to offer a uniquely rewarding experience of Alaska. Cast a fly for salmon, watch for grizzly bears, eagles and whales, see a totem pole carved, pan for gold, hike the Chilkoot Trail, hop aboard a vintage train to the Yukon, soar through the wilderness in a floatplane or helicopter, raft down a glacial-melt river or paddle silently through a serene fjord. With these top-rated adventures, the only limit is your imagination.

Seven Seas Mariner Distinctions

- All-suite, all-balcony accommodations range from 301 to 2,002 square feet
- Only 700 guests
- Most luxurious ship in Alaska
- Renowned Judith Jackson Sea Spa
- Four dining venues, including Signatures Le Cordon Bleu restaurant, plus outdoor grill, 24-hour en-suite dining service
- 62 suites with butler service
- Complimentary wines served with dinner
- Complimentary initial suite bar set-up
- Onboard gratuities included in cruise fare
- Club.com computer center with e-mail and internet access

Discover Alaska aboard the incomparable Seven Seas Mariner in just seven nights from $2,785 to $11,425 per person!

VANCOUVER to SEWARD (or reverse)

May 23*; June 5, 24**; July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30;
August 6, 13, 20, 27, September 3, 10+

8 DAY / 7 NIGHT CRUISE

DAY	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART
DAY 1	**VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA**		6 PM
DAY 2	*Cruising Inside Passage*		
DAY 3	KETCHIKAN, ALASKA	7 AM	5 PM
DAY 4	*Cruising Tracy Arm*	7 AM	10 AM
	JUNEAU, ALASKA	1 PM	11 PM
DAY 5	SKAGWAY, ALASKA	7 AM	5 PM
DAY 6	SITKA, ALASKA	8 AM	5 PM
DAY 7	*Cruising Hubbard Glacier*	7 AM	11 AM
DAY 8	**SEWARD, ALASKA**	7 AM	

** 8-night cruise — Los Angeles to Vancouver; ** 8-night cruise; + 11-night cruise — Vancouver to San Francisco*

Share the Wonders of Alaska with your Kids and Grandkids

Our complimentary Club Mariner Youth Program offers two age-graded programs for kids from 6 to 17, with exciting interactive opportunities to learn and participate in the adventure of Alaska, guided by our expert and enthusiastic youth counselors.

FOR RESERVATIONS, CALL AN RSSC CRUISE EXPERT AT **866-656-3454**.
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL **866-213-4799**, OR VISIT US AT **WWW.RSSC.COM**

For deck plan, suite layouts, hotel programs and full terms and conditions, please refer to the 2003 Alaska Brochure. All fares quoted include either Early Booking fares or 50% 2nd guest discounts, are per person based on double occupancy and do not include airfare or port, handling and security charges. Early Booking fares based on reservations being made at least 120 days prior to sailing. **50% 2nd guest savings based on 1st guest paying full fare, 2nd guest paying 50% fare. Categories MS, GS, MN and SS receive a 25% discount off 2nd guest fares. Ship's registry: Bahamas.